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LEABHAR V.]

AN GEAMHRADH, 1908.

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Guth na Bliadhna

LEABHAR V.] AN GEAMHRADH, 1908. [AIREAMH 1

DUTHCHASACHD

Is dòcha nach 'eil cuspair fo'n ghréin anns am bheil cho beag de cheartas nadùrra r'a fhaicinn sa tha ri bhi fhaotainn anns na ceangailchean agus anns na comhbhannan sin a chaidh a chur air bonn eadar Stàidean an t-saoghail. Thug an uireasbhaidh mhòr, eiginneach, so air Grotius, Vatel, agus iomadh eile 'nan linn is 'nan là oidheirp a chur an gnìomh chum réite a dheanamh air a' chùis. Sgrìobh iad mu dheidhinn còir nan Stàidean, le sùil ri toirt orra uile buntainn le càch a chéile mar dhùthchannan Crìosdail, agus mar Stàidean aig an robh làn fhaireachadh ciod bu chòir, agus ciod nach bu chòir, dhoibh a dheanamh mar sin. Chuir iad ri chéile buidheann de lagh Stàideil, leis am bu mhiann leo na Stàidean Crìosdail uile a threòrachadh a dh'connasuidh slighe a' cheartais; ach, air son aobharan nach ruig sinn a leas innseadh, dh'fhairtlich sin orra gu buileach. Fòghnaidh a ràdh, mata, gur e cuspair nan laghannan so a' gabhail a stigh "comh-ionannachd na Stàide air beulaobh cach a chéile," agus gu'n deachaidh an cur ri chéile a réir spiorad is gnàthas nan seann laghannan Romhanach.

As a so—ged nach 'eil an dàimh a th'eatorra glé shoilleir—dh'fhàs am beachd no an smuain sin a fhuair mar ainm *The Balance of Power* gu bhi ann. Thug so air an Roinn Eòrpa air fad, air choir is gu'n robh i air a cur thar a chéile air feadh a' chùid bu mhò de thri cheud bliadhna ; agus air do'n smuain sin dhol fo dhimheas, thàinig Dùthchasachd gu bhi ann.

Is e roinn na Polainn a bu cheann-aobhair Dhùthchasachd, a réir beachd Lord Acton nach maireann. Thuirt esan gu'n d'rinn an eucoir chruaidh sin greim cho mòr is farsuing air cridhe is air cogais na Roinn Eòrpa is nach robh neach a bha gabhail rithe nach d'thug buannachd aisde. *Thenceforth there was in Europe a nation demanding to be united again into a State.*¹ Mar so a réir Lord Acton thoisich an smuain sin ris an canar Dùthchasachd.

Ach ged nach 'eil sinn de'n bheachd nach 'eil smior na firinn anns an ràdh so, cha'n 'eil e uile ceart. Bha Dùthchasachd ann iomadh bliadhna roimh àm ceud roinn na Polainn ; agus se ar beachd nach biodh idir furasda an tòiseachadh aice a ruighinn. Gabh beachd air mar bha cinnidhean agus dùthchannan a' seasamh an cùisean féin anns na h-àmaibh is tràithe mu'm bheil eòlas againn, agus air mar bha cinnidhean agus dùthchannan eile toirt ionnsuidh air càch a chéile chum an atharraich a chur no an cumail fo smachd. Gu dearbh, cha ni annasach, ùr, a th'againn an so ; ach rud a tha comh-aosda ris an t-saoghal féin. Tha e cho aosmhor ri anaceartas, agus ciod i an aois a tha air sin, cha'n 'eil fios aig mac an duine.

Ach, air son ar cuid féin deth, cha ruig sinn a leas

¹ "Nationality," *Home and Foreign Review*, L. i., t. 1.

bhi cur an céill eachdraidh de gach cinneadh agus dùth-aich bha seasamh an cùis anns na làithean a dh'aom, no bha air an ceannsachadh, is air an cumail fo smachd, le dùthchannan eile. Tha eachdraidh againn féin, agus mur 'eil sin ag innseadh dhuinn ciod a dh'fhuiling sinn is ciod a thachair oirnn air tailleamh na smuaine so—Duthchasachd—gu dearbh, feumaidh sinn bhi dall agus aineolach thar smuain.

Gabh beachd, a ris, air saoghal ar là-ne, agus smuainich nad inntinn fhéin ciod a tha dol air adhart mu'n cuairt duinn. Dé is urrainn duinn fhaicinn am measg mhuinntir an t-saoghail? Tha cinnidhean ann agus dùthchannan ann a tha sior-cathadh agus a' stri an aghaidh a chéile aona chuid air son an còirichan féin, no air son còirichan nach bhuineadh idir dhoibh, a' toirt ionnsuidh orra chum am bacadh, agus an cumail fo smachd. Air feadh a' chruinne-cé gu léir, tha'n gluasad mòr so ri bhi fhaicinn. Tha e 'na roinn de'n strì mhòr, bhith-bhuan, sin a tha daonnan a' dol air adhart eadar an ceartas agus an t-ana-ceartas; agus is beannaichte esan nach gabh sin gu dona. Is beannaichte esan aig am bheil cridhe agus anam chum a' cheartais a thuigsinn gu soilleir, agus leis am bheil iadsan a tha cathadh agus a' strì air sgath còirichan an dùthcha, fìor ionmhainn agus fo spéis.

Air son ar cuid féin deth is bràithrean sinne do gach anam a tha seasamh am mach air son a dhùthcha air feadh an t-saoghail gu leir, co-dhiù is ann a tha fear ar cridhe 'na dhuine dubh no geall. Innseanaich, Eiphitich, Polannaich, Lochlannaich, Eireannaich, Sulanaich, Sineanaich, Ungarianaich, Croisianaich, Fionnannaich—tha iad so uile, agus iomadh fear eile, mar bhràthraibh duinn, a mheud sa tha gach aon

diubh so a' seasamh cùis a dhùthcha agus a' deanamh strì los riaghladh nan coigrich agus luchd-an-fhoirneirt a thilgeadh bun os cionn.

Se ar miann buntainn ris a' ghnothaich so air dhòigh cho buileach soilleir agus fuasgailte is nach bi mearachd ann aona chuid aig an àm so, no eadhon anns na bliadhnaichean a tha ri teachd—oir cha bu toil leinn riamh a bhi cumail ar beachd o sholus an làtha.

Tha sinn a' sealtuinn air gach Iompaireachd, agus air gach cinneadh air leth a tha dol mu'n cuairt mar leòmhainn beucach ag iarraidh sluaigh a dh'fhaodas iad an sgrìos agus an slùgadh a suas, mar nithean tur neoghlan, agus buileach oillteil am freadharc Dhé, ce b'e air bi beachd a bhios aig daoine d'an taobh. Is coma leinn féin co-dhiù tha, no nach 'eil an Iompaireachd sin, no an cinneadh ud, a' dol fo ainm a tha spéiseil agus measail am beachd an t-saoghail. Cha'n 'eil sinn a' creidsinn idir anns a' bheachd sin air am bheil na “daoine mòra” am bitheantas a 'tighinn nuair a tha iad a' toirt seachad an cuid leth-sgeòil air son a bhi cumail nan “daoine beaga” fo an smachd. Air gach Iompaireachd nach deachaidh a cur ri cheile, d'a dhèid, ach a dh'aindeoin, gach beachd air smuain agus miann dùthchasach a tha aig na feadhach a tha ga deanamh a suas, air a stéidheachadh air ana ceartas ; agus is luchd-deanamh an ana-ceartais iad-san uile a tha ga dionadh.

C'àit am bheil an Iompaireachd sin nach deachaidh a cur ri chéile mar so ? Anns na làithean a dh'aom, b'e ana-ceartas agus foirneart, strì agus creach, comhla ri dòrtadh fala, a thug air cuid de

na dùthchannan a bhi air an deanamh 'nan tràillean truagha aig an Iompaireachd a chaidh seachad ; agus is ann do bhrìgh nach 'eil neo-eisimeil aca, ni mò comas air seachnadh an dàn, gu'm bheil iad mar sin aig ar là-ne. Chaidh an cur fodha, agus an cumail fo smachd, le foirneart agus ana-ceartas. Am bheil sin ceart ? Agus an ioghnadh leinn ged a bhreabadh iad an aghaidh nan dealg, agus ged a dh'oidhirpicheadh iad ri saorsa fhaotainn a h-uile là, a dh'aindeoin co theireadh e ? Tha saorsa, comhla ri neo-eisimeilachd, 'nan gibht o Dhia, a chaidh a bhuileachadh air gach cinneadh fo'n ghréin. Cha dubhairt Dia riamh do'n Sasunnaich, no do'n Fhrangach no do'n Ruisianach no do'n Ghearmailteach—"Se so e ! Feuch : tha mi ga buileachadh oirbh-se a mhàin. Mar sin, rach a staigh do'n t-saoghal, agus sgrios agus marbh, creach agus ceannsaich, tog clis agus dean ana-ceartas am ainm-sa, agus an ainm na gibht a tha mi mar so toirt seachad dhuibh !" Nar leigeadh Dia ! An ni anabarrach prìseil so a tha ceart agus feagarrach do na h-uile neach, agus a bhuilich Dia air gach anail fo'n ghréin—is e sin ri ràdh an t-saorsa—chan 'eil ann air fad ach sealbh tur cumanta—ni bu chòir a bhi aig a h-uile fear is aig a h-uile cinneadh a thàinig a staigh do'n t-saoghal.

Ma tha na smuaintean agus na beachdan so mar fhaichaibh air na Gàidheil air fad—oir, gu dearbh, dh'fhuiling sinn, mar dhream, mòran nìthean air an son, agus, mur 'eil sinn air ar mealladh, is ann air na cea't bheachdan so bu chòir gu'm biodh sinn a' seasamh am mach, agus a' deanamh ar dleais aig an

àm—tha cinnt againn gur iad so a tha deich uiread cho ceangaltach is eiginneach air na Gàidheal gu h-araidh iad a tha 'nan Caitlicich. Tha fios aig a h-uile neach a tha còlach air eachdraidh ar dùthcha gu'm b'ann air na dearbh stéidhean so bha ar sinnsre a' cumail am mach fad iomadh linn, agus a' seasamh cùis na h-Albann. Agus, gu h-àraid is iad na Pearsachan-Eaglais a bha gan comharrachadh am mach mar so anns na làithean a dh'aom, nuair a bha'n Eaglais Chaitliceach fathast air a stéidheachadh mar Eaglais na Stàide. Cha chulaidh-fharmaid an duine sin—co-dhiù is Caitliceach no Prostanach esan—a tha toileach a sheachnadh, no leigil air di-chuimhne, an sgeul gluasadach, misneachail, sin a tha ag innseadh dhuinn ciamar a sheas na Pearsachan-Eaglais cùis na h-Albann anns na bliadhnaichean a thréig, agus ciamar a dhiùlt iad saorsa an dùthcha a liubhart thairis do fhear no do rioghachd air bith a bha, gu follaiseach no gu folaichte, an tòir air a sin. "The clergy saved Scotland's freedom ; . . . without them Bruce must have warred in vain. Scottish independence was, in part, the gift of ' Baal's shaven sort,' Knox's fiends (friars) and ' Bloudie Bishops '. Times were to alter, and creeds were to change ; but we must not forget these unequalled services of the Churchmen to the national cause."¹ Agus se an t-ughdair ceudna a tha ag ràdh, " a people cannot easily keep at the level of its great moments : with the death of a Bruce or a Cromwell, a new generation is apt to prove decadent. Bruce could not bequeath his genius and his energy ; but his glorious

¹ *History of Scotland*, le Aindrea Lang, L. i., t. 165.

memory and inspiring tradition he could, and did, leave to a stout-hearted if for long a distracted nation. What Lowland prophet, what Highland seer, could have foretold that within a generation, the son of Bruce and the heir of Douglas would combine to sell Scotland to the successor of Edward I. ? Yet this was to be. The nobles might, the nobles did, repeat the perfidy of Menteith ; but till Protestantism altered the national sentiment of Scotland. Till David Beatoun was foully slain, till Knox came on the scene, till France was suspected of ill-faith, the Scottish people, man, woman and child, were ready to die rather than bow the neck to England.”¹

Semper Eadem ! Is e so suaicheantas uaibreach ar n-Eaglaise Naomh ; agus am bi sinne 'nar daoine meallta agus dall-inntinneach do thaobh an t-suaicheantais uaibreach sin ? Mar bha Dùthchasachd ann roimh so, gu dearbh, tha e a' cheart cho beòthail aig an là an diugh—cho fìor cheangaltach air gach Caitliceach Albannach fo'n ghréin sa bha i anns na bliadhnaichean a chaidh seachad. Fhuair Brùs bàs, fhuair Uallais bàs. Dh'fhalbh na Seumasaich, agus “Tighearnan nan Eilean” cha'n 'eil iad ann ; ach, glòir do Dhia agus 'Eaglais-san, tha Alba ann, agus tha Dùthchasachd fathast ann. Ciod e ar dleas, mata, mar Chaitlicich agus mar fhìor Ghàidheil, ach a bhi daonnan seasamh cùis na h-Albann a dh'aindeoin co theireadh e, agus gach ceum air adhart a bhiodh sinn a' gabhail ?

Gu fòrtanach, tha solus agus treòrachadh neo-mhearachdach againn anns a' chùis so a leigeadh

¹ *History of Scotland*, le Aindrea Lang, L. v., t. 237.

ris dhuinn l'ar n-Athair Naomh am Pàp nach maireann. Nuair a thug am Pap Riaghladh-Eaglais seachad a ris do dh'Albainn, an déigh mòran bhliadhnaichean, ciod a thachair? Ciod an suidheachadh a rinn e? Stéidh agus bhunaich esan an Eaglais mar a bha i anns na làithean a dh'aom—nuair nach robh i fathast air a sgrios, is air a thoirt gu làr le daoine maraon aingidh agus amaideach. Chuir am Pàp an Eaglais air bonn a ris mar Eaglais air son *Albainn*, agus mar Eaglais air son nan Caitliceach *Albannach*. Cha robh sùil no spéis idir aige nuair a rinn e sin ri “Breatunn,” ris an Iompair-eachd Shasunnach, no ris an Aonachd mhalluichte sin a chaidh a chur, gu ar creach is ar sgrios, eadar dùthaich ar cridhe agus Sasunn; ach sùil is cùram aige thar thomais ri Albainn is na h-Albannaich a mhàin. *Semper Eadem!* Mar sin, tha'n Eaglais: mar sin, tha Dùthchasachd. Gu'm bu toil Dhé muinntir ar là-ne a dhùsgadh a suas chum na h-Eaglais is an Dùthchasachd a sheasamh sa dhìonadh, a dh'aindeoin co theireadh e!

COLUM CILLE

CHA'N 'eil ainm Pears-eaglais an Alba tha cho cumanta measg Ghàidheal ris a cheart chuspair a th'againn an so. Ach cha'n ann am measg Ghàidheal a mhàin a rinn Colum-Cille a fhéin ainmeil r'a latha; ach feadh rioghachdan dorch na Roinn-Eòrpa uile. Tha leis an sin 'na chliù mòr do'n t-sliochd da'm buin

sinn, gu'n d'éirich neach a suas 'nar measg a tha'n diugh cho ainmeil an eachdraidh na h-Eaglais e feadh an t-saoghail uile gu léir.

Bu Ghàidheal Eireannach Colum Cille ; ach 's ann am measg Ghàidheal na h-Albann a leag e a bhunait-ean 's a sgaoil e a bhratach 's a las e a lòchran, a thilg gaithean de sholussoilleir an t-Soisgeil, a rinn boillsgeadh àluinn am measg nan treubhan borba a bha'n Gàidhealtachd na h-Albann, agus air feadh cuid mhóir de'n Roinn-Eòrpa. Ach ged a thug Colum-Cille iomadh turus do rìoghachdan céin, 's ann anns a' Ghàidhealtachd a chosg e a' chuid bu mhotha d'a bheatha ; agus is gann a tha sgìreachd 'nar dùthaich anns nach fhaighteadh an diugh fathast cuimhneachan air choireiginn air fhéin no air a h-aon air choireiginn de na deisciobuill a chuir e mach as an eilean 'san do chuir e suas a dhachaidh.

Bha Colum-Cille de fhuil rìoghail, agus an dlùth chàirdeas, cha'n ann a mhàin do rìghrean na h-Eireann, ach do rìghrean na h-Albann mar an ceudna. Chaidh eachdraidh a bheatha sgrìobhadh le dithis de na lion abaideachd Ithe as déigh a bhàis. B'iad sin an Cuimeineach agus Adhamnan. Sgrìobh an Cuimeineach mu thimcheall trì fichead bliadhna an déigh bàs Cholum-Chille, agus Adhamnan mu cheithir fichead 's a trì an déigh an ama cheudna. Is ann bho sgrìobhaichean Adhamnain is motha dh'fhòghlumas sinn mu eachdraidh-beatha an duine ainmeil so ; agus ged a dh'fhaodas e bhi gu'm bheil cuid de shaobh-chreideamh nan seann linntean a dh'fhalbh, air fhilleadh a stigh annta, feumaidh sinn a chreidsinn gu'm bheil mòran diubh fìor

cuideachd. Oir dh'fhaodadh Adhamnan, an làithean òige, bhi an seanchas daoine a chunnaic Colum-Cille iomadh uair, agus a bha gu tric a' bruidhinn ris; agus leis an sin, ged is ann bho bheul-aithris a sgrìobh Adhamnan an eachdraidh so, thèid againn air mòran de'n fhrìnn a chriathradh aisde.

Rugadh Colum-Cille an taobh na h-àirde-'n-iar de dh'Eirinn anns a' bhliadhna 521, agus tha eachdraidh a' toirt duinn dà ghlùn deug d'a shìnnsearachd. B'e mac Fheilim, mhic Fhearghuis, mhic Conuill, mhic Nèill Naoi-Allaich, mhic Eochaidh, mhic Mhurchaidh, mhic Cairbre, mhic Cormaig, mhic Airt, mhic Cuinn nan ceud-cath, mhic Herimoin, mhic Mhilidh na Spàinntè. Tha sinn a' faicinn leis an so gu'n robh e de'n dream a bha riaghladh an Eirinn; agus bha e, mar an ceudna, gu math daimheil do rìgh Fearchar an Earra-gheidheal. Tha e air ìnnseadh dhuinn gu'n robh fàistneachd air a dèanamh mu bhreith Cholum-Chille, agus gu'n robh a chumbachd a shearmonachadh an t-Soisgeil, agus na gnìomharan mòra rinn e, air an ìnnseadh d'a mhàthair am bruadar. Tha 'eachdraidh-bheatha mar a tha i againn ag ràdh gu'n do bhruadair i aon oidhche Aingeal a thoirt dìth trusgan anns an robh daithean ro rìomhach. An ceann greis, thugadh bhuaipè e, agus chunnaic i e a' sgaoileadh am mach thar aghaidh nan speur. Nuair chunnaic i gu'n do chaill i an trusgan rìomhach so, bha i ro dhuilich; ach thubhairt an t-Aingeal rithe: "Na biodh bròn ort, ged nach do shealbhaich thu an trusgan ud ach greis, oir is samhladh e air na gnìomharan mòra tha ri bhi air an dèanamh leis an leanabh da'm bi thu gun dàil 'nad mhàthair."

Nuair a rugadh an leanabh 's a thàinig e gu inbhe, chaidh a chur fo theagasg nan sgoilearan a b'airde an rìoghachd na h-Eireann uile gu léir; agus anns an àm sin tha e coltach gu'n robh luchd-foghlum an Eirinn air nach tugteadh bàrr an rìoghachd 'sam bith eile. Bha e mar an ceudna 'na chleachdadh rìghrean is prìonnsachan bhi air an teagasg an dreuchd na Sagartachd, agus tha sinn a' foghlum bho shean eachdraidhean gu'n robh pàirt mhòr de na bha an dreuchd àrd 'san Eaglais de dh'fhuil rìoghail, no co-dhiùbh, a' buintinn do theaghlaichean cho àrd 's a bh'anns an tìr. Ach, barrachd air a bhi giùlan am mach cleachdadh na dùthcha aig an àm, bha e gu math làidir am beachd a phàrantan a' chuspair so: gu'n robh obair mhòr shònruichte aig an leanabh a chaidh a bhuileachadh orra, r'a dèanamh, comh-cheangailte ris an Eaglais; agus leis an sin, bho fhìor thoiseach òige, chaidh Colum a thogail suas agus a shàr-oileanachadh anns an dreuchd air son a bha iad am beachd an deach talantan sònruichte a bhuileachadh air.

Anns a' cheud àite, matà, chaidh a chur fo theagasg Chruinneachain. Ged nach robh e ach glé òg aig an àm, rinn Cruinneachan am mach gu'n robh comasan neo-chumanta aig a' bhalachan. An déigh a bhi ùine shònruichte aig Cruinneachan, chaidh a chur fo Easbuig no dhà eile a bha ainmeil air son foghlum, an Eirinn gus mu dheireadh an d'thàinig e gu Genmon. Bha e aig an àm so air fàs cho àrd am foghlum agus an gliocas agus cho comasach an searmonachadh an t-Soisgeil 's gu'n robh e ro ainmeil bho oisinn gu oisinn de'n rìoghachd. Tha e air innseadh dhuinn le

Adhamnan gu'n do thachair aon latha rud sònruichte a neartaich gu mòr creideamh an t-sluaigh an comasan Cholum-Chille. Bha e fhéin agus Genmon, fhear-teagaisg, a' leughadh leabhair, 'nan sìneadh air lèanaig bhòidhich, nuair a chunnaic iad caileag a' dian ruith d'an ionnsuidh agus duine borb, le claidheamh rùisgte 'na làimh, as a déigh. Ruith Colum-Cille g'a teasairg-inn; ach mu'n d'fhuair e dlùth gu leòir dith, bha'n claidheamh air a shàthadh innte, agus thuit i marbh aig a chasan. "Ciod è cho fad," arsa Genmon, "'s a bhitheas an gnìomh aingidh so gun pheanas?" "Faodaidh am murtair," arsa Colum, "bhi an àite pheanais cho luath 's a bhitheas an nighneag an glòir." Mu'n gann a labhair e na facail thuit an duine borb so marbh air an raon.

Tha nithean gu math iongantach mar so air an aithris an eachdraidh-beatha Cholum-Chille a bha toirt air an t-sluaigh a bhi creidsinn gu mòr ann. Bha e 'na lighiche ro sgileil, agus gu math comasach an argumaid, agus nuair a bhiodh luchd-riaghlaidh na rioghachd fo dhubhar mu cheist shònruichte 'sam bith, 's iomadh uair a dh'iarradh iad comhairle an duine ghlic so.

Thog e a cheud eaglais agus chruinnich e a cheud chomh-thional far am bheil an diugh Baile Dhoire; agus b'e sin an siltean bho'n do sgaoil iomadh comh-thional agus iomadh eaglais eile, an dà chuid anns an rioghachd so agus air feadh na Roinn-Eòrpa.

Thug e iomadh turus do'n Eadailt agus do'n Fhraing; agus bha a chomasan cho iomraiteach air feadh nan rioghachdan sin 's gu'n d'thug rìgh na Frainge—Sigibert—gealltannas dha air beartas mòr

na'm fuireadh e leis. Ach 's e 'm freagradh a fhuair e bho Cholum : "Leig mi seachad mo bheartas fhéin air sgàth Soisgeul Chrìosd, agus cha ghabh mi beartas neach eile."

Tha nithean mar so ag innseadh dhuinn gu'n d' thug an duine anabarrach so a suas beartas is ionmhas air sgàth na h-oibre a ghabh e os làimh. Bha e a' cur seachad mòran d'a ùine an sàmhchair na cille a' leughadh agus ag ath-sgrìobhadh nan Sgrìobtuirean ; agus 's ann leis cho tric 's a bhiodh e 'ga dhùnadh fhéin suas an uaigneas mar so, a thàinig an t-ainm, "Colum-Cille," air. Anns an eachdraidh-bheatha a sgrìobh Adhamnan an Laidinn, tha'm facal sin "Colum-Cille" air eadar-theangachadh : *Columba Cellæ*. B'e Criomthan a b'ainm-baistidh dha, ach, air son an reusain a chaidh ainmeachadh, cha'n abairteadh ris ach Colum-Cille bho na bha e glé òg ; agus 's ann air an ainm sin a tha sinn eòlach air gus an latha 'n diugh.

Bha nis, aig an àm so, rìoghachd na h-Eireann fo shìleadh an t-Soisgeil fad 'iomadh bliadhna, oir bha daoine innte cho ionnsaichte 's a bha ri fhaotainn an àite 'sam bith. Ach air taobh a bhos a' Chuain Eireannaich, bha mòran sluagh a bha tighinn beò an dorchadas agus an aineolas, agus nach cuala riamh iomradh air slighe na slàinte. Bu tric a shealladh Colum le sùil thruim, mhuladaich thar nan stuadh air beanntaibh mòra, gorma na Gaidhealtachd far an robh sluagh mòr a' tighinn beò anns gach seòra de shaobh-chràbhadh agus fo shlàit-dhruidheachd làidir nan Druidhneach. B'e miann Cholum tighinn air theachd-aireachd do'n Ghaidhealtachd agus ath-leasachadh

oibreachadh am mach innte ; oir am measg nan gleann 's nam beann ud, a bha ag éirigh am mach as a' chuan mhòr, bha sluagh de'n aon fhreumh ris féin : sluagh aig an robh na h-aona chleachdainnean agus an aona chànan ris féin ; ach thachair rud sònruichte a ghreas a nall thar na linne e na bu luaithe, math dh'fhaoidteadh, na bha fiughair aige.

Bha sgoilear àraidh an Eirinn aig an robh samhladh de'n Tiomnadh Nuadh nach robh ach gu math tearc 'sna làithean ud ; agus a thug e as an Eadailt aon turus a bha e innte. B'e a h-aon de na maighstirean-sgoile fhéin an duine ionnsuichte so ; agus b'e Colum fhéin a h-aon de'n fhìor bheagan a gheibheadh cead leughadh is meamhrachadh an leabhair phrìseil so. Cha robh mionaid no uair a b'urrainn e sheachnadh, a latha no dh'oidhche, nach fhaighteadh e an oisinn uaignich de'n chill, agus an leabhar sgaoilte air a bheulaibh, an trom smaointeachadh agus meamhrachadh. Bha eud mòr air ri sealbhadair an leabhair fhiachail so. Cha robh dòigh no inleachd ann air am faigheadh se e ; oir cha cheannaicheadh òr no airgead e. Ach bha làmh-sgrìobhaidh thaghte aige, agus sheas an tàlant sin an làrach gu math dha an uair so. Chuir e roimhe gu'n sgrìobhadh e samhladh de'n leabhar gun fhios ; agus an uaigneas na h-oidhche, nuair bhiodh an còrr de'n mhuinntir an suain, bhiodh esan 'sa chill, le choinneal 'san dàrna làimh 's le pheann 'san làimh eile, a' sgrìobhadh samhladh de dhuilleig an déigh duilleig de'n leabhar. Ach nuair a bha'n obair an impis bhi réidh, chaidh a bhrath.

Bha Colum a' sgrìobhadh nan sreathan mu dheireadh nuair thàinig sealbhadair an leabhair a

stigh, agus le feirg mhòir 'na ghnùis, thagair e sealbh air an t-samhladh cho math ris an leabhar fhéin. Dhiùlt Colum, agus an uaigneas na cill, 's am marbh na h-oidhche, bha connsachadh teth agus briathran garga mu'n chùis. Cha gheilleadh fear seach fear agus bha e coltach gu'n robh an sean chàirdeas, a bha riamh eatorra, air a chur mu sgaoil gu bràth. Chaidh a' cheist chudtromach so a chur air beulaibh Dhiarmaid, rìgh na h-Eireann. Thagair gach fear a' chùis fhéin an briathraibh deasa, agus an argumaidean comasach, mar bu dual do sgoilearan mòra, ionnsuichte mar bha iad le chéile. Ach 's i bhreith a thug an rìgh am mach an déigh solus a bhi air a chur air a' cheist air gach taobh : “ Mar is le gach bó a laogh, is le gach leabhar a leabhran.”

Ach cha ghéilleadh Colum eadhon do chomhdhùnadh an rìgh, agus chuir so ùbraid mhòr air feadh na rìoghachd air fad. Cha robh còmhhdhail no teintean aig nach robh a' cheist dhìomhair so air a gliodaidh 's air a h-ath-lìodairt. Agus bha e coltach gu'm feumadh a chùis a' bhi air a socrachadh le faobhar a' chlàidheimh. Chaidh àrmailtean làidir a chruinneachadh air gach taobh, agus an déigh blàr mòr, fuilteach a thoirt, thug taobh Cholum am mach a' bhuaidh. Ach ged a thug, bhuin e ris cho mòr : e bhi 'na reusan uiread de fhuil a chàirdean 's a luchd-dùthcha a bhi air a dòrtadh, 's gu'n do chuir e roimhe a chùl a thoirt ri ùir a' ghràidh gu bràth, agus diseirt a chur suas am measg choigreach an tìr aineoil.

Thagh e dà fhear dheug. Chaidh an là air an togadh e sheòl a chur am mach, agus, mu ghairm nan coileach air maduinn an latha sin, nuair bha neòil

throma, dhubha na h-oidhche fhathast mar sgàil-bhrat thairis air an tìr, theirinn an còmhlan beag gu cladach le ceuman troma, le cridheachan làn mullaigh, 's le sùilean làn dheur. Chaidh an curachan a chur am mach, agus le làn a siùil de'n ghaoth-'n-iar a bha giùlan fàileadh cùbhraidh nan lus thar beanntan bòidheach na h-Eireann, thug i a h-aghaidh air a' chuan mhòr. Bha gach oiteag mhaoth 'gan toirt na bu dlùithe 's na bu dlùithe do thìr an aineoil 's na b'fhaide 's na b'fhaide bho thìr an dùthcha 's an càirdean. Agus, mu'n do shiar grian an latha bha, beanntan na h-Eireann air chall fo chùl nan tonn uaine, 's an tìr gu'n robh iad a' teachd 'nan eilthirich, ag éirigh mu'n coinneamh gu cnocach, srathach, coillteach. Chaidh fàilte 's furan a chur air a' chomunn le rìgh Conuill a bha 'na fhìor charaid dlùth do Cholum.

'S ann air sraithean Chinn-tìre, ma tà, a thug guth an duine ainmeil so a' cheud fhuaim an Gaidhealtachd na h-Albann. Ach cha robh e 'n dàn da fuireach fad ann. Bha beanntan na h-Eireann m'a choinneamh gach là, is cha b'urrainn da toil-inntinn fhaotainn 'na obair, 's e cho dlùth dhaibh an seadh agus cho fada bhuapa an seadh eile. Tha e air innseadh dhuinn gu'n do thog e sheòl a rithis 's gu'n d'thug e aghaidh na b'fhaide tuath; agus air machraichean gorma Orasa chuir e suas a dhìseirt. Tha an sin gus an là'n diugh seann toglaichean a tha 'nan cuimhneachain air. Cha'n eil e coltach gu'n d'fhuirich e fad an Orasa; oir ma's fìor an ràdh, air dha cnoc sònruichte an sin a dhìreadh aon latha bòidheach, grianach, bha beanntan na h-Eireann gu math taisbeanach ag éirigh nìos os cionn nan stuadh. Cha robh e comasach da fuireach

far am faicteadh mìr de dhùthaich a ghaoil; agus, an treas uair, chaidh an curach 's a comunn gu fairge, agus an ùine gun bhi fada, fhuair iad cala sàbhailte an ceann a deas eilean Ithe; agus air an darna là deug de cheud mhìos an t-samhraidh 563, thug Colum-Cille a chas air tìr air an eilean sin a tha gus an là'n diugh, agus fad còrr agus tri cheud deug bliadhna, a' giùlan ainm: I-Cholum-Chille.

An làtha ràinig e, dhìrich e cnoc àrd feuch an robh mìr de dh'Eirinn am fradharc. Bheachdaich e gu geur air an àirde-'n-iar-dheas, ach bha'n tonn a b'isle air a' chuan os cionn na beinne a b'àirde an Eirinn. Bha sud mar a mhiann; is bheirear ris an àite air an do sheas e, "Càrn-cùl-ri-Eirinn" gus an là'n diugh.

Bha "Innis-nan-druidhneach," mar theirteadh ri I'san àm sin, freagrach anns gach dòigh air an turus a thug Colum 'na eilthireach bho dhùthaich a dhaoine, le mhachraichean uaine, le ghrunnd brìoghmhor, le bhàigh fhasgach 's le ghlaican bòidheach. Agus mar a bha'n dàn da an sin, chuir e suas a dh'iseirt, dh'fhosgail e a Bhlobull agus leig e bhratach a chrathadh ri crann. Bho'n eilean bheag ud a tha briseadh tonn-an a' chuain-t-siar bhuirb air an Ros Mhuileach, thàinig a' cheud séideadh-builg a thug a' cheud gharadh tàthaich air treubhan borba na h-Albann, 'gan toirt gu rian is riaghailt, gus an deach iad, iomadh linn na dhéigh sud, air an innean g'an tàthadh 'nan aon sluagh fo riaghailt an aon Rìgh, le greim làidir dhainginn air an t-Soisgeul.

Nis, beachdaicheamaid air an linn ud 563. An eachdraidh na rìoghachd so tha i gu math fada air

falbh ; ach an eachdraidhean pàirt de rìoghachdan na h-àirde 'n ear, cha'n 'eil e ach mar gu'm biodh bho chionn seachdain. Eadhon air machraichean mòra na Roinn-Eòrpa, cha'n 'eil i ach òg ; oir cha robh fhathast ach fine a' toirt buaidh air fine agus a' cur air a' chrann-deilbhe nan rìoghachdan cumhachdach a th'innte an diugh. A thighinn na's dlùithe do'n tigh, bha ghrian air laighe air an Roimhe, agus i air a' bhuidheann mu dheireadh d'a saighdearan a thoirt leatha á Breatunn ceud gu leth bliadhna mu'n d'thàinig Colum-Cille air tir an I. Ach bha'n réiteach a rinn i an ceann a deas Albann r'a fhaicinn eadhon aig an àm ud ; bha làrach a coise r'a fhaotainn anns gach bad de'n cheann de'n dùthaich bh'air àiteach le sluagh. Bha'n calldachadh a rinn i fhathast beò ; ach ré na h-ùine thug a cuideachd am Breatunn, dh'fhairtlich air a saighdearan riamh glinn choillteach agus bealaichean oillteil na Gaidhealtachd a thoirt am mach. Agus dh'fhairtlich air a cabhlach-cogaidh a caoil sgeireach agus a lochan lùbach a sheòladh. Cha robh leis an sin dad air feadh na Gaidhealtachd de na cleachdainnean ionnsaichte dh'fhàg na Ròman-aich an ceann a deas na dùthcha.

Shearmonaich Naomh Ninian an Soisgeul am measg Chruithneach a' chinn-a-deas ; ach b'e rùn Cholum-Chille an sgeul aoibhneach a liubhairt do Chruithnich a' chinn-a-tuath, a bha thighinn beò an saobh-chreid-eamh agus an aineolas agus fo chis nan Driudhneach. Air son na h-oibre móire sin a ghiulan am mach, fhuair e sealbh air I ; ach cha'n 'eil e ro chinnteach co-dhiùbh 's ann bho rìgh nan Scotach no bho rìgh nan Cruithneach a fhuair e an t-sealbh sin.

Tha e glé choltach, co-dhiùbh, gu'n robh a' chuid de Mhuile tha tuath air Loch Sgrìodain 's air a' Ghleann-mhòr, a tha roinn an Eilein Mhuilich 'na dha leth, fo na Cruithnich 's a' chuid a tha deas air na crìochan sin fo na Scotsaich. Tha sin a' fàgail Ithe taobh a stigh de chrìochan nan Scotach, 's cha'n 'eil teagamh nach ann bho rìgh Conuill, a charaid féin, a fhuair Colum sealbh air an eilean.

A nis, bha I 'na eilean ainmeil roimh àm Cholum-Chille. Bha'n dùthaich fo smachd nan Druidhneach ; agus bha'n daingneach bu làidriche bh'aca an I. B'e "Innis-nan-Druidhneach" a bh'ann 'san àm ud, mar 'se "I-Cholum-Chille" a th'ann an diugh. Bha na Druidhnich gu math ealanta am bàrdachd, agus bha oilthigh ainmeil aca an I anns an robh òigridh na dùthcha air an oileanachadh anns an dreuchd sin. Sheinn Oisean cliù na Féinne mu thri cheud bliadhna roimhe so ; agus faodaidh gu'n robh bàrdachd Oisein 'ga teagasg an oilthigh Ithe mar tha bàrdachd na Gréige 's na Ròimhe 'gan teagasg anns na h-oilthighean againne an diugh. Bha mòran de nàdur na bàrdachd an Colum-Cille féin ; ach ged a bha taobh làidir aige ri luchd rann, sgap e na Druidhnich am mach á I. A lìon beag is beag, thilg e na cleachdainnean pàganach a bh'aca bun os cionn, agus sguab e 'n dream ud uile am mach as an dùthaich. Ach tha cuimhneachain an I orra fhathast an Cladh-nan-Druidhneach agus piosan de sheann toglaichean an àite no dhà feadh an eilein.

Mar a dh'éirich do na Druidhnich an I, dh'éirich ré ùine 's gach àit' eile 'sa Ghàidhealtachd. Shearmonaich Colum 's a sheirbhisich an Soisgeul do na

Cruithnich air feadh na Gaidhealtachd uile. Tha sinn a' faicinn gu'n do ghabh na freumhaichean gu math ris a' ghrunnd 's gu'n robh buaidh mhòr le obair an duine ainmeil so anns gach àite 'n do nochd se e fhéin. Cha d'fhàg e a bheag de na tha de'n Ghaidhealtachd tuath air Druim-albann nach do shiubhail e, agus a' toirt an t-sluaigh bhuirb fo bhuidh 's fo chumhachd an t-Soisgeil. Tha'n eachdraidh 'g innseadh dhuinn gu'n d'thug e a cheud sgrìob gu'n rìgh a bha fuireach an caisteal làidir faisg air Ionbhar-nis. Dhiùlt an rìgh éisdeachd thoirt dà no a leigeil idir taobh a stigh nam balachan; ach leum na geatachan bhàrr nan lùdagan leotha féin. Thuig an rìgh gu'n robh cumhachd làidir aig an duine. Ghabh e gu dlùth rà theagasg, agus b'esan a' cheud iompachan bha'm measg an t-sluaigh mhòir a bha'n làthair.

Chuir Colum suas mòran eaglaisean an eileanan agus air tìr mhòr na Ghaidhealtachd, agus a réir suidheachadh na dùthcha 'san àm sin, faodaidh sinn a chreidsinn gu'n d'fhulaing e iomadh cruadal, 's gu'n deach e an iomadh cunnart, an dà chuid air muir 's air tìr. 'S iomadh gàbhadh fairge ruith a churachan caol, craicionn eadar I is Tiriodh 's Colla 's Rum 's gach eilean eile 'sa Ghaidhealtachd 'san do liubhair e a theachdaireachd urramach. 'S iomadh rudha garbh a chuairtich i agus loch lùbach a sheòl i, anns gach seòrsa sìd, le fuachd 's le gaillionn, 's an stoirm 's am fèath, a' toirt a sgioba daonnan gu cala sàbhailt. Air tìr mhòr cha robh cunnartan an teachdaire dad na bu lugha. Bha'n dùthaich coill-teach, lochach, aibhneach, gun rathad coise, gun aiseag. Bha na glinn air an àiteach le daoine breuna,

borba, 's na coilltean le tuirc-nimhe 's le madaidh-allnidh. Cha robh fhios có bhruach bho'n tigeadh srann an t-saighid, no có 'n tom as an tigeadh sgrìach an tuirc-nimhe. Cha'n 'eil cunnart tha dol air teachdairean an là 'n diugh an Aifric, no 'sna h-Innsean, nach robh Colum a' ruith an là ud an Gaidhealtachd na h-Albann. Ach le deadh dhùrachd 's le neart a chreidimh thug e buaidh air na cunnartan sin uile, is chuir e crìoch urramach air an obair mhòir agus shónruichte a ghabh e os làimh.

Thug e Cruithnich a' chinn-a-tuath gu rian is riaghailt. Chaidh an tuagh-chogaidh 's am bolg a chur seachad, 's cha chluinnteadh cho tric fuaime a' chath eadar iad fhéin 's an coimhearsnaich bh'air taobh deas Dhruim-Albann.

Bha Colum-Cille a nis a' fàs 'na dhuine aosmhor, lag. Cha b'iad na bliadhnachan bu mhotha dhrùidh air, ach an t-ànradh agus an cruadal a fhuair e rè bheatha. Cha robh e na bu mhò comasach air sgrìob-an fada thoirt am mach as an eilean, ach bha e daonnan a' cur nan Cùilteach am mach air feadh gach cèarn, agus bhiodh e gabhail thachd ann a bhi faotainn sgeòil bho gach fear dhiubh bheireadh sgrìob bheag air do'n dìseirt.

Anns na làithean mu dheireadh, bha e cur seachad a' chuid bu mhò d'a ùine ag ath-sgrìobhadh nan Scriobtuirean. Bha roimh-fhios aige ceithir bliadhna roimh 'n àm, air là air an am bàsaicheadh e; agus nuair thàinig an latha sin faisg air làimh, thug e sgrìob a dh'fhaicinn na muinntir ag obair anns na machraichean. Dhrìch e'n déigh sin cnoc os cionn na h-eaglais agus 'na sheasamh air a' chnoc sin, 's e sealltainn

a nuas air an eilean thuirt e “Ged is beag agus suarach an t-ionad so, bithidh urram mòr air a chur air; cha’n ann a mhàin le muinntir agus rìghrean na h-Albann, ach le muinntir agus rìghrean thìrean céin. Bithidh e mar an ceudna, am mòr mheas aig aidmheilean eile.”

Nuair a labhair e na briathran sin theirinn e, agus chaidh e stigh d’a bhothaig. Thòisich e mar bu ghnàth air ath-sgrìobhadh nan Sgrìobtuirean; agus nuair a ràinig e’n deicheamh Salm deug thar an fhichead, thuirt e r’a ghille, Diarmad; “An so sguiridh mise; cuireadh Baithen crìoch air a’ chòrr”. Mu mheadhon oidhche chaidh e do’n eaglais. Lean Diarmad e, agus fhuair se e ’san dorcha ’na shineadh mu choinneamh na h-altrach. An ceann beagan mhionaidean, chruinnich na manaich le’n cuid lòchran. Thuig e gu’n robh a chrìoch air tighinn. Mu’n d’éirich grian an ath latha air na beanntan mòra, Muileach, bha I gun Cholum-Cille.¹

Tha uaigh Cholum-Chille air a combarrachadh mach an diugh fhathast, ri taobh balla tuath na h-eaglaise mòire, far an deach e fhéin agus Diarmad, a réir barail, a thiodhlacadh taobh ri taobh; ach cha’n ’eil eachdraidh uile gu léir soilleir mu’n nì. Ri linn Adhamnain, bha’n t-àite air a chombarrachadh am mach gu cumanta; ach an déigh sin thàinig atharraichean móra air I, agus chaidh cnàmhan Cholum-Chille thogail agus an toirt do Dhùn-chailinn, agus an déigh sin do dh’Eirinn.

¹Thachair sin air an 9mh là de mhios mheadhonaich an t-samhraidh anns a’ bhliadna 597, aig sè deug is trì fichead bliadhna dh’aois, agus ceithir bliadhna deug thar fhichead an déigh dha tighinn air tìr an I.

Annas a' bhliadhna 795 thàinig na Lochlainnich air tìr do'n eilean agus thog iad creach a dh'fhàg an t-àite gu math bochd. Annas a' bhliadhna 801, thill iad is chuir iad an t-eilean ri theine, agus thug iad leò mòran de sheann sgrìobhaidhean. Tha e coltach gu'n deach an t-eilean a losgadh seachd uairean agus a h-uile ni anns an robh feum, a spùinneadh a h-uile h-uair dhiubh sin.

Fad mòran ùine chaidh I air dh'lochuimhne, 's nuair a thòisich linn ùr air tighinn ann, bha mòran de'n t-sean eachdraidh air chall buileach. Bha leithid de bhealach eadar na seann nithean 's na nithean ùra 's gu'm bheil e glé choltach gur h-ann mar sin a chaidh rud cho cudtromach ri leabaidh-thàimh an duine ainmeil so a dhi-chuimhneachadh. Cha'n 'eil eadhon cinnt 'sam bith ciod e cheart àite air an robh an t-sean eaglais air a togail. Ach annas a' bhliadhna 1074, nuair a fhuair Maol-Cholum a' chinn mhòir seilbh air na h-eileanan, thòisich bànrighinn Mairearad air I a chur air an t-sean bhonn. Thog i eaglais bheag an I ris an abrar "Caibeal Orain". Tha na sean bhallachan fhathast suas an oisinn de Rolaig-Orain, agus 's i sin togail is sine an I.

Tha mòran de na sgrìobh eachdraidh air I am beachd gu'n do thog bànrighinn Mairearad an eaglais so air làrach sean eaglais Cholum-Chille agus mar chuimhneachan air Colum féin. Nuair thàinig Mànus, rìgh Lochlainn turas do dh' I, dh'fhosgail e dorus "na h-eaglaise bige an I Cholum-Chille" mar tha'n eachdraidh ag ràdh; ach mu'n deach e thar na stairsnich thill e mach le uamhas. Cha'n 'eil e air aithris ciod e chunnaic e, ach dh'òrduich e 'n eaglais

a dhùnadh agus gun i bhi air a fosgladh tuilleadh. Agus 's ann mar sin a bha fhad 's a bha I agus na h-eileanan aig na Lochlainnich.

Tha eachdraidh na h-Eaglais an I air a toinneamh a stigh le eachdraidh Cholum-Cille ; 's cha'n 'eil teagamh nach 'eil pàirt de na seann toglaichean far an robh an fheadhainn a thog iad am beachd an robh a' cheud eaglais. Bha daonnan teagamh mu'n chùis mar a th'ann air an latha 'n diugh. Chaidh an eaglais mhòr a thogail eadar an aona linn deug 's an dàrna linn deug, agus leagadh a' chlach-stéidh far an robh beul-aithris ag ràdh a bha uaigh Cholum-Chille, am beachd gur h-ann far am biodh an uaigh a bhiodh an eaglais mar an ceudna. Tha sin a' léigeil fhaicinn duinn a' bhuaidh mhòr a bh'aig 'ainm eadhon ceudan bliadhna 'n déigh a bhàis.

Bha mòran 'san latha bh'ann aig an robh creideamh làidir anns na comasan fàigheadaireachd a bh' aig Colum, oir tha e glé choltach gu'n d'innis e iomadh uair roimh làimh nithean a thàinig gu brìgh, beagan làithean an déigh dha an innseadh. Dh'innis e aon latha gu'n deach ruaig air na Scotsaich am blàr ; agus an ùine aithghearr thàinig fios a dh' I gu'n robh sin fìor. Bha e latha eile 'na shuidhe a' sgrìobhadh, agus thuirt e ri fhear-frithealaidh, Diarmad, gu'n robh fear air taobh thall a' chaoil a' glaothaich an aiseig, agus nuair a thigeadh e stigh gu'n dòirteadh e 'n dubhach air. Agus nuair a thàinig e stigh, sheas Diarmad eadar e 's am bòrd-sgrìobhaidh ; ach leis a' chabhaig a bh'air an duine dhol a dh'fhàilteachadh Cholum, leum e seachad air Diarmad a bha 'san rathad air, agus phut e 'm bòrd agus dhòirteadh an dubhach.

Ach tha e glé choltach gu'n robh duine bòrb am Muile nach robh uile gu léir a' toirt a stigh do dh'fhàigheadaireachd Cholum. Thuirt Colum ris an duine so aon latha nach itheadh e de'n aran ùr no de'n mhuic fhaghaid. Treis 'na dhéigh sin, nuair a bha'n duine so 'na shuidhe aig a' cheud bhòrd dhiubh sin, thuirt e nuair a chuir e cheud ghreim 'na bheul : "Cha b'fhìor Colum-Cille ciar ghlais nuair thuirt e nach ithinn de'n aran ùr no de'n mhuic fhaghaid," ach thac an greim a bha 'na bheul e.

Bha cailleach am Muile, cuideachd, a chaidh air ghearan chuige : gu'n robh sionnach a' goid nan caorach orra 'san oidhche. Thuirt Colum rithe : i chaithris a h-uile h-oidhche agus a' cheud uair a chlàtheadh i 'n sionnach a rithis i thighinn g'a ìnnseadh dha. Rinn a 'chailleach sud ; ach ged a chaithriseadh i fhathast, cha'n fhaiceadh i 'n sionnach. Thuig an duine geur-inntinneach so gur e cion na caithris a bha dèanamh na calldachd ; 's ged a bha chailleach a' cadal nach robh an sionnach.

Chuala sinn cheana gu'n deach an Naomh an làtha mu'n d' fhàg e 'n saoghal gu mullach cnuic far an do ghlac e stigh le shùil mòran de'n dùtbaich a shiubhail e, agus gu'n d'rinn e fàisneachd mu'n mheas a bhiodh air a chur air I an linntean bha ri teachd ; agus tha sinn an diugh a' faicinn gu'n d' thàinig an fhàisneachd sin air a cois, agus gu'm bheil i 'ga fìrinneachadh a h-uile latha fhathast anns na mìltean a tha tighinn air tìr an I a dh'fhaicinn nan seann toglaidhean agus a chluinntinn pàirt de dh'eachdraidh an eilein air a liubhairt leis an fhear-thrèdrachaidh. Tha'n sean aithreabh e fhéin ag ìnnseadh a sgeòil ged

tha uiread ùine eadar pàirt de na seann toglaichean a tha'n I, agus linn Cholum-Chille 's a tha eadar an linn a th'againn an diugh agus blàr Allt-a'-bhonnaich. Agus 's ann leis mar tha e air fhilleadh a stigh an eachdraidh beatha Cholum a dh'fhàs e 'na àite tìodhlacaidh cho ainmeil, 's a chionn tha daoine cho àrd inbhe 's a bha 'san Roinn-Eòrpa 'nan cadal 'na ùir, mar a tha'n dà chuid croisean agus leacan cho snasar 's a dh'fhàg riamh gilb snaidheadair, ag innseadh dhuinn.

An Rolaig-Orain an sud tha 'nan laighe ochd agus dà fhichead rìgh Albannach, ceathrar de rìghrean Eireann, agus, co dhiùbh, rìgh no dha à Lochlainn, barrachd air mòran de chinn-fheadhna na Gaidhealtachd. Ach ged is ann ri linn Cholum-Chille dh'fhàs Rolaig-Orain cho ainmeil, agus ged is ann r' a latha, mar tha pàirt de'n eachdraidh th'anns an Leabhar-bhreac ag innseadh dhuinn, a thàinig an t-ainm, "Rolaig-Orain" am mach, tha h-aon de na sgrìobh mu I 's mu Cholum-Cille, ag innseadh gu'n robh an t-àite so 'na àite tìodhlacaidh mòran linntean roimh Cholum-Chille; agus thug e beachd bho sgonn de chloich anns a' chladh, air am bheil sgrìobhadh Gàidhlig an litrichean na sean aibideil Ghaidhealaich. Agus tha e dèanamh am mach gu'm buin a' chlach sin do Chormag Ulfada, rìgh Eireann, a chaidh a thìodhlacadh an I anns a' bhliadhna 213.

A nis, mar tha rud no dhà gu math cudtromach a bhuineas do dh'eachdraidh-beatha Cholum-Chille, 'nan ceistean a dh'fheuch iomadh sgrìobhadair ri'm fuasgladh, agus nach d'fhuasgail iad gu ro mhath fhathast, tha e mar an ceudna 'na cheist c'àit' eil

“a’ bheinn bheag” air an do sheas an Naomh an latha rinn e’ n fhàisneachd air an d’thugadh iomradh cheana. ’S e *monticellum* am facal a chleachd Adhamnan, agus dh’eadar-theangaich an t-Ollamh Reeves am facal sin “Beinn bheag,” agus tha e a’ deanamh am mach gur e h-aon de thri chnocan beaga làmh ris na seann toglaichean, am “monticellum”. Bha Diùc Earra-ghaidheal de’n cheart bheachd, ach cha’n ’eil a h-aon de na cnocain sin a’ comh-chòrdadh ris an fhacal a chleachd Adhamnan: ’s e sin *monticellum*. Tha mi fhéin am beachd a’m aonar gu’n do sheas Colum, air a latha mu dheireadh, air a’ chnoc is àirde an I, far am faiceadh e na ficheadan mìle mu’n cuairt air, agus a’ chuid mhòr de dh’eilean a ghràidh ’na laighe aig a chasan. Their iad ri pàirt de’n àite sin an diugh fhathast “an sliabh,” agus anns na seann sgrìobhaidhean Eireannach, tha’m facal “sliabh” air eadar-theangachadh *mons*. Cha’n ’eil teagamh agam leis an sin nach e “sliabh beag,” a bha’n inntinn Adhamnain nuair a sgrìobh e *monticellum* an Laidinn. Agus leis an t-sliabh a dhìrich e air an latha chomharraichte sin tha’n latha mu dheireadh de bheatha Cholum-Chille glé choltach ris an latha mu dheireadh de bheatha Mhaois a dhìrich sliabh Nebo gu mullach Phisga mar tha sinn a’ faicinn ’san 34mh caibdeal de Dheuteronomi agus a’ cheud rann.

I. M. C.

FORMER GAELIC MOVEMENTS

V.

“Thainig mo Rìgh air tìr am Mùideart
Rìgh nan Gàidheal, Tearlach Stiùbhart.”

REAL Jacobitism did not exist until James VII. expired. That Prince, it is true, was the *fons et origo* of the powerful party which came to be named after him ; but the real Jacobite sovereigns were his son James VIII.—profanely styled the Old Pretender—and his grandson Charles of “bonnie” memory. The exiled king always regarded himself as King of England, and refused to speak with his enemies in the gate, or be comforted, upon any other footing. The true “kings over the water,” however, whether by inclination or force of circumstances, laid a great deal less stress upon their English connexion and interest than they did on the fact that their appeals for assistance were primarily addressed to Scots and Irish “disaffectants”. The essential difference between the nominal and the real Jacobitism can be easily appreciated by contrasting the public attitude of James VII. with that which characterised his immediate descendants. James *had* been King of England ; and it was as king of that country that he plotted and vowed to be restored. He cared little or nothing for the smaller kingdoms of Scotland and Ireland, consistently and systematically sacrificing their interests to the supposed advantage of always standing well with the English, and he would probably have indignantly repudiated any scheme by

which, whilst the Whigs and the Prince of Orange would have been left in undisturbed possession of the most powerful of the three kingdoms, his right, and that of his House, would have been recognised in Ireland and Scotland. The "kings over the water," on the other hand, in proportion as their following and interest in England cooled and declined, found themselves more and more obliged to curry favour with Scottish and Irish Nationalists to the prejudice, if not to the practical exclusion, of their English supporters, until at last (so much identified with the affairs and inhabitants of these two kingdoms did they become), Jacobitism became practically synonymous with Scots and Irish nationalism; that interest grew to be the predominating one at the exiled court; and, most convincing proof of all, the son of James, the exile, favourably considered a scheme by which whilst the Hanoverian representative would have been allotted the English sovereignty, the Stuart share of this curious partition would have been Scotland and Ireland. It was said that Hanover itself was disposed to regard this plan as a not impracticable solution of the dynastic difficulty occasioned by that family's acceptance of the Whig offer; but however that may be, the fact that such a scheme was actually mooted, and that the "king over the water" was not indisposed towards it, bears striking testimony, as well to the national complexion of Jacobitism at that time as to the essential differences between the Jacobitism of King James and that of those who, whilst they inherited his pretensions as Legitimist King of England, either felt themselves powerless to

give effect to them, or did not care sufficiently for them to allow the royal exile's principles to stand in the way of a workable compromise. The predominatingly Scotch and Irish character of the later and more mature Jacobitism is further reflected in the petty squabbles and dissensions which divided, and largely paralysed, the exiled court. James's Scotch and Irish supporters combined to drive the purely English interest from power; and when they had achieved that common object, they fell to quarrelling among themselves. As a Jacobite, the Englishman was commonly suspect, at all events so far as Scotch and Irish patriots were concerned; and in proportion as the Jacobite court became too hot to hold the "disaffected" members of that nationality who had repaired to James out of England in hope of office or employment upon his English service, and in proportion as public interest in England in James, his family, rights, claims, grievances and affairs, declined, in that precise ratio did James fall under the influence of his Scotch and Irish advisers, and in that precise ratio did the political cult of Jacobitism recede from the position assigned it by James II. of England, and become a creed, suitable, indeed, for Irish and Scotsmen, but possessing few, if any, attractions for the great mass of Englishmen.

The principle upon which James II. had stood out, and appealed, was Legitimism. Probably the majority of the inhabitants of England was never greatly addicted to that creed. The divine right of kings to govern ill (or well) had, indeed, been debated pretty acrimoniously in England throughout the seven-

teenth century ; but by the time James was expelled, the probability is that that nation had made up its mind that Legitimism, as a creed, was not a counsel of perfection. Moreover, the family of Stuart had not been long enough in possession of the English throne to render themselves indispensable to the English nation. Their origin was not English—a fact of which the makers of English polemics did not hesitate to avail themselves, when it suited their purpose to do so ; so that when a powerful faction in English politics procured the expulsion of James upon the ground of his transgressing the Constitution, that Prince had little to appeal to save the principle of Legitimism—in which vast numbers of his English subjects were notoriously weak—in order to promote his cause, and prepare the way for his return. That being so, and the popularity of the Stuarts being, at best, an exceeding fluctuating quantity, and, at worst, something in the nature of gratuitous assumption on the part of the pamphleteers and divine-right setters who swarmed in the Stuart's English court, it follows that Jacobitism, as understood by James II., was bound to be a losing cause. It was not based upon the impregnable rock of a people's known and declared will, and political genius. It stood for, and upon, a *theory*, as regards which the vast majority of Englishmen was profoundly indifferent, if the nation was not positively hostile. James's frantic appeals to the patriotic sentiment of his English subjects—his somewhat flamboyant John Bullism before and after exile—were evidently based upon a consciousness of this defect in his “platform,” and were probably designed

as so many expedients to bolster up his cause as Legitimist king, and to render acceptable a claim which he must surely have had sense enough to perceive was in itself the reverse of popular. But, in spite of his efforts, Legitimism in England was a losing cause. There was nothing in, or about, the abstract notion of divine right to attract or appeal to the average English mind. The opposing theory was, theoretically at all events, infinitely more plausible, and, of course, enormously more popular ; and I take leave to doubt whether had the "Old Pretender" and his son continued Jacobitism as they inherited and found it, that cult would have succeeded in attracting more Englishmen to its standards than the brand of Jacobitism which came into vogue in their time succeeded in doing.

To the vast majority of Englishmen, then, Jacobitism appeared a singularly unattractive creed ; but for Scots and Irish it had a strong practical, as well as a sentimental, interest. Probably, neither the one nation nor the other greatly troubled itself about Legitimism as a political theory. There was certainly nothing in the Gaelic System to sanction divine right, or to predispose the Gaels of these two countries to accept the Stuart wild claims of irresponsible power, or to regard with favour the purely Roman conception of kingship which in England the Tudor sovereigns had endeavoured to set up. They probably laughed heartily at James and his Legitimist followers for their anti-democratic conceits and notions ; but, at the same time, they were shrewd enough to perceive that, as well upon religious as political grounds, the Stuarts

were much to be preferred to the Hanoverians and their English aiders and abettors. In Scotland, at all events, there had been no love lost between the House of Stuart and the Gaelic people; and the feeling in Ireland was probably fundamentally not a whit more cordial; but both Scots and Irish Gaels would appear to have gone into the various Jacobite risings, not so much on account of hereditary attachment to the Stuarts, as from a perfectly natural and laudable desire to benefit themselves politically, and because, by reason of their now greatly changed circumstances, the family of Stuart was not in a position to help itself—that is to say, that however disagreeable to their personal sentiments and to the principles hereditary in that family a Gaelic *rapprochement* might be, a partial acceptance of the national Gaelic programme constituted an indispensable preliminary to the acquisition of that active assistance by which alone, England being hostile, or, at best, coldly indifferent, they might hope to overcome English opposition and so to enjoy their own again.

In canvassing the causes which led to the Gaelic acceptance of the Stuarts' "plan of campaign," and to the Gaelic people's armed participation in that family's various risings, some regard must also be had to the fact that though the Stuarts were not originally of the soil, yet they were nearer to it than were the Hanoverians, and had much better claims to the allegiance and loyalty of the Scotch and Irish nations than had any of the fools and the blockheads called George. The long-standing feud between the House of Donald and that of Stuart had resulted in the defeat and

dispossession of the former, as well as in the partial subjugation of the Gaelic people to a foreign yoke. Such an event was bound to leave behind it a feeling of considerable soreness and friction—a feeling which was enormously aggravated in the case before us by the irritating, harsh, unconstitutional and unjust measures pursued by the conquerors with a view to stamping out all organised resistance to their rule and claims. But, deprived of their reigning house and principal protagonists, the Gaelic people were bound, sooner or later—human nature being what it is—to make a shift with the inevitable, and in great measure to transfer their allegiance to that family which had been the principal means of their own undoing. This tendency to hero-worship and to the indulgence of “loyalty” at the expense of principle seem, indeed, to be striking exemplars of those manifold weaknesses in which mankind abounds—a world-wide empire on which the sun of Time never sets or tires to shine; and without multiplying historical examples and instances—a thing which it would be easy to do—the attitude of the English Tory party after the accession of Queen Anne may be cited as a case singularly in point. The ease and rapidity with which that party, in defiance of past pledges and all consistency, transferred its affections and allegiance from the Stuarts to the Hanoverians is amusingly glanced at by Lord Bolingbroke in his famous letter to Sir William Wyndham, the leader at that time of the Whimsical or Hanoverian Tories. The Gaels, then, though they had no cause to love the Stuarts, but, on the contrary, had every reason to regard them with dis-

like and suspicion, yet when they saw that family in its turn disinherited and cast out, in its turn derided and put upon, promptly forgot their past wrongs and grievances, their excursions and alarms, and in many cases rallied to the support of the men whose ancestors had cruelly and despitefully used them. The foreign origin of the Stuarts, and their corrupt and vicious rule, were allowed to be forgotten—conveniently for the Stuarts—or, at all events, were not unseasonably or unduly insisted upon. By means of some simple historical legerdemain, the Stuarts now vacated their congenial and time-honoured rôle as oppressors and suborners of the Gaelic people: the ancient line of Alba was shoved back into the shrouding mists of antiquity; the comparatively brand-new Stuarts clad in all the engaging, if unaccustomed, splendour of plaid and “philabeg,” issued upon the political stage as the heaven-sent harbingers of the coming (Gaelic) millennium, and the Fiery Cross, so often employed for a precisely opposite object, was now discreetly circulated throughout the glens, calling the people to arms in support of that “natural and lawful” sovereign whose forebears had schemed and plotted to crush them out of existence.

No doubt, this somewhat whimsical reconciliation between ancient fact and new sentiment, between what sternly was, and what it was fancifully desired should be, was not effected without considerable difficulty, and some misgivings, on the part of those employed to bring it about. This is clearly seen in the works of the Jacobite Gaelic bards, a numerous and tuneful, if a somewhat disingenuous fraternity.

They are careful to dwell, not so much upon James's or Charlie's hereditary rights and their family standing as "natural and lawful kings," as upon that family's latter-day suitability from the purely Gaelic point of view. It may be Mòrag or Sila that is praised, and praised with an abundance of flowery epithet and skilfulness for which it would be hard to find a parallel amongst contemporary non-Gaelic Jacobite poets; but it is little that is said touching their *hereditary* right to rule over Gaels. James and Charles may have cherished, and doubtless did entertain, their own particular notions as to the character of their claims in this respect; but for the rank and file of Gaelic Jacobitism, they either did not exist, or were discreetly ignored. If the call had been for men to lay down their lives in behalf of a mere theory of government—in support of the unattractive and essentially non-Gaelic doctrine of divine and indefeasible right—I doubt if a single Gael in all Scotland and Ireland had drawn the sword in behalf of that preposterous claim. The Gaels of Ireland and Scotland rose because, for the time being, they accepted the Stuarts, and because they had made their cause their own: the MacDonalds were dispossessed, seemingly not to be revived, at all events as claimants to the Scottish throne; the Stuart exile and broken fortunes had largely expiated their rude and ferocious rule and carriage when in the hey-day of their prosperity, and a multitude of other circumstances combined to render bye-gones bye-gones, and, so far as the Gaelic people were concerned, to invest the Stuarts and their cause with a credit and attraction which they conspicuously

lacked until misfortune overtook them. The essentially Gaelic character of the later Jacobitism is thus easily accounted for ; and upon no other grounds, I venture to think, is that singular phenomenon to be explained. Primarily, that Jacobitism was a Scottish contribution, and, considering the relatively small number of Scottish Gaels that rose with James or came "out" with his son Charles, it must be allowed that, in nearly upsetting the Revolution Settlement of 1688, it did not a little to justify its existence, and to show the world what might be done should the Gaelic people ever conquer their hereditary disinclination to combine in defence of a common object, and to sink petty inter-tribal differences in the disinterested pursuit of national aims. There can be no doubt that, had the whole force of the Gaelic people been employed to drive the Georges from the English throne, or to preserve the integrity of Scotland and Ireland as separate nationalities, one or other of these objects—if not both—had certainly been achieved. But desperate and far-reaching though were the efforts of those who, in the dispossessed Stuarts, wisely recognised the national account and advantage for the time being, and laboured to improve it to the best of their ability, yet the Stuart record, the bad Stuart reputation, and the fact that the Stuarts were not of native origin, prevented multitudes from joining them, and, together with the fatal national passion for "taking sides," actually drew an influential and, numerically, by no means contemptible section of the Gaelic people, into the enemy's camp. Thus, the Gaelic movements of 1715 and 1745 failed. Want of

cohesion and of unanimity amongst the Gaelic people themselves, combined with the unsatisfactory character of the Stuarts and of Stuart rule throughout many ages, spoiled a splendid, if not an unique, national opportunity. Little sympathy, indeed, need be expended upon that unlucky family itself, which, in spite of some admirable qualities, richly deserved the full measure of misfortune it received ; but, so far as the national cause is concerned, it must ever be matter of regret to every thinking Nationalist that an attempt which came so near to actual success, and which was of so gallant and truly heroic a nature, did not prevail. A brief consideration of the benefits, national and particular, which the triumph of Jacobitism would have been the means of securing to our nation and race cannot but enhance the feeling of lively regret and disappointment to which the miscarriage of those affairs is eminently calculated to give rise ; but inasmuch as I have already exhausted, if not the reader's patience, at all events the space allotted me, my remarks upon that topic must be reluctantly postponed to a future occasion.

R. E.

(To be continued.)

NA COMUINN GHAIÐHEALACH AN GLASCHU

ANNS na làithean a chaidh seachad, b'e ar dleasnas, labhairt, gu tric, gu searbh sgaiteach an aghaidh

cuid de na Comuinn so; agus thug sinn, eadar Gàidhlig is Beurla, iomadh garbh achmhasan dhoibh, air son mar a bha iad a' struidheadh an cuid is an ùine; agus air son mar a bha iad, gu coitcheann, a' seachnadh an dleasnais. 'Se ar beachd aig an àm, nach robh anns a' chuid is mò dhiubh ach buidhnean leibideach Sasunnach, nach fhiu, agus gur ann a' bha, iad deanamh fìor droch bhuil dhe gach cothrom is comas a fhuair iad, air tailleamh na feadhach a bha gan cumail air bonn. Thubhairt sinn gu soilleir agus gu follaiseach, nach robh ann ach a h-aon no dhà de na Comuinn so a bha deanamh an dleasnais a thaobh ar cainnt, agus nach mòr dhiubh aig an robh fìor eòlas cìod a bu chòir dhoibh a dheanamh air los sean-chainnt nan Gàidheal a chumail bèò, agus ar cuisean féin a thoirt air adhart. Theagamh, gu'n d'fhàinig leasachadh beag air choir-eiginn air àite-eiginn, o na thog sinn ar guth air an doigh so; ach se ar beachd nach 'eil mearachd ann a bhi cantuinn, nach 'eil againn an so ach leasachadh meanbh, leth-chasach, agus buileach neo-iomlan. Tha a' chuid is mò de na Comuinn so fathast fo spòig luchd-na-Beurla, agus iad cho aineolach, dearmadach, agus dall a thaobh eachdraidh, is fìor chùis nan Gàidheal, 'sa bha iad riamh. Gu dearbh, is glé bheag de leasachadh is urrainn duinn fhaicinn annta air fad. Rach a staigh do aon de na Comuinn so, agus gabh beachd air cìod a tha iad a' deanamh los cùis na Gàidhlig a sheasamh, agus ar gnothaichean féin a chumail suas. Ma tha iad a' toirt seachad duais bheag gach bliadhna air son Mòid a' Chomuinn Ghàidhealaich, se sin uile a th'aca san amharc, agus na ghabh iad láimh air son

ar cànan fèin a chumail beò, agus an dleas a thaobh ar cinneadh a chur an gnìomh. Ach, am bitheantas, chan 'eil iad a' tighinn air an dleasnas eadhon so fhein gun mhòr-thrioblaid : gun iad a bhi air an cur chuige, is air an tarruing a dh'ionnsuidh an dleas le iomadh seòrsa leth-sgedil agus chleas nach bu chòir a bhi air an cleachdadh fo chomhair fìor Ghàidheir sam bith.

Tha iomadh Gàidheal éudmhor a' tuineachadh am baile-mòr Ghlaschu, agus nan seasadh iad gu dìong-mhalta is seasmhach an guaillibh a chéile, gu dearbh nach mòr cumhachdach an cuideachadh a bhiodh iad mar sin a' toirt seachad ! Tha e ro dhuilich aig an àm, leabhraichean Gàidhlig a chur am mach gu soirbheasach, agus ùghdairean Gàidhealach a chumail beò mar bu chòir, leis cho beag chuideachaidh sa tha iad am bitheantas a' faighinn o'n t-sluagh, agus o na Comuinn so. Nan robh iad a' seasamh cùisean Gàidhealach mar tha dream is cinnidhean eile toirt feirt air an gnothaichean dùthchasach fèin, biodh sinn uile a' cheart cho maith dheth a thaobh nan nithean so sa tha muinntir eile air feadh an t-saoghail gu léir. Se cron a th'ann nach 'eil sinn a' toirt feirt mar dhream air na nithean sin air am bu choir dhuinn làn ghreim a bhi againn, agus sàr-bheachd a ghabhail le sùil ri àite inbheach agus urramach a chosnadh duinn fèin mar dhream, agus le sùil r'ar cinneadh fèin a chur air bonn a rìs — mar tha Eachdraidh, Litreachas, Ealaidhnean, agus iomadh rud eile de'n t-seòrsa sin. Mar thuirt duine iomraideach, tuigseach, duinn o chionn ghoirid, agus e cur an céill dhuinn a smuaintean mu thimchioll an dearbh ni so, “ there is a tremendous

lot of wasted Celtic enthusiasm in Glasgow, *enthusiasm directed upon entirely wrong lines*". Se so an cron a th'ann. Tha'n sluagh dall agus aineolach, agus tha an luchd-reòrachaidh a' cheart cho dall agus aineolach, riu-fhéin agus a bharrachd air sin anabarrach seòlta is carach. Tha iad maraon a' struidheadh gu mòr is air fad an cuid is an ùine, agus sin an iomadh dòigh agus ceàrn nach robh, 's nach bi gu bràth, feumail aona chuid dhuinn féin, no do'n chùis air am bheil iad (ged nach 'eil so ro shoilleir) an tòir. An àite a bhi togail spioraid is inntinn an t-sluaigh a dh'ionnsuidh an dleasnais agus gan teagasg gu bhi ni's eòlaiche, ni's dìongmhalta, agus ni's seasmhaiche air sgàth cùis na h-Albann na tha iad, is ann a nuas, agus a dh'ionnsuidh clàr is cridhe an t-sluaigh a tha iad a ghnàth a' labhairt. Am bitheantas, is ann do bhuidhinn mhòir, bhuaireasach, luchd-na-Beurla a tha luchd-treòrachaidh nan Comuinn a' strìochdadh; agus, mar is nàdurra, is ann a réir spìòraid is gnàths-labhairt na feadhach sin a tha iad a' coimhlionadh an ofig. Se an ni is feàrr ris an urrainn dùil a bhi againn: iad a bhi seasamh am mach mar "Bhreatunnaich," mar luchd-cumail suas na h-Iompaireachd Sasunnaich fo'n ainm sin, agus an leithidean sin. Is ann air "Breatunn," is air gach ni a bhuineas di, a tha an teangannan a ghnàth a' ruith, nuair bu choir dhoidh bhi tighinn air ar cùisean dùthchasach féin an cànan nan Gàidheal. Cha'n 'eil iad idir eòlach air eachdraidh ar dùthcha, saor o ni no dhà is aithne dhoibh mu Phrionnsa Tearlach agus, ma dh'fhaoide, na réisimeidean "Gàidhealach"; agus is ann air an dà cheann so a tha iad a ghnàth a' sìneadh an guth.

Theagamh, nach ann a mhàin le seòltachd a tha'n dream so a' coimhlionadh an ofig mar so. Bha àm ann nuair nach robh na "cinn-cinnidh" agus an càir-dean idir a' gabhail ri cùisean nan Gàidheal, agus nuair nach robh iad ach glé dhearmadach air agus meagh-bhlàth mu na nithean sin. An sin, shealladh iad le frionas air gach neach leis am bu toil an cumail a suas, agus labhair iad gu follaiseach is gu sgairteil an aghaidh gach oidhirp a chaidh a dheanamh chum sean chànanain na Gàidhealtachd a ghleidheadh beò, agus a thoirt air adhart 'nar measg. Ach, buidheachas do Dhia, tháinig, mu dheireadh, guth eile san dàn. A lion beag is beag, dh'fhàs an sluagh Gàidhealach gu bhi car uaibhreach mu chainnt is chùis nan Gàidheal, ionnus nach robh e idir iomchuidh no comasach an dà ni so a chumail fodha ni's fhaide, agus di-meas is droch-chainnt a chleachdadh nan aghaidh-san a bha deanamh an dleasdanas, agus a' strì air son leas an duthcha. B'fheudar dhoibh a nis ni-eigin car miodalach a ràdh mu dheidhinn sean chainnt nan Gàidheal, agus mu dheidhinn nam fear a bha trang gus a cumail beò, air neo dh'fhairich iad nach biodh an cuideachadh fìor thaitneach agus toileach do'n t-sluagh. Mhothaich iad sin gu gràd; agus se a bh'ann gu'n d'thug iad os làimh car eile a chur 'nan cuid òraidean, leis an deachaidh, a nis, comhla ri moladh na Gàidhlig, agus a luchd-cumail-suas, ùmhlachd is gealtachd a sparradh gu teann air an t-sluagh, le sùil ri ar muinntir féin a chumail sìos far an robh iad, agus ceud àite a ghleidheadh an Albainn air son cànanain is bheachdan nan Sasunnach. Se an dàn, a bh'aca gur e ni car math a bh'anns a' chànanain Ghàidhlig a chumail beò, agus

cuid de na sean chleachdainnean is fearr a th'againn a ghleidheadh 'nar measg ; oir (ars iad-san), cha deanadh sin cron air bith duinn féin, no do'n fheadh-ainn eile, cho fad is nach biodh a' Ghaidhlig is beachdan Gàidhealach an uachdar—air thoiseach air beachdan is air cainnt nan Sasunnach. An sin, a los an sluagh a mhealladh agus a theòrachadh a dh'ionn-suidh an “dleas,” bha e 'na chleachdadh aig na cinn-cinnidh a bhi leagail ruith d'an teangannan mu na reisimeidean “Gàidhealach,” ar “dleas” mar “Bhreat-unnaich”—se sin a bhi gabhail san arm Shasunnach—cho beag fiù sa tha ar cainnt mhàthaireil fhéin làmh ri càinain nan Sasunnach, gu'm bu chòir sinn a bhi fìor thaingeil nach ann air ar bonnaibh féin a tha sinn a nis ach an eismeil nan Sasunnaich, gur e crìoch àraidh nan Gàidheal iad a bhi daonnan a' seasamh cùis nan Sasunnach ge b'e taobh is ceàrn air bith a rachadh iad ; nach robh, is nach 'eil, agus nach bi gu bràth litreachas fìor ealanta againn ; gu'n deanadh sinn uail is bòsd as gach gnìomh agus éuchd a nochd agus a rinn na Sasunnaich, nuair a bha iad a' cur ri'n cuid Iompaireachd ; agus mar sin air adhart.

Is ann mar so, mata, a chleachd luchd - na - Beurla bhi labhairt, agus a' coimhlionadh an dreuchd mar chinn-suidh is mar fhir-chathrach do na Comuinn Ghàidhealach an Glaschu ; agus, gu dearbh, is ann a réir am blath-san, tha a' bhuil. Le an cuid cuil-bhearean, agus na h-innleachdan a chleachd iad mar so, rinn iad beàrn mhòr air cùis na h-Albann. Mar so, tha iad a' mealadh agus a' bacadh an t-sluaigh, nach 'eil fathast—a' chuid is mò dhiubh codhiù—cho math eòlach air eachdraidh ri luchd-na-Beurla, agus

an seòrsa-san, a bhreugnachadh ; agus an ruaig a chur orra. An àite a bhi air an treòrachadh gu nithean matha, gu foghlum, is féin-dhòchas leis na daoine so, is ann air am mealladh is air am mi-stiùradh gu mòr a tha iad. Se so is aobhar do'n chron a thug sinn fainear a cheana ; gur h-ann an Glaschu, agus am measg nan Comunn so, tha an eud, agus an neart, air dol air dhìth ; agus gur iad a tha struidheadh an cuid is an ùine air tailleamh mìodal is droch-charamh nan daoine a tha air an ceann. Se so an t-aobhar, mar an ceudna, nach 'eil litreachas agus luchd-litreachais nan Gàidheal a leth cho math dheth sa dh'fhaodadh iad a bhi nan robh sinn uile deanamh ar dleas d'an taobh—nan robh gach fear a' seasamh cùis na Gàidhealtachd a h-uile ceum a bhiodh i gabhail, agus "a' dh'aindeoin có theireadh e". Thug luchd-na-Beurla an dàra ait do'n Ghàidhlig, agus do bheachdan tur Gàidhealach ; agus ma tha inbhe ìosal, neo-cheannasach, aig na nithean cudthromach so, ciamar is urrainn dùil a bhi againn ri dol am meud, agus leis am buadhaichear air gach nì agus neach a tha tighinn 'nan aghaidh ? Cho fad sa bhitheas a' chùis mar so, agus sinn féin, comhla ri gach nì a bhuineas duinn mar dhream air leth, fo cheannsail nan Sasunnaich, cha ruigear a leas fiughair a bhi againn air budhachadh. Fanaidh sinn far am bheil sinn a nis, aig earball nan Sasunnach, agus ar cànan fo spòig is fo ghreim luchd-na-Beurla.

Gu fortanach, ged a tha chùis mar so, cha'n 'eil dòchas ann nach e an gluasad Gàidhealach a tha tighinn gu mall ach gu cinnteach air adhart, neo-arthaing dhoibhsan a tha ag amladh a chèile gus a

bacadh. *Magna est veritas et prævalebit.* Ge fàda,
 doilgheasach, agus anabarrach duilich a tha e ri streap
 an rathad gu dùthchasachd, théid againn air sin là-
 eigin ; agus nuair a théid, mo thruaigh luchd-na-Beurla,
 agus iadsan uile a tha trang gus ar cumail-fodha.
 Uidh-air-an-uidh, is lion beag is beag, tha na Comuinn
 Ghàidhealach an Glaschu toirt breab as na buaraichean
 a chaidh a chur orra le luchd-na-Beurla ; agus, an
 ùine gun bhi fada, is dòcha nach bi annta air fad
 ach Comuinn fìor Ghàidhealach a mhàin. Thoisich
 muinntir na Gàidhealtachd an Glaschu air faighinn
 am mach, ma dh'fheumas iad cùis nan Gàidheal a
 sheasamh, agus a chur gu dìongmhalta air bonn, gu'm
 feum iad an ceud àite is an ceud urram a thoirt
 seachad do'n Ghaidhlig, is gu nithean fìor Ghàidh-
 ealach. Cha fhoghainn e daonnan a bhi moladh
 na' Gaidhlig, gun bhi seasamh cùis a' chinnidh d'am
 buin i mar chainnt. Tha spiorad, ùr, eudmhor ag
 éiridh a suas am measg cuid de na Comuinn ; agus
 is e Comunn Leodhais is na h-Earradh a tha an
 dràs air thoiseach anns an t-sàr-obair so. Aig a'
 choinne bhliadhnail a chùim iad an Glaschu o chionn
 mìos no dhà, thug Fear-na-cathrach—Uilleam Mac
 Ghille Mhoire—oraid bhriagha seachad gu doigheil
 ann an cainnt nan Gàidheal air fad. Is fhada
 o nach do leugh sinn òraid Ghaidhlig cho briagha
 agus a b'eirmisiche na sin. Ann ar beachd-ne, se
 òraid fìor Ghàidhealach a th'innte—cho Gàidhealach
 ris na monaidhean féin, agus cho ealanta is fileanta sa
 thàinig riamh am mach a beul Gàidheil sam bith,
 co-dhiù a ghabhas sinn beachd air a brìgh, no ris an
 dealbh anns an deachaidh a cur ri chéile. Gu'm bi

so, mata, 'na samhladh is 'na h-eisimpleir duinn uile, fad na h-aimsir a tha ri teachd ! Cha'n éil sinn a' tairsinn leth-sgeòil air bith air son gu'm bheil sinn dol g'a cur a staigh an so ; oir is fìor àraidh i air an inbhe sin, agus air gach urram is spéis is urrainn duinn bhuileachadh oirre.

OROID MHIC GILLE MHOIRE

THA sean-fhacal ag innseadh dhuinn, nuair tha 'm pobull dall ni gille càmh ministear. Nis, bhithinn a' cur dimeas orm fhéin, sa dìteadh luchd-dreuchd a' Chomuinn so nan canainn gu'n robh iadsan dall no doilleir 'nuair a dh'iarr iad ormsa a thighinn an so an nochd ; agus, air an làimh eile, ma chuireas sibh bhuir sùilean gu feum, faodaidh sibh fhaicinn nach 'eil mise càmh no crùbach ; ach an déigh sin tha mi suidhichte sa bharail gur e fìor ghille càmh, no ma thuigeas sibh na's fheàrr, gur e fìor mhinistear-maide ni mi aig ceann a' choinneimh àlainn so. Ach biodh sin mar a bhitheas, tha mi toilichte, anabarrach toilichte, a chàirdean, a bhi seasamh air a chlàr so aig ceann a' cho-sheirm bhliadhnail agaibh, a' faicinn uiread de mhuinntir mo dhùthcha, gnà-mhuinntir Leòdhais is na h-Earradh cruinn le cheile. Cha'n ann a h-uile là a thèid MacNèill air each, 's cha'n ann a h-uile là bhios an cothrom agamsa sa th' agam air an fheasgar so. Far am bheil mise tàmh, an ceann tuath Shas-uinn, 's ainneamh a choinnicheas mi ri Gàidheal 's

am bith a bhruidhinneas facal Gàidhlig no bhuineas do na h-eileinan iar-thuath againn fhéin; 's cha'n 'eil mòran Ghoill faisg orm. Tha mi mar a thuigeas sibh, air mo chuairteachadh air gach taobh le Sasunn-aich bhleideil, bhrosglach, 'agus faodaidh sibh a bhi cinnteach gu'm bi mi air uairibh air mo bhuaireadh 's air mo bhòdhradh le'n gleadhraich àrd, neo-thuigseach. Ach air an fheasgar so tha mi cuibhteas iad, tha fonn na's taitniche 'nam chluasan, agus sealladh na's agh-mhoire fo m' shùilean, seadh, 's nuair a smaointicheas mi gu bheil mi an dràs'd 'measg mo chàirdean, am measg muinntir mo dhùthcha, gnà mhuinntir Eilean an Fhraoich is na h-Earradh, tha e 'cur uail anabarrach air mo chridhe, 's tha mi 'tairgsinn do luchd-dreuchd a' Chomuinn so mo thaing, seadh, 's mo dheadh-thaing, air son an urraim a chuir iad orm 'nuair a dh'iarradh orm a bhi 'nam cheann-suidhe thairis air a' choinnimh mhòr, chridheil so. Chuireadh a' choinneamh so loinn is eireachdas air baile 'san dùthaich no air cùis no aobhar ionmhalta, measaile 's am bith. Nis, tha e taitneach ri fhaicinn gu bheil sibh gu léir gu h-aon inntinneach 'nur co-fhaireachdainn ris na h-oidhirpean tha'n Comunn so 'cur air aghart o bhliadhna gu bliadhna, agus ann a bhi tighinn a mach cho dìchiollach bliadhna an déigh bliadhna tha sibh a' brosnachadh chridheachan luchd dreuchd a' Chomuinn, sa nearteachadh an càil gu bhi cumail os àrd cliù is ainm nan eileanan o'n d'fhàinig iad. Agus a thuilleadh air a sin, tha sibh a' cur ann an làmh an a' Chomuinn na meadhonan goireasach sin a tha cumail air cois obair sheirceil, chneasda, is e sin, a toirt cobhair dhoibhsan 'tha tuiteam gu

bochdainn sa bhuineas do na h-eileinan againn. Ann am baile mòr, dripeil mar Ghlascho, baile na h-ùbraid 's nan oibrichean ainmeil, tha daoine tional o gach cearnaidh de'n dùthaich air los oibre is cosnaidh. Tha mòran diubh so 'nan Gàidheil o na h-eileinan againn fhéin, 's an dràs'd 'sa rithist tha feadhainn diubh so a' tuiteam gu bochdainn troimh thinneas, faodaidh e bhi, briste-slainge no cion oibre, agus faodaidh e bhi gu bheil feadhainn a' tuiteam gu bochdainn troimh an coire fhéin. Tha e anabarrach thaitneach ri 'chluinntinn gu bheil an Comunn so 'deanamh an dìchioll chum aotromachadh a chur air na cudthroman sin 'tha druideadh air a' mhuinntir thruaigh so. Is i obair chneasda, urramach th'ann an so—obair a bheir barrachd cliù do'n Chomunn na ni eile b'urrainn iad a dheanamh, agus tha e nochdadh dhuinn gu'm bheil muinntir a' Chomuinn so 'nan daoine tuigseach, uasal, agus blàth-chridheach.

Tha mòran ann an so an nochd, tha mise creidsinn, nach do rugadh 's na h-eileinan iar-thuath againne, agus faodaidh e bhith gu bheil feadhainn a làthair nach fhac na h-eileanan againn a riamh; nis, chanainn riu-san, gur mòr an call sin doibh féin, agus bheirinn a' chomhairle so dhoibh saor gun pheighinn—a cheud ùin' a bhios agaibh bu chòir sibh turus a ghabhail gu Leòdhas is na h-Earradh, na h-eileanan chreagach sin 'tha sior a' cothachadh an aghaidh neart na fairge agus 'ga bristeadh ma's ruig e clad-aichean na h-Alba. Chitheadh sibh mòran nithean ann an sin a' chuireadh ioghnadh mòr oirbh; nithean a dh'fhosgladh bhur sùilean agus a chuireadh far-suingeachd air bhur n-inntinnean. Chitheadh sibh

raointean fada, réidh, is lochan mòra gun àireamh sgapte feadh na comhnardan iosal ; creagan uaigneach, àrd, cas mar na ballachan sin ; agus chitheadh sibh na Seachd Sealgairean ainmeil ri cliathaich Eilean Leòdhais. Bha na Greugaich a' deanamh mòran uail às na seachd daoine glìce' bh' aca fhéin, agus tha reuladairean ainmeil a' gabhail mòran suim s na seachd peathraichean nan speur, is chuail sibh gu tric, tha mise creidsinn, mu thimchioll nan seachd iogh-naidhean an t-saoghail ; ach tha sinne cho math dheth riu-san, oir tha na Seachd Sealgairean a' Chuain Siar againn 's iad cho aosd ri comhachag na Sròine, no Beinn Neibheis. Chitheadh sibh Stiornabhagh mhòr a' chaisteil, 's c'àite am faiceadh sibh caisteil na's briagh no na's eireachdaile, no cala luingeis idir air a' dhian cho earbsach o dhruim is neart a' chuain mhòir ? Chitheadh sibh an Locha Tuath, faisg air a' bhaile, locha cho gaineamhach sa b'urrainn sibh fhaicinn 's an dùthaich, agus air na sheòl iomadh sgoth sia ramhach nan Lochlannach anns na làithean cian iomraidach sin a dh' fhalbh 'nuair a bhiodh iad air los spùinnidh an eilein againn. O ! ciod nach toireadh am baile so air son locha mar so agus tràigh cho àlainn ? Nuair a thraoghas air ais an cuan, an àm a' chonntaigh, tha air a sgaoileadh a mach mile air mhìle roimh bhur sùilean, tràigh de ghaineamhich mhin, ùr-ghlan, a' deàrrsadh a mach mar airgead fìor ghlan fo sholus na gréine ; agus a chuireadh aoibhneas air cridhe duine 's am bi 'chaidh a thogail am baile mòr ; a' cuairteachadh a loch so tha moll leathadach, dùmhail le sligean de gach seors', do-àireamhach mar dhust nan reultan.

'S math a dh'aithnicheas mo charaid ri mo thaobh an t-àit air a bheil mi bruidhinn. 'S ioma là a chluich sinn air an tràigh airgeadach so an làithean ar n-òige :—

“ O ! na balaich 'bha sinn ann,
 Gun bhoineadan, gun bhrogan,
 Bu son' an saoghal a bhiodh ann
 Ma mhaireadh sud an comhnuidh.”

Dh'fhalbh na làithean sin mar aiteal gréine, no mar bhoillsgeadh reul air lochan fuar, 's mar Mhac Crio-main sa phlob, cha till iad tuille !

Chitheadh sibh tuirsaichean Challanis, na clachan mòra, garbh sin 'tha seasamh fo theas na gréine agus stoirmean gaillionnach a' gheamhraidh gun chrionadh 's am bith a thighinn orra. Sheas iad air an raon sin, balbh is anranach mar a' ghaoith, a' caoidh gu tùrsach mar Mharius thairis air làraichean briste Charthage, am baile cian iomraidach sin, ma's do choisich Colum Cille iomairean creagach Eilean I, seadh, 's ma's d' thàinig lasgairean na Ròimhe thairis air cuan chum na dùthchanan so a cheannsachadh, agns seasaidh iad fhathast air son linntean, a' coimhead a mach air Tìm, air dol seachad nan linntean, air farsuingeachd an domhain 's air sùgraidhean, tubaistean 's air ceann-aircean dhaoine, 'nuair tha sinne fo 'n fhòid.

O ! na'm b' urrainn na clachan mòra so an sgeul fhein innseadh, 's ann an sin a bhiodh an eachdraidh air chleachdanan, mhodhanan, chleasan, shùgraidhean agus chonnspeidean gnà mhuinntir ar n-éilein ; ach tha'n eachdraidh féin 's an eilean, uapa-san, co dhiù 'na leabhar duinte, mar sgeul gun aithris.

Chitheadh sibh a' ghrian a' dol sìos air taobh siar Eilein Leòdhais, ag aomadh sìos air a h-uilinn gu stòlda, rianail, rioghail gu h-àros a fois air iomall fad às a' chuain, agus a ciabhagan òr-bhuidhe, dhearg sgaoilt' a mach mar bhrat àlainn, luachmhor thar cuain, thar creig 's thar cnuic. Chitheadh sibh cuideachd, air oidhche dhorch, na ruinneagan 's na reultan a' deàrr-sadh sa priobadh a mach air dòigh nach fhaic sibh troimh smùid no ceò a' bhaile so : agus aig beul na h-oidhche chì sibh reul àlainn an fheasgair, Stella Màris nan iasgairean, ag éirigh suas á cuan an aill-seachd snuaigh 's mar oighe gun mheud, os coinne Arnis nan tonn.

Cluinnidh sibh, ma shiubhaileas sibh beagan a mach air an dùthaich, air feasgar samhradh, na gruaigichean a' mire sa manran a' buachailleachd a' chruidh air na h-àiridhean, agus an dràsd sa rithist éirigh guth binn, ceolmhor air oiteag fann 'gaoith an iar a' bhristeas ciùineachd na h-oidhche.

Thilleadh sibh air ais gu baile na h-ùbraid so air 'ur neartachadh ann an slàinte, riarichte 'nar cridheachan agus deas chum na h-oibre tha feitheamh oirbh a dheanamh, seadh, sa beachdachadh gu mionadach 'nur n-inntinnan fhein air buadhan agus feartan nàduir mar a chunnaic sibh iad air an taisbeanadh an eilean nan long siubhlach 's nan stuadhan beucach. Tha 'm feartan so air an cur ann am bardachd Bheurla mar a leanas :—

“O! to see the loom of Lewis break the sunset's
golden rays,
And the mists trail o'er the mountains like the ghosts
of other days ;

Mellow tints and trailing glories, dewdrops gleaming
all around,
Make this lake-bejewelled island seem a faery-haunted
ground.

“Nature showers her greatest splendours on these
islands of the West,
Sun and moon and glorious rainbows give these their
very best,
And Aurora, child of morning, with her mission to
inspire,
Breaks thro’ night’s enshrouding vesture with a play
of lambent fire.

“O! the grandeur and the splendour when the
northern streamers play,
When the heavens are luminescent with their ever-
changing ray,
And when Venus from her toilet shines her pure
and crystal light,
Man, in humble adoration, worships glad the wond-
rous sight.

“Waves and wavelets chase each other lamb-like to
those northern shores,
Fleecy white when winds are raving, booming strong
when Neptune roars ;
’Neath the stars that twinkle brightly, when old
night her curtains spread,
Million rays of phosphorescence o’er deep Ocean’s
face is shed.

“Twilight steals o’er Lewis softly, day recedes and
night comes on,
Mountains cast their softened shadows, ‘gruagachs’
chant their milking song ;
Peace reigns ever, save when Boreas sweeps in wrath
across these isles,
And the natives pass their evenings with a ‘sgeu-
lachd’ that beguiles.”

Cha’n ’eil mi ’deanamh lethsgèul, a chàirdean, air
son bhi bruidhinn air an fheasgar so anns a’ Ghàidhlig
bhinn, choimhionta againn fhéin. Is Gàidheil sinn
uile, agus is i Gàidhlig fhathast cànan dùthchasach
nan garbh-chrìochan, cànan a chuid a’s modha de
mhuinntir nan Gàidhealtachd ’s nan eileanan againn
fhéin. Is i a’ chànan a bhrìsteas o thùs a mach o ar
bilibh ’nuair a tha ar cridheachan làn ’s ag iarraidh
fàochaidh, agus air an aobhàr sin, ’s cho fad sa tha i
air a bruidhinn, bu chòir a’ cheud àit sa cheud urram
’bhi aice aig coinneamhan nan Comunn Gàidhealach
anns a’ bhaile so. Cha chuidich sinne cùisean na
Gàidhlig mòran air an aghart, ’s cha dean i mòran
aghartas ’nar measg, mur an cuir sinn gu dannarra is
gu riaghailteach i ann an cleachdadh. Is e an
cleachdadh so a bhios d’ar cainnt ’na bheò thobair, ’s
a chumas i a’ ruith gu siubhlach, luasgach mar
shruth bras troimh chaol-ghleannan tìr nam beann ; a
chuireas ann am fonn aighearach i, sa chumas i, uime
sin, gun mheirgeadh air ar teanganan ’s ’nar cridhe-
achan. Tha e furasda gu leòir dhuinn gairm gu-h-àird.
“Suas leis a’ Ghàidhlig !” Sin nì tha sinne deanamh
trice gu leòir, ach ’nam bleachd fhéin, tha mòran de’n
bhrosgul so tighinn, cha’n ann bho ’r cridheachan làn

dùrachdach ach bho ar lipean. Cha chuir so, mur am bi obair 'na cois, neart no stàth 'nar cainnt; cha chuireadh e air a casan i ma bhiodh i fann gùn lùs. Tha creideamh gun obair, tha air innseadh dhuinn gu trice, mar phlob gun bholg, cha choimhlionadh e mòran duinn. Feumaidh sinn, ma tha dùil againn ath-bheothachadh chuir 'nar cainnt, 'bhi na's dilse agus na's saothaireachail às a leth na tha sinn. Tha 'n t-àm air son brosguil is faonais air dhol seachad, 's tha 'n t-àm ann air son am brosguil so thoirt gu h-ìre, no a chur gu feum.

Bu choir fios bhi agaibh, is e so ceann-teagaisg mo sgeula, gu bheil dàn na Gàidhlig, mar tha dàn gach neach againn ann an tomhas mòr 'nar làmhnan fhéin. Tuitidh no éirigh sinn a réir ar toillteanas. 'Sann mar sin a dh'éireas leis 'a' Ghàidhlig. Mur an dean sinn oidhirp sònraichte às a leth, gach neach againn, gach Gàidheal fa leth, thig i là-éigin gu crìch, théid i fodha mar 'chaidh 'ghrian an là'n dé, ach cha'n eirich i ath-ùraichte ann an neart is feabhas mar a dh-eireas a ghrian air an ath-mhaduinn,—théid i fodha gu siorruidh 's cha dùisg i a trom chadal dùint-shùileach ulaidh an èig gu là na cruinne.

Cluinnidh mi duin'-éigin 'nar measg ag ràdh. O! cha'n 'eil a' Ghàidhlig cho fann ri sin; cha'n 'eil a tòrradh cho faisg ri sin oirnn fhathast; tha i beothail, luasgach gu leòir fhathast, agus tha làithean na's fheàrr a' feitheamh oirre. Seadh, seadh! cleas an isean a chuireas a ceann fo'n ghaineamhaich chum nach fhaic i coin dhubh nan sealgairean a tha 'ga geur-leantainn. Ged a sheall ceannard, no pròbhaist a' bhaile so 'sa chomhairlichean coibhneas do luchd

na Gàidhlig a bh'aig an Fhéill, 's cha b'ann roimh thide 'rinn iad a' choibhneas so do chànain 's do dhaoine 'rinn uiread doibh, cha chum sin an deò 'nar cainnt, 's cha'n fhaod sinn a bhi dealasach idir air a' cheann so. Thubhairt mi mar tha, tha dàn na Gàidhlig 'nar làmhnan fhéin, agus cha bhi i slàn, fallain gus am bi i air a' teagaisg anns gach sgoil 's gu gach leanabh 'sa Ghàidhealtachd; gus am bi an t-aona saorsainn air a' thaisbeanadh di 's a tha ris a' Bheurla. Cha bhi sinn riarichte gus am faigh sinn sin.

Feumaidh a 'chlann a bhi air an cuairteachadh gu daonnan le neòil na Gàidhlig air gach taobh 'ga bruidhinn 's 'ga leughadh, 's 'ga sgriobhadh 's 'ga deothail a steach là'n déigh là, 's thig i, uime sin, na's soirbhe dhoibh mar a dh'fhasas iad suas. Agus nì eile tha ro-fheumail; bu chòir na maighstirean-sgoile a bhi eòlach, seadh, is min-eòlach air a' chainnt; làn eòlach cuideachd air na laghan sin gnàthaichte le sgoileirean ainmeil chum a' chainnt a theagaisg gu tuigseach, earbsach, agus pongail.

'Se na nithean a dh'ainmich mi an t-aona rud a chuireas stàth, neart is fallaineachd 'sa chainnt againn.

O is subhach, tlùsmhor, ceanalta ar cainnt duth-chasach! Is binn i thar gach cànan ann an cluasan fìor Ghàidheil an tìr nan coigreach, agus bu shuairiche gu dearbh an duine sin a chuireadh cùl-a-làimh rithe 'n àm a h-airc. C'arson a chuireadh sinne tàir no dimeas, mar tha feadhainn againn a' deanamh, air cainnt cho fileanta—sinne 'chaidh a thogail ann an tìr nam beann 's nan sruthan bras—sinne 'dheothail a steach i ann am bainne-cìch ar màthraichean? Agus

ged a dh'fhàg sinn sgìreachd ar n-òige airson an rathad a ghabhail gu dùthaich dhubh nan Gall, 's ged rinn sinn cluasag de'n t-saoghal mhosach, chruaidh, cha bu chòir sin a bhi na aobhar airson di-chuimhne no tàir a dheanamh air ar cainnt no ar daoine. Tha sean spiorad nan laoch 's na daoine glìce, foghain-teach, a dh'fhalbh air a' ghlasadh 's air a' shníomhadh 'na ciabhagan fada, liath, 's tha aisling is saothair na mairbh a' lasadh 'na sùilean tlàtha. Cluinnidh sinn a guth a' tearnadh sìos nan linntean ann an sgeulachdan nam Féinn agus ann am bàrdachd nam filidh, agus gach cnoc a tha timchioll oirne, gach sruth a tha ruith gu cuan, gach abhainn a tha giùlan soithichean mòra air an uchd ag innseadh dhuinn a h-aoise 'sa h-eachdraidh.

Chaidh iomadh linn seachad, chaidh iomadh dùth-aich bun os cionn, 's iomadh cànan a dhith gu buileach o'n àm sin a thòisich daoine o thùs ag alladh ann an Gàidhlig.

“Troy passed away in one grand funeral gleam,
And Usneach's children died,
But the Gaelic language still remains.”

Cha do chaochail i fathast, 's tha dòchas againn ma bhios clanna nan Gàidheal dileas di, ma ni iad an dleasnas di mar bu choir dhoibh, aosd' mar tha i, gu'm bi i na's aosmhoire ma's caochail i às gu buileach.

“Suas leis a' Ghàidhlig! 's le coisir a chiùil.

Anns gach àm, anns gach àit, 'am mulad 's am mùirn;

Ged a sheinn iad dhuinn cumha craobh mhilis nan-teud,

Rinn i dùsgadh a rithis, 's tha 'chlàrsach air gleus.

Tha mòran bruidhinn an dràs d feadh na dùthcha air ar sean-charaid, ceist an fhearainn, 's mar tha fhios agaibh tha feum fhathast air laghan an fhearainn a neartachadh; farsuingeachd a dheanamh air chum barrachd saorsainn a thoirt do luchd-àiteachaidh na dùthcha againn chum an crannachur a dheanamh na's socraiche, na's sona agus na's saibhire na 'tha e; ach tha 'socharan aig na Gàidheil an diugh nach robh ac' a riamh roimhe, tha còirichean ac' nach robh aig an athraichean, 'agus tha'n cothrom sin ac' air an fhearainn nach urrainn uachdran a ràdh riu, cho fad sa phaigheas iad màl cothromach, " cuiridh mi às an fhearainn thu," 's tha e taitneach a chluinntinn gu bheil iad a deanamh, fo dhian Achd nan Croitearan, mòran aghartas ann a bhi ath-leasachaidh an cuid 's an crannachur fhéin. 'S mar a's fheàrr tha'n crannachur 's an socharan 'sa ann 'tha e nàdurach gu'm bitheadh iad a' gabhail barrachd suim anns na nithean eile, mar ath-bheothachadh an càinain, a bhuineas dhoibh mar shluagh 's mar Ghàidheil.

Tha dòchas agam, a chàirdean, gu'm bi sibh gu léir sa bhaile so, Gall is Gàidheil fa leth, 's gu h-àraidh Leòdhasaich is h-Earraich, sona, saibhir; gu'm bi am baile dripeil le obair, agus tuarasdail 'ga réir. 'Se comharradh math 'th' ann 'nuair tha'n abhainn Chluaidh dumhail le soithichean de gach seòrs' agus bruachan na h-aibhne saothaireachail le bhi togail sa càradh nan long mòra sin 'tha siubhail thar chuantan uaibhreach is stuadhan beucach a' giùlan gu àiteachan fad às, obair-làimh luchd-oibre na dùthcha so.

Ma thréigear obair-luingeis a' bhaile so, bithidh i

na chulaidh-bhròin, cha'n ann gu'm baile so 'na aonar ach gu'n dùthaich gu léir; ach tha dòchas againn nach teirig so cho fada sa tha luchd-oibre teòmh, ealamh, easgaidh 'nur measg agus daoine tuigseach, tùrail aig ceann nan oibrichean mor' agaibh.

'Se mo dhùrachd, ann am briathran suaicheantas a' bhaile, gu soirbhich Glaschu.

Nis, a chàirdean, tha'n sealladh aoibhneach so 'tha fo mo shùilean, fuaim na Gàidhlig, sean chànan nan laoch, nuallan pìob is gleusadh ciùil domhsa, co-dhiù, mar oiteag gaoith' o thir nam beann, no mar fhàileadh cubhraidh ròid o raointean réidh Eilean Leòdhais, tha 'cur sodain air mo chridhe, spiunnadh 'nam choluinn, agus a' doimhneachadh, air dòigh nach urrainn a chur ann an cainnt, mo ghràdh gu eilean mo bhreith.

SEANN SGEUL

MAR A DH'ÀITICHEADH H-IORT.

Bho chionn iomadh bliadhna, bha sgalach aig Macleoid Dhunbheagain do'm b'ainm Murchadh Sgiobalta. Air toiseach foghair, chaidh e aon latha do bhaile bha air taobh thall a' mhonaidh 'dh 'iarraidh bhuan-aichean. Rinn e 'thurus gu treibh-dhireach, 's dh'earb e riu uile iad a' bhi cho tràth 's a b'urrainn iad air an raon bhuana la-r-na-mhàireach, 's a sin rinn e air an tigh. Air dha fàs gu'm math sgith air a shlighe dhachaidh, leig e 'anail ann an àiridh a bha'n cois an rathaid. Fhuair e 'n àraidh falamh fàs, oir bha

'chaileag do'm buineadh i air chéilidh, ach bha bradh-adair briagha teine ann an ceann na h-àraidh, 's rinn e e fhéin aig an tigh air ball. 's dùil aige na h-uile mionaid gu'm fidireadh e farum lùth-cheum a' leannainn a' tighinn gu dorus na bothaig, oir b'i so àiridh Mòraig, an òigh annsannta ris an d' rinn e cùmhnantan pòsaidh beagan ùine roimhe so. Ann an tiota, dh'fhairich e tarstar mòr, agus monmhur bruidhne faisg air an dorus, 's bho na thuig e air ball, nach b'e so Mòrag, dh'fhalbh e 's dh'fholuich e e fhéin bho eallach fraoich a bha'n ceann eile na h-àraidh. 'S gann a thàrr e air a' dhol am foluch, 'n uair a thàinig triuir dhaoine mòra tapaidh a stigh, agus mart aca air adhaircean. Thug fear diubh buille chumhachdach dhith 's an eanchuinn le òrd mòr, 's leag e fuar marbh air an urlar i. Cha b'fhada gus an robh i air a feannadh aca, 's gu'n dàil, spàrr iad staoig dhith ann am poit a fhuair iad 's an àiridh. 'Nuair a fhuair iad an obair so seachad, shuidh iad timchioll air an teallach 'g an garradh fhéin. "Tha mi air mo mhealladh," arsa fear dhiubh, "mur 'eil duine air chor-eigin a stigh 's a bhothaig so."

"Nach d'thu 'tha gòrach," arsa fear eile, "cha'n' eil an sin ach neonachas air chor-eigin 'tha na do cheann."

Bha Murchadh bochd air chrith le oillt, ach dé b'urrainn da 'dheanamh ach'anail a chumail a stigh cho math 's a b'urrainn e, oir bha fhios aige na faigheadh na curaidhean so, air an robh e glé eòlach mar nàbuidhean, gréim air nach robh ann dha ach am bàs. An ceann tiota, thuirt fear eile, "Cho cinnteach 's a tha thu bèò, tha mi faireachadh àileadh duine stigh an so."

“Eirich, ma tha,” arsa aon eile, “agus rùraich gach cùil, ’s thoir d’amharus às cò dhiu.”

Dh’eirich e, ’s rinn e dìreach air an eallach fhraoich, ’s dh’fhiach e e, ’s gu’n amharus bha Murchadh an sin, gu’n chomas gluasaid na labhairt le meud an eagail. “Dé ’tha thu deanamh an so, a Mhurchaidh ?” ars’ esan. Dh’innis Murchadh facal air an fhacal, mar thachair dha, ’s mhionnaich e dhoibh air gach cumhachd àrd ’us iosal, nach robh lochd ’s am bith air aire, ’s nach mo dh’innseadh e dad dhe na chunnaic na chual’ e an oidhche ud. Shuidh e ’n sin aig an teine còmhla riu, ’s thairg iad staoig de’n fheoil bhradaich dha, ach faodaidh sinn a thuigsinn nach robh mòran càil aig Murchadh airson ni ’s am bith aig an àm sin oir bha e làn-chinnteach gu’m b’e so an oidhche mu dheireadh de ’bheatha. Bha dithis mu seach dhiubh a’ dol a mach, gach tiota ’s a cur an comhairle cuideachd, agus ’s math bha prìosanach an eu-dòchais a’ tuigsinn fàth an coinneamhan—comhairle. Mu dheireadh rug iad air Murchadh ’s cheangladh e gu sgiobalta ’s thug iad a mach gu cnocan beag e, ri taobh na h-àiridh, far an do rùnaich iad a thiodhlacadh beò. ’Nuair a sheall iad uatha ’s ’g an ionnsuidh cha robh aon spaid aca leis an cladh-aicheadh iad slochd airson a’ phrìosanaich, ’s mar sin, dh’fhalbh dithis dhiubh ’n a ruith a dh’ionnsuidh a’ bhaile ’dh’iarraidh spaide, ’s dh’fhàgadh Murchadh ceangailte fo aire ’n treas fir. Bha mòr-thruas aig an fhear so ris a’ phrìosanach bhochd, ’s mar sin ’n uair a fhuair e ’n dithis eile greis air falbh, thuirt e ri Murchadh, “Fuasglaidh mise thu, ’s teich le do bheatha, ’s eigheach mise riu gu’n do dh’fhairtlich

thu orm, 's gu'n do theich thu." Ruith Murchadh, 's ma ruith, dh'éibh 'fhear-aire ris an dithis eile gu'n do theich e air. Dh'fhalbh an triuir às a dheigh, troimh bhotaichean 's troimh shlocan, ach cha d'rug iad air. Chaidh e às an sealladh 's leis an oidhche 'bhi cho dorcha cha bu leir dhoibh dé'n taobh a chaidh e. Ged a shàbhail Murchadh bho 'luchd-tòrachd, chaidh e an ribe eile. Bha sionnaich gu leor 's an eilean aig an àm sin, agus b'àbhaist do na sealgairean a' bhi cur lìn laidir ann am badan àraidh airson an glacadh. Chaidh dà laimh Mhurchaidh an sàs ann an aon de na lìn so, agus às a' sin cha'n fhaigheadh.

Bha duil aig muinntir a' bhaile gu'n do thréig a lùths' e air a' mhointich 'n uair nach d'thainig e dhachaidh an oidhche roimhe ain, 's dh'fhalbh na nabuidhnean air gach bealach 'g a mharbh-iarraidh. Fhuair iad e mu dheireadh, 's glas-làmh de lionshionnach 'g a chumail an sàs. Choisich e dhachaidh gu h-eigeannach, ach cha'n fhaigheadh duine na bean na eadhon Mòrag fhéin ged bhithead hi ann, a mach fàth a ghearain. Chuir Macleoid fios air, 's dh'iarr e air innseadh dha mar thachair dha, air an t-slighe dhachaidh. "Ma dh'innseas mise dhuibh mo chàradh 's na thachair dhomh," ars' esan ri Macleoid, "cha duine beò mi nis fhaide, air tha mo luchd-tòrachd 's an aon bhaile rium a' gabhail còmhnuidh."

"Na biodh eagal 's am bith ort-sa," ars' an uachdaran, "dad 's am bith innse dhomhsa." Theid mise eadar thu 's an luchd-tòrachd, agus cha chomasach iad air ni 'dheananh ort."

'Nuair a fhuair Murchadh bochd am barrantas

làidir so bho uachdaran Dhunbheagain, dh'innis e facal air an fhacal mar 'thachair dha, 's an dòigh anns an robh laoiach a' bhaile 's an robh e, 'goid chruidh gu'n fhios, bho chionn iomadh bliadhna. "Mo bheannachd buan agad," arsa Macleoid. "Cha bhi mise fada cur stad air an obair sin a nise." Dh'òrduich e gu'm biodh na h-uile duine dhe na meirlich so air an togail agus air an aiseag gu H-Iort la-r-na-mhaireadh, a chum 's gu'm biodh gach crodh 's an Eilean sàbhailte bho'n spògan bradach.

Là na dhà mu'n do thachair so, bha fìor dhroch dhuine ann a' H-Iort a bha rùnachadh gu'm biodh an t-eilean sin uile fo cheannsal fhéin, 's airson an rùn sin a' chur an cleachdadh thog e ealain aon latha 'measg an t-sluaigh gu'm fac' e soitheach a' tighinn gu tìr airson gach mac màthar a bh'air an eilean a' thogail air falbh. Dh'iarr e orra cruinneachadh 's an eaglais cho luath 's a dheanadh an casan airson dìdein, 's cha b' fhada gu'n robh gach H-Iortach am broinn na h-eaglais, ach aon chailleach a bha cruinneachadh fhaochag 's an tràigh nach do chuala 'n caithream. 'N uair a fhuair am fear fòirneart so na h-eileanaich 's an eaglais, ghlas e i, 's chuir e teine rithe, 's loisgeadh gach dùil a bh'air an eilean ach e fhéin 's a chailleach.

'N uair a bha'm bàta le meirleich an Eilean Sgiathanaich faisg air H-Iort, chunnaic iad an teine, 's 'n uair a' bhuail iad gu tìr thachair orra 'chailleach bhochd, a bha tighinn beò trì latha air maorach 's air duileasg. Chuireadh na meirleich air tìr a' H-Iort, agus tha beul-aithris ag ràdh gu'm bheil an clann ann agus an latha 'n diugh. Rug sgioba 'bhàta air an fhear fhòirneart H-Iortach 's thug iad leo e fhéin 's a

chailleach. Chuir iad e air tìr air sgeir bheag am meadhoin a' chuain far am bàithte e 'n uair 'thigeadh an lionadh, 's thug iad a' chailleach leo gu Dun-bheagain.

J. N. M.

NA GOILL ANN AN LEODHAS

II.

NUAIR a thill na Fiofaich an déigh dhaibh Mura-chadh a thoirt 'n a phrìosanach do Dhun-éideann, shaoil le'n càirdean ann an Leodhas gu'n robh an latha leo, agus nach b'ion sùil no fughair a bhi ri tuillidh dragh no aimlisg. B'e an rùn a nis an aire 'thoirt gu buileach do àiteach agus iasgach, agus air leo gu'm faigheadh iad cothrom, mar an ceudna, air na h-Eileanaich a theagasg ann 'an eal dhaine na sìochainte. Bha iad cho earbsach agus cho cinnteach gu'n soirbhicheadh gach cùis leo gu math 's gu'n d'aontaich iad le'n saor thoil màl an Rìgh a phàigh-eadh aig crìch na dara bliadhna. A réir nan cumhanta, cha robh e mar fhiachaibh orra peighinn a phàigh-eadh gus an rachadh seachd bliadhna seachad. Bha iad a' cur rompa iomadh obair ionmholta 'chur air aghaidh; ach, mo chreach, bha fear eile anns a' chagar sin! Anns a' cheart àm 's am b'àirde an dòchas agus am misneach, bha cunnart agus trioblaid dlùth dhaibh.

Fhuair iad am mach gu'n robh fear nan car,

maitheanas fhaotainn do na Leodaich bho'n Rìgh air son gach cionta agus lochd a bha riamh ri'n cur às an leth; 's an dara àite, gheall na Goill nach tilleadh iad gu bràth tuillidh do Leodhas, agus dh'aontaich iad gach còir a bha iad a' tagradh air an eilean a liubhairt thairis do Thormoid; agus, anns an àite m'a dheireadh, bha aca ri Seumas Spens agus a chliamhain, Tomás Monypenny, fhàgail mar bhraighde-gill gu'n rachadh na cùmhnantan a choimhlionadh agus a chur 'an cleachdadh.

Gu grad rinn na Goill imrich mhór dhachaidh, ach chaidh ochd mìosan seachad mu'n d'thàinig fios do Leodhas gu'n robh an Rìgh agus a luchd-comhairle a' cur an aonta ris na cùmhnantan. Chaidh Spens agus Monypenny an sin a leigeadh às. Aon uair 's gu'n d'fhuair na fir so ceuman saor an t-saoghail, cha robh na Fiofaich 'g am meas fhéin fo fhiachaibh an còrr suim a ghabhail de na cùmhnantan a rinn iad ris na Leodhasaich. Anns a' cheart bhliadhna ud, chaidh uidheamachadh a dheanamh air son feachd bhàtaichean a dh'fhalbh á Inbhirnis air an 20mh de'n t-Sultuine, ach cha ghabhadh an rùn so giulan am mach leis gu'n robh gach neach trang le obair foghair. Ann am mionaidean na Comhairle Dhìombair tha sinn a' leughadh gu'm "b'éiginn dàil a chur anns an turus gu earrach na h-ath bhliadhna". Chaidh an ath bhliadhna, có dhiubh, seachad, 's cha deachaidh sùil a thoirt air Leodhas.

Fhuair Rìgh Seumas aig an àm so seilbh air rìgh-chathair Shasuinn, agus chuir sin dàil ann an iomadh cùis a bhuineadh do Albainn. Thàinig an samhradh, 1605, mu'n robh ullachadh air a chrìochnachadh air

son teannadh air falbh a rithisd do Eilean an Fhraoich. Ach, cha do dheonaich an Rìgh còmh-nadh a dheanamh leis na Fiofaich le feachd airm. Bha e de'n bheachd gu'n robh e 'deanamh a dhleasnas 'nuair a chuireadh e am mach bagraidhnean searbh air paipear. Thug e àithne do'n Chomhairle Dhìomhair a dheanamh follaiseach nach robh e "comh-shìnte ri urram agus inbhe an Rìgh gu'm biodh sliomairean cho ceannairceach agus aingidh ris na Leodhasaich air am fulang ann an cearna 'sam bith de dh'uachdaranachd a Mhòrachd Rìoghail, gu sònruichte, bho'n tha comas agus cumhachd gu leoir aig a Mhòrachd Rìoghail air muir agus air tir gu an sgrios, agus gu sgrios a dheanamh mar an ceudna air dream 'sam bith a chumas làmh no bàigh ri sluagh cho ceannairceach, eas-umhail". Bu chruaidh a' chainnt so, ach cha do dhrùigh i móran air Tormoid MacLeod no air a chàirdean. Chaidh an sin a shònruichadh leis a' Chomhairle gu'm biodh Sir Seumas Spens, Sir Deorsa Hay agus Sir Tomas Carr 'n an luchd-breth air son ceartas a thomhas am mach do neach 'sam bith 'an Leodhas air an robh amharus cionta. Bha ùghdarras teine agus claidheamh air a thoirt dhaibh chum dream de'n t-seorsa sin a ghlacadh. Bha e air òrduchadh gu'n robh gach caisteal, tùr agus daingneach am an Leodhas ri géilleadh agus strìochdadh do oifigich an Rìgh an taobh a staigh de cheithir-uairibh-fichead do'n àm 'sam faigheadh iad àithne gu sin a dheanamh. Bha gach bàta, eithear agus bìrlinn ri'n liubhairt a suas aig Loch Braon; agus bha rabhadh air a thoirt do gach uile dheagha ìochdaran a bha dìleas do'n Rìgh gu'n iad a thoirt aoidheachd no cuideachaidh 'sam bith do "shliomairean Leodhais".

Gach còmhnaidh a dheanadh briathran sgrìobhta thug an Rìgh do na Fiofaich gun sòradh. Cha do chuir e trup no arm eile leo, ach bha àireamh mhath shaighdearan aig an luchd-iomairt iad fhéin.

Air do na Goill an ceann-uidhe a ruigheachd, dh'fheuch iad anns a' cheud dol am mach 'dé a' bhuaidh a bhiodh aig comhairlean càirdeil, sìochail air na h-Eileanaich. Chuir iad fios gu Tormoid MacLeoid nan strìochdadh e gu grad dhaibh-san 'an ainm agus às leth a' Chrùin gu'n aisigeadh iad e gu sàbhailte do Lunainn, far an robh an Rìgh a' chòmhnuidh aig an àm; 'nuair a ruigeadh e gu'n gabhadh iad os làimh maithneas fhaotainn dha, agus gu'm biodh cead agus saorsa aige tagradh gu dìon ris an Rìgh às leth a chàirdean. Chuireadh iad, mar an ceudna, air seol e gu a bheoshlainte a chosnadh. Dh'aontaich Tormoid gu tais, socharach ris na cùmhnantan so, oir cha robh a mhisneach làidir gu leir gu 'aghaidh a thoirt air feachdan nan Gall. Bha Niall MacLeoid anabarrach diombach dheth air son a bhi cho gealtach, meata; agus chuir an gaisgeach sin roimhe gu'n seasadh e am mach agus nach géilleadh e gus am faiceadh e a chuid a b'fhaide. An toiseach, bhuin an Comunn cothromach gu leir ri Tormoid. A réir an geallaidh, chuir iad air aghaidh do Lunainn e, far am fac e gun dàil an Rìgh. Chuir e an céill a chùis gu mionaideach. Dh'innis e gu'm b'e a chuid-san an t-eilean le còir sìnnseachd; nach robh nì 'n a bheachd ach réite agus sìth; gu'm biodh e 'na òchd-aran dileas 'n am faigheadh e a chòirichean air an daingneachadh; agus gu'm b'e an Comunn Gallda a bu chuireach ris gach aimhreit a bh'ann, chionn gu'n

robh iad a' cur farran air an t-sluagh agus 'g am brosnachadh gu dol 'n airm 's 'n an éideadh a chum iad fhéin a dhìon. Dh'éisd an Rìgh le mór aire, agus bha e uile choltach gu'n robh e ann an deagha dhùrachd do Thormoid. Bha gach nì dheth so a ruigheachd cluasan nam Fìofach, agus gu grad, spàrr iad gach iarunn 's an teine 'chum Tormoid fhaighinn às an rathad. Bha de bhuaidh aca ann an Lunainn 's gu'n d'fhuaireadh aonta an Rìgh gus an t-Eileanach a chuir a nìos a dh'Albainn 'n a phrìosanach agus a dhruideadh a staigh 'an Caisteal Dhuin-éideann. Chaith an truaghan deich bliadhna ann an gainntir, agus an sin leigeadh m'a sgaoil e air chùmhanta gu'n toireadh e às e fhéin do'n Olaind a dheanamh cath às leth Prionns' Orange. Rinn e so, agus chaochail e air tìr-mór na Roinn Eorpa. Bu daor a phàigh esan air sannt nam Fìofach.

Ged a chaidh Tormoid bochd a chur às an rathad, cha d'fhuir na Goill idir gach cùis gu'm miann. Bha Niall MacLeoid an sud air an aodann fhathas, agus cha robh a' bhuaidh 'bu lugha aig sodal no bagradh air an laoch threubhach. Bha e 'cumail nan coigreach ann an teine teth a h-uile latha 's oidhche. Cha robh e furasda do na Goill tuineachadh no toradh an saothrach a mhealtainn anns an eilean air a' bhonn ud. Bha cuid a chosd na bh'aca ris an t-saoghal, agus cha robh móran dol a bhì aca air a shon. Chaill iad an càil agus am misneach, agus thàinig iad dh'ionnsuidh a' chomh-dhùnaidh nach deanadh iad dad 'bu ghlice no tilleadh dhachaidh do'n dùthaich fhéin. B'ann mar so a rinn iad, agus b'ann mar so a chrìochnaich an dara ionnsuidh a thugadh air Leodhas a dheanamh Gallda.

Bha triuir de na Fiofaich a rùnaich dol air an ais aon nair eile do Leodhas, agus b'iad so Tighearna Balmerino, Sir Deorsa Hay agus Sir Seumas Spens. Cheannaich iad a suas còirichean chàich, agus fhuair iad bho'n Rìgh ceannas thairis air an eilean uile. Ach bha Niall fhathasd beo, agus gach Leodach 'an Leodhas aige fo 'fhacal. Bha e 'cur roimhe, có dhiubh, nach gabhadh e gnothach gu h-olc ris na coigrich mur gabhadh iad gnothach ris. Air son aobhar dìomhair air chor-éiginn, bha MacCoinnich Chinn-tàile air taobh nan Gall air an turus so—'s e sin ri 'ràdh, bha e 'gabhail air a bhi anabarrach càirdeil riu. Bha na Fiofaich ré mòran ùine ann an deagha mhisnich, agus bha làn fhiughair aca gu'n toireadh iad, uidh air n-uidh, na h-Eileanaich bho cheannsal.

B'e a' cheud nì a chuir dragh agus campar air na Goill gainne teachd-an-tìr. Cha d'thug iad leo idir dad coltach ris na bu chòir dhaibh a thoirt de bhiadh às an airde n-ear, agus chunnaic iad nach b'fhada 'n dàil gus am b'e an t-acras bu chuibhrionn dhaibh mur faigheadh iad tuillidh stòir. Fhuair Fear Chinn-tàile am mach mar a bha cùisean anns a' char so, agus thairg e le mòr fhiughantachd gu leoir de bhiadhna chur d'an ionnsuidh. Chuir e long air falbh á Ceann-tàile dearr làn bìdh, agus chuir e mar an ceudna a bhràthair, Ruairidh MacCoinnich, agus buidheann mhath de rogha 's taghadh nan gillea, chum cuid-eachadh leis na Goill gus làmh-an-uachdar fhaighinn air na h-Eileanaich. Ach, braidein, cha robh an t-olc ri 'ionnsachadh dha! Bha e na bu lùbaiche agus na bu charaiche no'm madadh-ruadh. Chuir e fios dìomhair gu Niall MacLeoid gu'n robh an long

air an t-slighe agus e 'bhi cinnteach 's a coinneachadh agus a glacadh. Cha d'iarr Niall ceol a b'fhearr. Am mach ghabh e le a chuid bhìrlinnean, agus gu'n dàil bu leis an long agus na bha'n a broinn.

Cha b'fheairrd na Goill an long so 'chall. Thuit an dud 's an dad, 's cha robh iad a' faicinn nì air thoiseach orra ach gainne agus acras. A ghaol lughdachadh a dheanamh air àireamh nam beul a bha ri 'lìonadh, chaidh roinn mhór de na daoine a chur air falbh dhachaidh; agus thog Spens agus Hay orra gu Fiofa air toir stòr bìdh. C'arson nach do thagh iad àite bu ghoireasaiche no Fiofa tha e duilich a ràdh. 'Nuair a bha'n gearasdan aig Steornabhagh, mar so, air a lagachadh agus air a mheatachadh, theann Niall agus a luchd-cinnidh am mach 'n a aghaidh air feadh na h-oidhche, loisg iad an daingneach gu làr, agus thug iad léir-sgrìos air gach taigh agus maoin eile a bhuineadh do na Goill. B'fhiach na chaidh a losgadh air an oidhche dhosguinnich ud gu math thairis air £10,000. Chaidh mòran de na coigrich a chur gu bàs, agus an còrr dhiubh a ghlacadh agus an deanamh 'n am prìosanaich. An ceann beagan ùine chaidh na prìosanaich a chur air falbh do'n dachaidhnean ann am Fiofa, agus mar so chrìochnaich an treasamh oidhirp agus an oidhirp m'a dheireadh air Leodhas a chosnadh do na Goill.

Smaointich MacCoinnich Chinn-tàile a nis gu'n robh deagha chothrom aige air son seilbh 'fhaighinn air Leodhas—nì anns an robh a shùil bho cheann iomadh latha. Bho na Fiofaich cheannaich e gach còir a bh'aca air an eilean, agus fhuair e bho'n Rìgh litrichean teine agus claidheamh an aghaidh Nèill

MhicLeoid agus a luchd-leanmhuinn. B'esan am fear a chuireadh an cumhachd a thugadh dha gun dàil 'an cleachdadh. Tharruing e air falbh do Leodhas le feachd cho lìonmhor 's cho treun 's a bha 'n a chomas a chruinneachadh. A dh'aindeoin neart a chuid dhaoine, cha tigeadh an latha a gheibheadh e a' chuid a b'fhearr do Niall mur bith gu'n d'éirich roinnean agus eas-aonachd 'am measg nan Eileanach. Cha d'fhan dileas d'an ceann-feadhna ach beul-ri deich-thar-fhichead de 'luchd-cinnidh, maille ri àireamh de dhlùth chàirdean. Cha bu strìth do Fhear Chinn-tàile Leodhas a chur fodha fhéin—nì a rinn e gun mhóran moille. B'éiginn do Niall agus dhaibh-san a dh'fhuirich dileas da dion agus fasgadh a ghabhail ann an eilean creagach, stallach Bhriosaidh, far an robh móran bìdh air a stòradh bho cheann fada a dh'fheitheamh "latha na coise briste". Bha na fir chalma beagan mhòsan am measg nan sgàirnichean so mu'n do thachair nì àraidh 'sam bith. An sin chunnacas long de'n fheadhainn so a bha giulan bathair a staigh do'n rìoghachd gun fhiughair cìs a phàigheadh air—chunnacas i 'tighinn agus ag acarachadh dlùth do'n eilean. Ri ùine dh'fhàs na Leodach agus sgioba na *Priam*—b'e so ainm na luinge—glé eolach air a chéile, agus chinn càirdeas eatorra mar an ceudna. Bha Niall ra thoileach deagh-ghean an sgiobair a chosnadh, agus chaidh e an cùmhnanta air son dol leth calla 's buannachd leis anns a' mhalairt mhì-laghail. Bu bheag guth a bh'aige, air a shon sin, air tionndadh ri marachd. Ach, cha'n ann gun fhios c'arson a nì an croman fead. B'e rùn Nèill am *Priam* a bhrath do'n Chrùn 'an dùil gu'm biodh an

t-seirbhis sin air a meas dha fhéin mar fhìreantachd. B'ann dìreach mar so a rinn e, agus fhuair e móran taing bho'n luchd-ùghdarrais. Fhuair e gealladh gu'm robh maitheanas ri thoirt dha air son gach cionta a rinn e riamh, agus bha e air iarraidh air dol gu deas agus an Rìgh 'fhaicinn. Chaidh oifigich a chur do Leodhas a ghabh seilbh air a' *Phriam* agus a thug leo i do Lìte. An sinn chaidh an sgiobair aice agus seachdnar de na lamhan a chrochadh. Dh'aindeoin gach litir agus eile a fhuair Niall, cha robh e ra earbsach á geallaidhnean a' Chrùin, agus dh'fhan e mar a bh'aige ann an Briosaidh.

An ath bhliadhna air so—1611—chaochail Coinneach MacCoinnich, Fearr Chinn-tàile; agus leis nach robh an t-oighre a dh'fhàg e aig aois duine, b'e Ruairidh, bràthair-athar, a ghabh os làimh gach riaghladh a dheanadh às a leth. Mheas Niall MacLeod so na àm glé fhreagarach air son dol air feadh Leodhais agus oidhirp a thoirt air a luchd-cinnidh a chur am fonn gu éireadh leis. Cha do shoirbhich leis anns a' ghnothach so, agus bu bhuidhe thapadh leis tilleadh do eilean na creag 's nan sgarbh. Thug Cloinn Choinnich ionnsuidh no dhà air a chur às an daingnich ud, ach b'asa dhaibh gu mór broc a chur á càrn. Cho robh dòigh no rathad aig nàmhuid air tighinn mar astar dha agus mairsinn beo. Air an deireadh thall, dheilbh Cloinn Choinnich dòigh gu math an-ìochdmhor air son Niall agus a chàirdean 'fhaighinn gu Briosaidh 'fhàgail. Eadar an t-eilean beag agus Leodas tha sgeir a tha'n uachdar ris an tràigh ach a th'air a còmhach le uisge an déigh leth lìonaidh. Cha'n fhaca Cloinn Choinnich beart a

b'iomchuidh no gach boireannach a bhuineadh do na fir a bh'air an eilean a chruinneachadh agus a chur am mach air an sgeir ud. Chunnaic Niall agus na bha leis an nì a rinneadh, agus theann iad air falbh gu grad a theasairginn nam mnathan agus nam pàisdean. Cho fhad 's a bha iadsan air an turus so ghabh Cloinn Choinnich seilbh de Bhriosaidh. Cha robh do Niall ach falbh agus fasgadh iarraidh air a charaid, MacLeoid na h-Earradh. Chaidh gabhail ris le furan agus bàigh, agus dh'fhan e greis ùine 's na h-Earradh dh'fheuchainn dé a bheireadh roth an fhortain mu'n cuairt. M'a dheireadh thug e 'suas gach dòchas, agus dh'asluich e air Fear na h-Earradh dol maille ris do Lunainn, chum 's gu'n tagradh e maitheanas bho'n Rìgh. Fhuair a' Chomhairle Dhìomhair rabhadh mu'n turus, ghlac iad Niall air an t-slighe, agus rinn iad prìosanach dheth 'an Caisteal Dhuin-éideann. Chaidh fheuchainn an làthair bhreitheamhna 's a' Mhàrt, 1613, fhaotainn ciontach "de 'bhi 'losgadh, a' spùinneadh agus a' murt," agus a dhiteadh gu bàs. Chaidh a chrochadh aig a' Chrois, agus 'n a dhéigh sin, chaidh a cheann a chur 'suas an àite follaiseach de'n bhaile. O'n latha sin cha deachaidh bacadh a chur air Cloinn Choinnich a thaobh seilbh a ghleidheadh air Leodhas.

Le so faodar an t-iomradh gearr so a chrìochnachadh.

A. MACÈANRUIG.

AN T-URRAMACH AN T-OLLAMH BLARACH

Is ann le mòr dhoilgheas a th'agam ri aithris bàs an Urramaich an t-Ollamh Raibeart Blàrach, Ministear Eaglais Naoimh Eoin, an Dunéideinn, a thachair air a 4mh là de'n Dàmhair, no mhios mu dheireadh a chaidh sheachad. Le bàs an Ollaimh Bhlàraich, chaill Eaglais Stéidhichte na h-Albann ministear Gàidhealach cho ainmeil agus cho chliùiteach sa bh'innte o'n a chaochail an t-Ollamh urramach Tormad Macleòid, "Caraid nan Gaidheal," o chionn còrr is dà fhichead bliadhna; agus chaill na Gàidheal gu léir duine cho urramach sa bha 'nam measg anns an linn so. Bha e féin 'na dhuine luachmhor anns na h-uile dòigh; bha e 'na àrd-sgoilear, eòlach air iomadh cànan agus feallsanachd, ach is ann gu sònruichte mar sgoilear Gàidhlig, agus mar a labhradh e a' chainnt sin cho deas-bhriathrach is cho òirdheirc 'bha e cho measail air feadh na Gàidhealtachd. Ach àrd is mar a bha 'bhuidhean 'inntinn, gidheadh is ann gu sònruichte airson farsuinneachd a chridhe, bàighealachd, cairdeis 'us ceanaltais a nàduir a bha sa bhios ainm an Ollaimh Bhlàraich—agus sin gu sàr dhligheach—air a chumail 'air chuimhne. Cha robh duine an Albainn 'na linn a rinn, air réir mo bheachd-sa, barrachd airson cairdeis is caoimhneis altrum, is a chraobh-sgaoileadh am measg nan Gaidheal, ach gu sònruichte aonachd measg mhinisterian, na rinn esan. Bha sin gu soilleir air a thaisbeanadh, mòran na's fearr na's urrainn cainnt a chur an céill, léis an t-sluagh mhòr de gach inbhe, bochd is beartach, losal is

uasal, is de gach Eaglais, creud is aidmheil, a bha 'làthair o gach ceàrna de 'n dùthaich aig an adhlacadh aige, adhlacadh cho mòr sa chunnaic mi riamh ann an Dùneideann. Faodair ainmeachadh an so a shealltuinn am mòr spéis bh'aig na h-uile seòrsa dha gu'n robh ciomach, air dhoibh, pilltinn dachaidh an déigh mòran tìme a chur seachad ann am prìosain, a' lean-tuinn a' Ghiulain gu tròm artnealach, a' caoidh gu brònach an caraaid caomh fad na slighe 'dh'ionnsuidh na h-uaighe. Bha'n t-Oll: Blàrach ré iomadh bliadhna an déigh dha teachd à Dhùneidinn 'na mhinistear Prìosain Chaltain agus mar sin fhuair e eòlas air mòran de na daoine bochda sin air an d'rinn e mòran maith gu h-aimsireil is spioradail. Chaidh a dhuslach adhlacadh le iomadh cridhe tùrsach an Réidhlig Dheadhain an Dùneideann,—cladh far am bheil iomadh ministear ainmeil 'na laidhe.

Rugadh an t-Oll: Blàrach am baile Dhunnòin o chionn trì fichead bliadhna 'sa deich; ach fhuair e 'àrach us ionnsuchadh 'òige anns an Eilean Ileach far an robh 'àthair 'na thuathanach fearainn. Air dha teachd gu h-inbhe iomchuidh airson a chur an Oil-thigh, shuidheach a phàrantan a chur a dh'ionnsuchadh na ministreileachd airson Eaglais Stéidhichte na h-Albann, agus chaidh, uime sin, a chur òg a dh' Oil-thigh Glaschu, far an nochd e glé thrà 'bhuidhean agus a ghibhtean 'inntinn anns na h-uile cuspair foghlum a bha e 'g ionnsachadh; agus, mar an ceudna, gu'n robh e freagarrach agus iomchuidh airson an dreuchd speiseil a roghnaich e. Air dha cùrsa an ionnsachaidh a thoirt gu crìoch le mòr chliù is onair dha fhéin, chaidh a shuidheachadh an ùine gheàrr na

dhéigh sin ann an Sgìreachd na Tarbaird, Earra-ghaidheal ; ach cha robh e 'n sin ach beagan ùine 'nuair a fhuair e gairm aon-inntinneach a dh'Eaglais Chalum Chille ann an Glaschu, agus is anns an eaglais sin gu sònruichte a nochd is dhearbh e 'mhòr bhuaidhean inntinn agus bàighealachd is caoimhneas a nàduir. Chaidh 'ainm is a chliù fad is farsuinn air feadh na Gàidhealtachd air chor is gach aon a bhuineadh do'n Eaglais Steidhichte agus a thigheadh o na cèarnaibh sin gur a h-ann a dh'ionnsuidh Eaglais Chaluim Chille a rachadh e dh'aodhradh. An ùine ghearr, bha'n eaglais cho làn is gu'm éigin suidheachanan a chur eadhon anns na h-uinneagan aice airson a choimhthional. Bha'n obair mhaith so a' dol air adhart fad thrì bliadhna déug an uair a fhuair e cuireadh mar an ceudna aon-inntinneach do Chamuslang, agus ann an sin chum e suas am measg nan Gàll an cliù is am meas a bh'air am measg nan Gàidheal. Air dha bhi mu thimchioll deich bliadhna anns an sgìreachd sin, fhuair e gairm aonaichte o choimhthional Eaglais Naomh Eoin anns a' bhaile mhòr so, agus tha fios againn uile am meas is an t-urram bh'air an so gu là bhàis.

Bha spéis mhòr aige do'n Ghàidhealtachd, agus airson na h-uile ni bhuineadh dhi. Bha e uime sin 'na bhall riaghlaidh de mhòran de na Comuinn Ghàidhealach, agus nam biodh e idir comasach dha bhiodh e làthair aig na h-uile coinneamh dhiubh. Cha bhiodh da rìreadh cruinneachadh Gàidhealach air bith air a cunntas coimhionta as éugmhais a làthaireachd. B'i Comhchruinneachadh mòr nan Ceilteach, ann an Dùn-eidean, a' choinneamh Gàidhealach mu dheireadh aig an robh e, ged a bha sin nèò-ghoireasach dha, oir

bha e air chuairt aig an àm mach as an dùthaich airson maith a shlainte, gidheadh thàining e dhachaidh d' a h-ionnsuidh. Ghabh e mòran tlachd anns a' chruinneachadh ainmeil so, agus bha e féin 'na ceann-suidhe air buidhean nan Càinaineach Cheiltich, is thug e òraid òirdheirc seachad air a chuspair sin, a' dearbhadh gu soilleir gu'n robh a Ghàidhlig a' buadhachadh araon ann Albainn is an Canada, agus ceàrnaibh eile de'n domhain.

Tha mi a' cluintinn gu'm bleil an Comunn Ileach a' deanamh ullachaidh airson Beò-Chuimhneachan a chur suas air a shon, agus is cinnteach leam nach 'eil Gàidheal 'san rioghachd a bha eòlach air nach toir cuideachadh air son clach a chur air càrn an Armuinn.

DOMHNULL SHADH.

DÙNEIDEANN,

10 mh là de mhìos dheidreannach na bliadhna 1907.

TWO BLASTS OF THE HORN¹

WE cordially welcome this book by "Fionn," as a useful addition to the growing literature of modern Gaelic. The Gaelic language is only to be saved by the diffusion of literature calculated to quicken the pride and love of our people in and for their own unrivalled tongue; for no language that is not self-

¹ *Naigheachdan Fhìrinneach*. Le "Fionn". Paislig: Alasdair Gardner, 1907.

supporting as regards literature can nowadays hope to survive the struggle for existence, which is every whit as acute and remorseless amongst tongues as it is amongst races and peoples. No intelligent person thinks to preserve the Gaelic by attaching it to the chariot wheels of some rival, and possibly hostile, speech. Literature alone can achieve our linguistic salvation ; just as, in the political domain, the fearless assertion of our distinctive nationality alone can accomplish our preservation as a race. Books—especially such an one as is now before us—are invaluable aids to the quickening of the national spirit and impulse, and to the diffusion of just racial pride, both which, when translated into the arena of political activity, spell self-preservation. Something may be said for the device of building up, or rather restoring, an ancient and decayed nationality by means of gently cultivating it, during the initial stages of re-growth—when the new shoots are yet young and tender, and Boreas (as ever) is unkindly, inhospitable—in the shelter afforded by some more robust and powerful civilisation. Provided the temporary nursery be not designed for, and laid out in, the form of an enduring garden of abode, the dangers of eventual transplantation into the free and the open are not likely to outweigh the advantages secured by a regeneration passed in partial dependence, and in temporary seclusion and isolation. With the choicest product of the national spirit and idiosyncrasy—which is language—it is different, however. Gaelic literature cannot subsist upon English, or any other foreign soil. Our books must bloom (or fade) in the rude

open, as it were. No patronising shelter afforded by more powerful and richer literatures can assist us to reconstruct our shattered, and much interrupted, literary life. It is for this reason we welcome this book. It is for this reason we regard every new Gaelic book published as an instalment of a draught of that elixir of life of which our grand old language, thanks entirely to the ignorance and cowardice of the Gaelic people, now stands in such dire need.

The book before us consists of a number of pieces, some original, and others translations from the English. The idea evidently inspiring the author has been to provide interesting reading matter for that large Gaelic public which desires to be amused without being too profoundly edified; and we hasten to say that "Fionn" has admirably succeeded in his useful and patriotic mission. The translations, as the originals, are excellently done: indeed, so great and experienced a master of the difficult art of inspiring translations with the *brigh* and the force of originals does "Fionn" here prove himself to be that we are inclined to think that his translations are even better than his originals, which (and our readers may meantime take our word for it), is exceeding great praise. Of these, we are inclined to think that the best is *Am Plobaire Stiallach agus na Radain*, from the English by Robert Browning. As a translation, it is a *tour de force* which leaves positively nothing to be desired. We have no hesitation in saying that the charm and humour of this well-known tale are enormously enhanced by the medium here so skilfully employed to impress its many attractions upon the

appreciative mind of the reader. Our next selection is *An Ceannaiche Eadailteach*, from the English by Charles Lamb, which, also, in our opinion, reads much better in the Gaelic than it does in the Saxon. Indeed, it is evident to us, from a perusal of these and other tales contained in the volume before us, that "Fionn's" true seat and function is the *sgeul*. He is a born *seanachaidh*, to whom not a little of the best art has been added in the course of his industrious making. He is, if we may coin a word, as *céilidhear, facile princeps*. Wit, humour, verve, joined to a highly nervous and plastic style, are his, because the blood of the *seanachaidhean* of old runs in his veins, and because he has used art to improve and perfect the natural genius which is in him.

The original pieces—*sgeulachdan*—contained in this book are also of a high order. *Beachdan Eòghain Oig* makes delightful reading; and the same observation applies to *Taghadh Ministear Sgìreachd*, which, it is devoutly to be hoped, will be read, marked, learned, and inwardly digested by all and sundry whom it may concern. Indeed, the patriotic feeling displayed throughout these *sgeulachdan* is no less admirable than the art with which they are manifestly constructed. Those in search of "healthy literature" will assuredly find it here, where is food for the brain, as well as provender for the patriotic heart.

As historian "Fionn" is not so successful as he is as *seanachaidh*. It may be, of course, that the design and scope of the book militates against a so striking appearance in that respect; but we incline to the view that "Fionn's" talents are those of the story-

teller, rather than the history-maker. Certainly, his style, as revealed in these pages, is more agreeable and better adapted to the former than to the latter function. There is a colloquialness and a vivacity about it which, here at all events, do not correspond with the gravity and stateliness required by history. To us it appears that "Fionn's" pen and heart are not so much engaged by history as they are so by stories based on history, or by pure fiction, in which last he undoubtedly excels. Doubtless, a wider field, a more sustained effort, and more select audience, would tend to remove, or at all events to minimise, these defects. As it is, "Fionn's" intentional, or unintentional, colloquialisms of style rather mar his effect as historian. We invite him to remember what Sully has said on this head.

Clear type and good paper should combine with its manifold literary excellencies to render this book enormously popular. Catholics are treated with conspicuous fairness and courtesy throughout. We might, indeed, object to the employment of the word *Pàpanach* to denote *Caitliceach*; but that, after all, is a small matter, and apart from the somewhat sinister signification sought to be imparted to the word by saucy Protestants, we do not know that there is anything to grumble at, or be ashamed of, in being *Pàpanach*. We notice some typographical errors, which it would be well to expunge from a second edition, as well as the English translation of the title on the cover, and the English fly-leaf, both which are officious, quite unnecessary, and, to us, offensive. For the rest, we have nothing but praise.

It seems to us that the legend about Fionn and his elbow is but the baseless fabric of some haggis-laden dreamer. *Our* Fionn has long been on his elbow and far beyond it. More and more power to that same!

Mrs. Whyte-Grant has long been favourably known in the world of Gaelic letters, and this excellent *Kinderspeil*¹ is admirably calculated to confirm and to extend her reputation. Here, too, we have one of our many and long-standing literary wants most seasonably supplied; and it is a sign of hope and encouragement that the void has been so skilfully filled. In this little play, Mrs. Whyte-Grant has used the ground-work of the well-known legend touching the sleeping Fenians wherewith to clothe her sensible and patriotic ideas on nationality and language, and, by the same, to erect a symbol for the young—to teach a much-needed lesson. The result is a singularly charming operetta, extremely easy to stage and act, and one in which any healthy-minded Gaelic child should be overjoyed to be privileged to take part. We earnestly bespeak a cordial reception for the *Kinderspeil*. It is well printed, costs but sixpence, and the Gaelic is excellent.

¹ *Dùsgadh na Feinne : Dealbh-Chluich air son na Cloinne*. Le K. W.-G. Paislig : J. is B. Parlan.

A' BHAN-RIGH NEO-EIFEACHDACH

IV.

COR POLITICEACH NA GAIDHEALTACHD

B'ANN sa bhliadhna 1478 a fhuaras buaidh air na Dòmhnallaich le Teaghlach Stiubhairt, agus a chuir eadh crìdh, an tomhas mòr, air a' chomh-stri siorbhuannaich is fhuileadaich a chuireadh ré iomadh linn eadar an dà shliochd ainmeil cumhachdach so. B'e an coigeamh Rìgh Seumas a thug an Teaghlach uaibreach so gu làr, agus a thug air na Dòmhnallaich ùmh-lachd a dheanamh dha an làthair na dùthcha uile. Aig a' cheud ùmhlachd a rinn na Dòmhnallaich, gheall iad a bhi an eismeil an Rìgh, agus a bhi fo spòig luchd-leanmhuinn air cathair na h-Albann: chaidh a' chuid bu mhò d'am fearann is mòran d'an tiodalan a thoirt air falbh uatha, agus, air cùl so uile, dh'aontaich iad a bhi air an gairm a dh'ionnsuidh na Pàrlamaid Albannaich ceart mar a b'àbhaist do uachdarain Albannach eile bhi air an gairm an sin.¹

Mar bu nàdurra, thug so frìonas agus diòmb nach bu bheag air na teaghlaichean sin a bha seasamh cùis nan Dòmhnallach agus na Gàidhealtachd air feadh nan linn a chaidh seachad. Cha robh iad idir toileach "Tighearnan nan Eilean" fhaicinn fo chis is air an tarruing thall sa bhos aig sàil nan rìghrean Albannach; agus, leis a sin, dhiùlt iad am muigh agus am mach cead no aonta a chur ris a' chòrdadh sin—rud a b'fheumail nan robh sineadh agus làn shochrachadh a bhi

¹ Is e sin ri ràdh mar luchd-mhuinntir do'n Rìgh a mhàin.

aig an Rìgh is aig an Teaghlach aige. Is fheudar duinn cuimhneachadh nach robh “Tighearnan nan Eilean” air ceann na Gàidhealtachd gun bhi air an gairm mar sin le muinntir nan Eilean, agus nach robh cead aca còrdadh air bith de'n t-seòrsa sin a dhèanamh a suas gun chead na feadhnaich air an robh iad mar chinn. Mar sin, dhiùlt na Gàidheil gu buileach seòl a chur ris a' chòrdadh sin a chaidh a chur air bonn eadar Mac Dhòmhnull agus ceann cinnidh nan Stiùbhartach “gun chead na cuideachd”; agus b'ann air son a' cheart aobhar so a bha iad a' cumail an aghaidh agus a' stri an aghaidh feachd nan Stiùbhartach fad mòran bhliadhnaichean 'na dheigh sin.

Dh'èirich na Gàidheil mar sin, aon uair eile an aghaidh nan Stiùbhartach, agus an aghaidh-san uile bha iad ionnsaigh orra mar so: agus air do'n Rìgh a' chumhachd a' chur a' chumhachd air na Gàidheil, cha b'fhiù is eòla b'fhiù leis iad a bhi cur-fodha “Tighearna nan Eilean” gu buileach is air fad. Ghairm e air aca an t-àrd a chaidh a' bhuileachadh air Mac Dhòmhnull leis agus b' e so an dara cur-fodha a dh'fhuiling na Teaghlach cuimhneachadh mi-fhortanach so. Thachair seòl b'fhiù na 1493 agus fad mòran bhliadhnaichean air deigh sin eòla robh spiorad no cothrom ag na Gàidheil duinn èirich a suas agus cath a chur air na Stiùbhartach a' bhuileachadh fèin.

Dh'èirich a' chumhachd mar so an Rìgh a' gabhail sgrìobhadh na Gàidhealtachd e aca gu am, agus a' deanamh cuimhneachadh air na rìgh ri riaghladh fhéin, agus a' bhuileachadh na Gàidhealtachd na Galldachd, a' bhuileachadh a' bhuileachadh 'nar measg—gus a' bhuileachadh a' bhuileachadh a' bhuileachadh Dòmhnall Dubh

cead a chois as an daingneach laidir san robh e gu h-eurcorach air a dhùnadh a staigh mar phrìosanach aig an Stàid an Dùneideann, agus a thug e a' Ghaidhealtachd air; ach eadar an dà àm so, thachair ni no dhà is eigin domh mineachadh mu'n tèid mi air m'adhart san sgeul ni b'fhaide.

Bha Seumas 'na rìgh fìor thuigseach agus ionraic, a réir a bheachd fhéin, agus nuair a chuir e Mac Dhòmhnuill fodha, b'e a rùn a' Ghaidhealtachd uile a gabhail os làimh is a riaghladh fhéin, agus sith is ceartas, suaimhneas is ionnsachadh comhla ri iomadh leasachadh eile, a thoirt air aghaidh 'nam measg. Theagamh, nach robh sin (a' chuid bu mhò dhiubh co-dhiu) idir feumail do na Gàidheil a bha beò san linn ud. Bha gach goireas is cleachdadh dùthchasach aca mu thràth, ach se an ni is àbhaist a bhi aig riaghladair air bith san amharc, nuair a 'thug e buaidh am mach air dream no dùthaich air bith nach buineadh dha roimh, e a bhi toirt orra a riaghladh is a chleachdainnean féin a ghabhail h-uca, a dh'aindeoin co theireadh e. Cha robh amharus, mar an ceudna, nach robh na Gàidheil car trioblaideach agus buaireasach san linn ud air tailleamh an dearbh ni sin a thug air an Rìgh tighinn a nall do'n Ghàidhealtachd air tùs—is e sin ri ràdh an deasbad fada buannach a bha am mach eadar e-fhéin agus na Dòmhnullaich; agus o na chaidh an là aige, an déigh a h-uile ni a bh'ann, b'ann mar fhiachaibh air a bha e bhi deanamh a' chuid a b'fheàrr a b'urrain da-san air sgàth na feadhach a cheannsaich e mar sin. Le sùil ri sochrachadh na Gàidhealtachd, agus r'a deanamh sìochail, is umhal dha, rinn an Rìgh turus air feadh nan

ceàrnaidhean sin : thog e daingneach laidir an àite no dhà air choiregin sa Ghàidhealtachd, agus chuir e staigh annta oifigich agus dream eile ris an robh a dhùil mar luchd-cumail suas 'uaghdarais fhéin. Ach, cha b'e so uile a thug e os làimh air son an trath sin. Mhoth-aich e nach biodh làn shoirbheachadh aige anns a' chuis cho fad sa bhiodh na h-uachdarain Ghàidhealach air am bonnaibh fhéin agus am fearann fein aca ; agus, leis a sin, thug e orra iad a bhi sealbhachadh an cuid inbhe, cha b'ann le cead is aonta Mhic Dhòmhnuill, mar a thachair roimh, ach le cead is aonta Rìgh na h-Albann. Thug so atharrachadh mòr 'na chois. Dh'fhàs mòran de na cinn-cinnidh gu bhi an eismeil an Rìgh, an àite bhi an eismeil Mhic Dhòmhnuill ; agus, air tailleamh a' chòrdaidh so, chaill " Tighearna nan Eilean " a' chuid bu mhò de'n chumbachd is de'n chreideas a bh'aca o shean. An déigh sin, cha robh mòran de na cinn-cinnidh cho toileach air éiridh maille ri na Dòmhnallaich sa bha iad nuair a bha iad fathast air am bonnaibh féin. Am bitheantas, cha'n 'eil iad lionmhor a tha toileach breabadh an aghaidh nan dealg nuair a rinneadh dearbhadh orra nach e am buannachd féin a bha gu leantuinn.

Ni eile a rinn an Rìgh tuigseach, anabarrach seòlta so le sùil ri riaghlaidh fhéin a dhaingneachadh agus a dh'fharsaingeachadh sa Ghàidhealtachd. Thug e air na cinn-cinnidh le Achd na Pàrlamaide (1496), gach aon diubh so bhi freagarrach air beulaobh " lagh na dùthcha " air son coir is giulain an cuid daoine féin ; agus an fheadhainn nach robh ùmhal dha, agus a chuir suarach 'uaghdaras agus uaghdaras na feadh-nach a chaidh steidheachadh leis air feadh na Gàidh

ealtachd, dh'fhuadaich e am mach iad as a' Ghaidh-ealtachd, agus thug e air falbh am fearann is gach goireas eile a bh'aca a' buntainn riu ceart mar gu'm biodh iad 'nan cuid is 'nan sealbhean aige fhéin.

Ach, ged a bha a' chuis mar so, agus searbh ghiùlan gu leòir aig an Rìgh an aghaidh muinntir na Gàidhealtachd nach robh idir ùmhal dha, no an deadh-rùn ris, faodar a ràdh gur is dòcha gur e beachd is intinn an Rìgh bhi deanamh na dh'fhaodadh e, agus na b'urrainn e de na thug e os làimh air sgàth Gàidhealtachd na h-Albann. Is coma leinn féin ged bu rìgh nan Gàidheale, cha'n ann le a dh'eoine, ach a dh'aindeoin. Se bheachd is 'inntinn fhéin a thaobh nan Gàidheal an rud ris am bu choir brath is an aire a thoirt nuair a tha sinn a' tighinn thairis air dé a rinn agus nach d'rinn an Rìgh; agus mur robh sin buileach càirdeil is uair-eigin car cruaidh, cha ruig sinn a leas iognadh a ghabhail ri sin, ni mò bhi diùltadh creideas a thoirt seachad dha air son nan ni matha a rinn e, ged nach bu ro lionmhor iad 'nar beachd féin. Cha ruig sinn a leas ar seul a chur ris gach ni a rinn am Prìònnsa so, agus a rinneadh sa Ghàidhealtachd 'na ainm-san; oir is Gàidheil sinne; agus is ann againn féin a tha gach cleachdadh, agus inneal duthchasach chum ar feum, agus a tha freagarrach do dhream air bith aig am bheil coir is miann seasamh a mach mar mhuinntir air leth; ach ann a bhi tighinn air an rìgh so, agus air a fhear-leanmhuinn air cathair na h-Albann, feumaidh sinn innseadh gur e Prìònnsa tuigseach agus seòlta a bh'ann; agus theagamh, nan deachaidh nan làithean aige, agus làithean a Mhic, a shineadh

am mach na b'fhaide, nach thachadh do'n Ghàidhealtachd is do na Gàidheil mar a thachair, an déigh do'n dhà Phrionnsa so faighinn bàs mòran bhliadhnaichean roimh an àm.

Air do Dhòmhnull Dubh cead a choisè fhaotainn as an daingneach san robh e air a dhùnadh a staigh, air ball rinn e air son na Gàidhealtachd, agus, an ceann aimsir bhig, bha e air ceann feachd mhòir de shaighdearan Gàidhealach. Thuirt Seumas agus Ard-Uachdaranachd maille ris nach robh Dòmhnull dligheach; ach bha iad a' deanamh bréige. Bha e 'na mhac do'n Tighearna a chuir Seumas fodha, agus b'i a mhàthair nighean do Mhac Chailean Mhòir, Iarla Earra-ghaidheal. Nuair nach robh e ach am broinn a mhàthar, rinneadh na phrìosanache; oir roimh àm a bhreith, chaidh a glacadh agus a dùnadh a staigh an aon de na daingnichean aig na Caimbeulaich, far an do rugadh esan mu'n bhliadhna 1485. Beagan as deigh sin, bha e air a ghiùlain air falbh gu Dùneideann, agus an sin dh'fhàn e 'na phrìosonach aig an Stàid, agus an d'fhuair e as "cha b'ann le cead dhaoine, ach troimh thoil Dhé". Bha fhios aig a h-uile neach air feadh Gàidhealtachd na h-Albann gur e mac dligheach athar e. Tha ar n-òchdraidhean féin aon-inntinneach mu'n phuing chudthromaich so; agus, mur robh a' chùis mar so, carson a bhuilich Rìgh Seumas agus Ard-Uachdaranachd curam cho mor air, a' buntainn ris ceart mar gu'm blodh e 'na fhlòr mhac athar, agus mar dhuine nach blodh idir aona chuid iomchuidh no tearuinte leigeadh fo sgaoil? Coma co-dhiù, chrunnich na Gàidheall an ceann a chéile as iomadh àite air feadh na Gàidh-

ealtachd, agus gus a' bhliadhna 1501, se Dòmhnall Dubh, "Tighearna nan Eilean" a bha 'na chulaidh-eagail agus 'na aobhar-trioblaid do'n Rìgh is d'a luchd-mhuinntir. Ma dheireadh, chaidh a ghlacadh agus a ghiùlain air falbh gu Duneideann, far an deachaidh a dhùnadh a staigh a ris anns a' cheart daingneach as an do theich e roimh so gun chead, gun chothrom, an Rìgh. Air do'n so a' tachairt, dh'fhàn na Gàidheil rud-eigin sìtheil car greis; ach air do'n Rìgh Seumas tuiteam sa bhlàr sa bhliadhna 1513, dh'éirich iad a ris, agus o na bha "Tighearna nan Eilean," Dòmhnall Dubh, 'na phrìosanach fathast an Dùneideann, ghairm iad air Sir Dòmhnall à Loch Aillse a bhi air an ceann. Thug an treun laoch so iomadh beum goirt air sgàth cùis nan Gàidheal: sheas e am mach car greis an aghaidh feachd an Rìgh; ach air dha faighinn bàis sa bhliadhna 1519, chuir a eug-san crìch air "a' cheannairc" sin. Bho bhliadhna 1520 gus a' bhliadhna 1527, bha sìth is suaimhneas air a' Gàidhealtachd, ged a tha e fìor nach robh na cearnaidhean so gun bhi faireachdainn cuid de'n droch bhuil a thachair air na Gàidheil an lorg na chaidh orra a thoirt os laimh agus air a chur an gnìomh leis an Rìgh le sùil ri Gàidheil na h-Albann a cheannasachadh agus an deanamh ùmhal do lagh na dùthcha. Am measg nan culaidh-trioblaid so, bha dà ni ann a bha 'nan ceann-aobhair air iomadh droch gnìomharan a thachair sa Ghàidhealtachd air do na Stiùbhartach lamh-an-uachdair a choisinn anns na cearnaidhean so. Bho nach robh comas aig an Rìgh fhéin a' Ghàidhealtachd uile chumail fo smachd agus a riaghladh, shònraich esan Mac Cailean Mòr, Iarla Earra-Ghàidheal, agus an

Gordanach, Iarla Huntlidh, gu bhi 'nan prìomh-dhaoine an dùthaich nan Gàidheal. Cha robh na Stiùbhartaich riamh comasach air Albainn uile a riaghladh aig an aon àm, is d'an cuid is d'an comas féin ; agus, o nach robh, se a bh'ann gu'n d'thug iad seachad cead is cumhachd do fheadhainn eile a sheasadh an àite a' chruin—rud a bha gintinn mòran trioblaid agus comh-strì cha b'ann a mhàin do'n Teaghlaich sin ach do'n dùthaich gu léir. Chaidh, mar sin, Iarla Earra-Ghàidheal a shònruachadh leis an Rìgh mar Cheann nan Eilean, agus, le sùil ri cur ris a' chumhachd agus ris a' chreideas sin bu chòir a bhi aig Huntlidh, am beachd an Rìgh, chaidh bhuileachadh leis air an Iarla sin iomadh inbhe agus oighreachd a choisinn Seumas d'a fhéin ré àm dha bhi cur na Gaidhealtachd fo cheannsal. Theagamh, nach robh san nì so rud a bu mhi-iomchuidh neo-fhreagarrach air fad, ma ghabhas sinn beachd air nach robh an Rìgh féin comasach air riaghladh na Gàidhealtachd, gun bhi faotainn cuideachaidh o'n fheadhainn sin a bha ga leantuinn ; ach, mar a thachras gu tric, is ann ceart mar a bha am blath-san, bha a' bhuil. Dh'fhàs an dà Iarla so gu bhi iomagaineach, curamach, cha b'ann mu mhaith is leasachadh na dùthcha sin air an robh iad mar chinn, ach air son a bhi cur r'an cuid is an inbhe féin a h-uile ceum a bha iad a' gabhail air adhart. Chleachd iad iomadh droch dòigh agus rinn iad mòran ana-ceartais do bhrìgh so, iad a' cur seachad an dreuchd ceart mar gu'n deachaidh a bhuileachadh cha b'ann air son maith na dùthcha ach as leth am buannachd féin. Cha b'e Teaghlach Ghàidhealach d'am buineadh Huntlidh,

agus, air son an fhir eile, bhuineadh esan do'n Teaghlaich bu nàimhdeil a thachair riamh air Clann Mhic Dhòmhnuill ; agus, a bharrachd air a sin, cha robh an dà Iarla so idir cho beachdail mu bhuannachd an Rìgh is maith na dùthcha sa bha iad iomagaineach mu'n cuid is an inbhe féin. Mu dheireadh, dh'fhàs na Caimbeulaich gu bhi cho uaibreach agus cho cumhachdach is gu'n d'thug an Rìgh V Seumas agus 'Ard-Uachdranachd an aire dha, agus ghabh iad eagal as mar an ceudna. Mu dheireadh, chaidh an tiodal aige a ghairm air ais is an dreuchd mar "Cheann nan Eilean" a chaidh bhuileachadh air leis an Rìgh ; agus, air dha bhi air a thoirt sìos mar so, thuit e tiota beag fo dhiomb a' Chuir Albannaich. Ach, ged a bha a' chùis mar so, bha Mac Cailean Mòr agus Huntlidh cho cumhachdach agus tuille is cothromach (air son na chaidh a dheananah d'an taobh leis a' choigeamh Rìgh Seumas), is nach robh e idir comasach no iomchuidh an cumail air ais is an cur fodha gun bhi cur aimsir-shònruichte ri sin : nì mò bha e comasach an cumail fodha a dh'aona bheum, agus aig an àm cheudna. Thug so mòran trìoblaid air a' Ghàidhealtachd maraon aig an àm ud, agus ré mòran bhliadhnaichean as déigh sin. Cha robh an "tomhas-cumhachd" so idir chum feum is maith na dùthcha. Bha na Caimbeulaich tuille is sanntach agus féin-chuiseach air son an dreuchd a bh'aca, agus bha na Gordanaich a' cheart cho dona agus mi-fheumail. Cha robh iad 'nan Teaghlaich Ghàidhealaich air tùs ; agus ged nach robh iad, ma dh'fhaoidte, cho buileach sanntach, mi-choguisach sa bha an dàra sliochd, gidheadh cha do ghabh na fìor Ghàidheil riamh riu,

agus dhiùlt iad am muigh agus am mach a bhi gan leantuinn agus sin air iomadh cothrom agus àm nach ruig mi a leas innseadh.

Ach, tilleamaid a nis gu Dòmhnall Dubh, a dh' fhàg sinn am prìosan an Dùneideann, far an robh e air a dhùnadh a steach gus a' bhliadhna 1543, nuair a fhuair e às aon uair eile, agus air dha a' Ghàidhealtachd a thoirt air a rìs, chuir e fhéin air ceann nan Gàidheal, a ghabh ris cho cridheil, fialaidh, agus cho eudmhor sa rinn iad mòran bhliadhnaichean roimh sin. B'e an rùn a bh'aige aig an àm so Huntlidh agus Mac Cailean Mòr a thilgeadh bun os cionn, agus am fuadaich am mach as na h-Eileanaibh, far an deachaidh an cur a staigh leis an Rìgh, a dh'aindeoin co theireadh e. Ach, cha robh Mac Dhòmhnuaill cho làidir agus cumhachdach sa bha a shinnsre roimhe-san, do bhrìgh an fhìor droch laimhseachaidh a fhuair a' Ghàidhealtachd am feadh s' a bha an dà Sheumas a' cur fodha seann Teaghlaich nan Eilean. Bha mar an ceudna buidheann mhaith de bhràighdean Gaidhealach aig a' Chrùn aig an am so, a thug an Ard-Uachdranachd air na cinn-cinnidh Ghàidhealach liubhairt thairis dhoibh sa bhliadhna 1540; agus chuir so bacadh nach bu bheag air a' Ghàidheil uile. A' bharrachd air sin, cha robh mòran de na cinn-cinnidh aig an àm a tha nis fo ar beachd an eismeil Dhòmhnuaill Duibh, làimh ri na bha an geall cùis nan seann Dòmhnallach a sheasamh agus a thoirt air aghaidh anns na làithean a chaidh seachad; agus chuir so, mar an ceudna, bacadh nach bu bheag air "Tighearna nan Eilean". Air an aobhar so, an àite bhi fuadach Iarla Earra-Ghaidheal agus Huntlidh am mach mar a b'àill leis, is

mar a b'éiginn da, cho tràth sa rachadh esan do'n Ghàidhealtachd, ciod a thachair ach gu'n d'thàinig air Dòmhnall Dubh fosadh-còmhraig a dheanamh ri Mac Cailean, agus chaill so dha an t-aon chothrom a bh'aige riamh ; agus ged a chaidh na bràighdean Gàidhealach a chur fa sgaoil tiota beag 'na dhéigh sin le cead Tighearna Arrain, cha d'thàinig sin ach tuille is anmoch air son a chuideachaidh.

Gidheadh, chum Mac Dhòmhnall am mach air a bhonnaibh fhéin fad mòran mhiosan, agus, comhla ri Morair Leamhuin, rinn e sgrios mòr agus creach throm air feadh dùthaich nan Caimbeulaich agus anns na ceàrnaibh sin a bha air an tuineachadh leis an luchd leanmhuinn. Anns a' bhliadhna 1545, thàr e às gu Eireann, comhla ri còrr is ceithir mìle de mhuinntir nan Eilean, le sùil ri cur claonaidh ris a' chath a bh'ann anns an dùthaich sin, far an robh buannachd mhòr aige, agus moran sluaigh a' tuineachadh a bha' gam meas aig an àm ud mar fhir-chuideachaidh is luchd-leanmhuinn do Theaghlach nan Eilean. Nuair a bha gach ni deiseil air son an ionnsuidh bh'aca san amharc, shèol Dòmhnall Dubh comhla ri Morair Leamhuinn à Eirinn, agus rinn iad air son còrsa na h-Albann ; ach air dhoibh fhios fhaotainn gu'n robh Dunbreatuinn an deigh tuiteam an làmban Huntlidh agus a' bhuidheann làidir a bha co-oibreachadh ris an Albainn, thill iad air ball gu Eireann, far an d'fhuair Dòmhnall Dubh bàs sa bhliadhna 1545,¹ Mar sin chaochail, an t-aon mu

¹ B'e am fiabhras a thug bàs air Dòmhnall. Cha do phòs e riamh, agus, mar sin, cha robh clann dligheach aige. Dh'fhàg e mac diòlain a dh'earb e gu curam Rìgh Shasuinn ; ach ciod a thachair d'an leanabh as deigh bàis athar, cha'n 'eil fhios.

dheireadh de'n t-sean Teaghlaich uaibreich so, an déigh dha a' chuid a b'fheàrr de shaoghal a chaitheadh 'na phrìosanach truagh aig an Stàid. Fhuair e tiodh-lacadh anabarrach urramach agus cosdail an Eirinn ; ach bu bheag sin da rìreadh làimh ris na dh'fhuiling e air sgàth gnè a bhreith. Is duilich leam nach 'eil eachdraidh an duine so cho maith fiosrachail sa dh'fhaodtadh i a bhi, mar ghabhas sinn beachd air ciod a rinn e, có e dé a dh'fhuiling e, agus an inbhe àird gus an robh e air a ghairm. An t-aon mu dheireadh de na Stiùbhartaich ! Is tiamhaidh sin gu leòir ; ach, theagamh, nach ann an so ach tailmrich bheag, an coimeas ri farum mòr nan Dòmhnallach, is iad a' teamadh a sìos gu h-uaibhreach, gu fuaimcarra troimh shlìghe nan linn ! Ach, an t-aon mu dheireadh de na Dòmhnallaich ! Ciod an smuain nach dùisg, sin nar inntinn ? Dé an doilgheas, nach gin sin nar cridhe ? Tarruingaibh am brat ! Seinnibh an clag ! Togaibh bas-bhualadh a' bhròin a dh'ionnsuidh nan speur !

“ For the last of the Gaels in Eirin lies.”

Air do Dhòmhnall Dubh an deò a thoirt suas, thug na h-Eileanaich air Seumas Mac Dhòmhnuaill de'n t-sliochd aig an robh Ile mar shealbh, gu bhi air an ceann, agus shloinn esan e-fhéin air lorg so mar “ Tighearna nan Eilean ”. Fad mòran bhliadhnaichean bha e seasamh cùis nan Stiùbhartach ; ach chaochail e bheachd is inntinn, nuair a fhuair e cumhachd nan Eilean, agus a chaidh a ghairm a dh'ionnsuidh cathair nan Dòmhnallach. Cha b'esan an oighre bu dluithe air na seanna Dòmhnallaich, a réir cuid ; ach o na bha

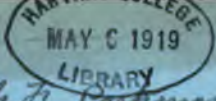
cumhachd mhòr aige, agus o na bha duine tuigseach, fiosrachail, ann-san, thagh uachdaran nan Eilean esan gu bhi air an ceann; ach ged a thagh, cha robh Seumas riamh cho comasach sa bha Dòmhnall Dubh, agus a shinnsre roimhe. Cha robh na Gàidheil riamh a' cur an làn earbsa ann, do bhrìgh na dòigh caraich agus cuilbheartaich anns an robh e cumail a bheò nuair nach robh e fathast air a ghairm a dh' ionnsuidh nan Eilean. Thuit e san rìb a chaidh uidheameachadh air a shon le Ard-Riaghladh na h-Albann,¹ a bha miannach air Seumas agus Iarla Earraghaidheal a chur a mach air a chèile air sgàth a buannachd féin; agus an àite bhi seasamh cùis nan Gàidheal a h-uile ceum a bhiodh e gabhail air adhart, is ann air an dearbh chreag sin a chaidh gach long a bh'aige a bhristeadh. An déigh dha bhi air a shloinneadh "Tighearna nan Eilean" ré aimsir bhig, b'fheudar dha an tiodal uaibhreach sin a leigeil air falbh; oir, nuair a chaidh réite is còrdadh a dheanamh eadar muinntir a' Chrùin agus na cinn-cinnidh "cheannairceach" Gaidhealach sa bhliadhna 1546, b'e sin aon de na cumhnantan a bha aig an Ard-Uachdaranachd san amharc, agus a thug iad air a' Ghàidhealtachd gabhail ris. Cha robh eachdraidh Sheumais 'na dhéigh sin de mòran fhiù, a réir mo bheachd-sa. Thàrr e as gu Eirinn sa bhliadhna 1565, agus is ann an sin a fhuair e bàs, is e cathadh an aghaidh O'Niall a thug gu dùlan e air son deasbuid mu fhearann a thachair eadar an t-Eireannach agus ceann nan Dòmhnallach. Ma sin, chaochail Seumas, agus, maille ris chaidh "Tighearnan nan Eilean" gu buileach air

¹ Màiri Ghuise.

falbh. An déigh sin, chan 'eil iomradh gu bràth tuille againn orra, ach an eachdraidh a mhàin. Theirig an là-ne : ruith iad an réis. Chaidh iad seach. Mar sgeul air innseadh, tha iad fathast ann ; ach mar sgeul air innseadh a mhàin. Chaidh a nis gach comas agus cothrom a bh'aca o shean a bhuil-eachadh air na Stiubhartaich ; ach ciamar a chaill agus a mhi-chleachd iad (gu h-àraidh Ban-Rìgh Mairi), gach cothrom agus comas a fhuair iad mar sin, cuiridh mi sin an ceill an déigh so, comhla ri na th'agam ri ràdh mu dheidhinn cor creideamhach is litreachasach na Gàidhealtachd aig an àm ud.

RUARaidh MAC UILLEIM, ARASCain is MHàIRR.

(R'a leantuinn).



GUTH NA BLIADHNA

LEABHAR V.]

AN T-EARRACH, 1908.

[AIREAMH 2.

CLÀR-AM AIS.

	TAOBH
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Guth na Bliadhna

LEABHAR V.]

AN T-EARRACH, 1908.

[AIREAMH 2

DUTHAICH NA SAORSA

M'EUDAIL, A DH'FHEARAIBH NA GREINE!—Tha mise ro-chinnteach gu bheil sibhse gabhail fadail mhòr, a chionn is nach d'fhuair sibh sgriobag uam-sa o chionn ùine mhòr, agus cha'n ioghnadh e! Is duine mise tha daonnan trang : is gann gu bheil tiotadh agam is urrainn dhomh thagairt mar m'fhior chuid fhein. Ach coma co-dhiù! Mar a tha brath agaibh cheanna, thill mise dhachaidh thar a' chuain mhòir, an déigh dhomh bhi corr agus ochd mìosan air falbh às an t-seann dùthaich. Ach a Ruin! Is mise bha thall 's chunnaic 's thàinig an nall 'sa dh'innis. Sid agaibhse, a Ghràidh, dùthaich na Saorsa, dùthaich an Aigh! Ràinig mi Baile-mòr-Antigonish air feasgar Féile Cridhe-uile-Naomh Iosa, agus ma ràinig, is mise fhuair an aoidheachd agus an fhailte ghasda Ghàidhealach! Bha sid a' feitheamh orm aig àite stad an eich-iaruinn an t-Urramach an Dr. Alastair Dòmhnallach, fear-ionaid an Easbuig, an t-Urramach an Dr. Eoghan Mac-a-Phearsain, Ard-Uachdaran Oil-thigh N.

Fransi-Savereuis agus cus eile de'n Chléir. Is ann air Di-h-Aonie bha so, ach air an Dòmhnach, Shearmonaich mi an Eaglais Naoimh Aindreas, eaglais na sgìreachd air an dùthaich, eaglais an Dr. Alaistair air an d'thug mi tarruing cheanna. Thuirt a' chleire bha lathair "gu 'n diannan an gnothach," agus a bharrachd air a sin, thuirt iad, "nach robh smid de bhlas na Beurla air mo chainnt, ach gur ann oirre bha fìor bhlas na mòine!" Chord sid rium!

Am Freasdal gar dìon! 'S ann an so tha am foghlum! Tha Doctairean Diadhachd an so cho dlù ris na smeuran-dubha an toiseachd a' Gheamhraidh. 'S ann anns an Roimhe a fhuair cuid mhòr dhiubh am foghlum: an corr anns a' Mhonadh Rìoghail, no ann an Cuibec.

Thuille air a' chléir, tha ionnsachadh agus oilean mòr am measg nan neo-chleire cuideachd. Tha ciadan de Dhoctairean, seadh, Lighichean agus de dh'Fhir-lagha agus de gach ceaird eile feadh na dùthcha, agus gu sònruichte ann an Stàidean America a chaidh a thogail ann an Oilthigh N. Fhransi-Saveriuis. Chuir mi eòlas air Breitheamh àraidh, am Breitheamh Mac-ille-Bhrath—duine cho gasda 'sa chunnaic sibh riamh. Tha e cho Gàidhealach 's tha mise, agus neo-ar-thaing, tha sin Gàidhealach gu leòir. Chuir mi eòlas mar an ceudna air an Dòmhnallach, Inspector mòr nan sgoiltean, seadh, iar-ogha bhrathair mo shinn-sean-athair! Tha iad so, cho gaolach air a' Chreideamh 'sa tha iad air Impearachd "Bhreatunn"!

Tha Ghàidhlig bheannaichte cho smiorail agus cho blasda 'sa tha i anns a' Ghàidhealtachd fhein, gu sònruichte ann an Ceap-Breatunn. Dh'aithnaidhibh sibh air an cainnt a' cheàrna do'n Ghàidhealtachd as an d'thàinig an sinnsearachd. Tha surd mòr ga chur air sgoileireachd Ghàidhlig san t-saoghal so. Tha 'n t-Urramach, am Ministear Mac-Illeathain-Mac-na-Cearda, ogha do'n Bhàrd Mac-Illeathain, a thoirt oilean air eachdraidh agus air snasmhorachd na Gàidhlig, agus air a' Gaidhlig fhein ann an Oil-thigh N. Fhransi Saveruis ann am Baile-mòr-Antigonish. Tha mi 'm barail gu bheil corr agus leth cheud sgoilear a' leanailt a chursa 'tha e toirt dhaibh. Tha 'dhòighean is fhoghlum a' taitinn gu gasda ri luchd-riaghlaidh an Oil-thigh, agus ris na sgoilairean mar an ceudna. Cha'n 'eil cunnart sam bi gu'n d'thig am bàs an ath-ghoirid air a' Ghaidhlig anns an dùthaich cheadach ud, oir tha i am bial gach duine. Ann an Sgìreachd-Easbuigeachd Antigonish, tha corr agus 45,000 Caitliceach Gàidhealach a h-uile air miltean de Ghàidheil nach bun do'n Eaglais. Tha trifichead de'n Chléir aig a bheil rogha is tagha na Gàidhlig. Tha corr agus leth-chiad cailleach-dhubh anns na Taighean-Crabhaidh aig a bheil a' Ghàidhlig cho sgiobalta ri "Mor-nighean-a' Ghiobairlainn." Os cionn gach aon dhuibh so, tha Easbuig còir Gàidhealach de shliochd Mhic-Dhòmhnuill Duibh ann, an t-Ard-Urramach Iain Camshron. Tha e daonnan a' cantainn—

"Cha do ghéill Camshronach riamh."

Tha 'n duine urramach còir so ceithir fichead agus

tri bliadhn' a dh'aois. Chunnaic e ri làithean ceithir Pàpachan Griogair XVI., Pius IX., Leomhann XIII. agus am Pàp tha maireann, Pius X. Cha'n 'eil beò an diugh a h-aon a chaidh a thogail ann an Collaisde a' Phropaganda anns an Roimhe cho sean 'sa tha esan. Bho chionn dà bhliadhna, de sgoileirean na dombain, a dh'fhag an tigh ainmeil ud, is e is sinne dhiubh uile. Tha duine gasd 'eile air am feum mi tarruing a thoirt, an t-Ard-Easbuig Raonull, Criosdaidh cho còir agus cho gasda 'sa chunnaic duine riamh. Gàidheal o bhonn a choisè gu mullach a chinn. Bha e 'na Easbuig anns an "Tir-air-ur-fhaidhinn-a-mach," gus an do bhris a shlàinte. Fhuair e cead agus cobhair às an Roimhe, is leig e dheth a dhreuchd. Rinneadh Ard-Easbuig dheth, agus tha e nis an còmhnuidh ann am baile Phictou far an robh e na shagairt-paraisde mu'n deachaidh a dheanamh 'na Easbuig. Mur 'eil mi air mo mhealladh, tha mar bhruadar orm gu'n cuala mi gu bheil e fhéin agus a bhathair, an t-Urramach Maighstir Ruairidh air sgrìob anns an Roimhe aig an àm so. Ma tha, thig iad do'n Ghàidhealtachd, far an robh e uair no dhà cheana.

Ach, ciod e cor sluagh na dùthcha anabarrach ud? Mata, Fhir-chridhe, cha'n 'eil iad bochd, agus cha mhotha tha iad beartach. Na'm biodh mo dhurachd agamsa, cha bhiodh dachaidh eadar Tigh-Iain-Ghròid agus Gallaobh na bu mhiosa dòigh dheth na muinntir na dùthcha ud. *Tha Saor-sainn aca.* Cha'n 'eil uachdairean thairis orra. Cha'n 'eil màl aca r'a dhioll. Cha'n 'eil bochdainn ann. Tha iad cothromach 'nan dòigh. Ged a

bhiodh thu a' triall fad làtha 's bliadhna, cha thach-
aireadh diol-deirce ort. An duine is suaraiche
dòigh anns an dùthaich ud, tha corr agus dà chiad
acair fhearainn aige. Faodaidh e ràdh le fìor
fhirinn, "Tha mi air mo bhaile-mòr, 's fiach có
chuireas às mi." Faodaidh e gabhail a mach a
h-uile latha dh'éireas a thaobh, le ghunna air
a ghuala, agus a chu aig a chois, agus bheir
e dhachaidh na's miann leis de shitheann an
t-sleibh. Air an dòigh cheudna, theid e mach
le shlat-iasgaich, no leis an lion-mhòr, agus bheir
e dhachaidh am pailteas cha'n ann, gu dearbh
de bhrìc, ach de bhradain cho briagha 'sa chunn-
acas riamh anns an abhainn Sheilich; oir tha
bradainn Cheap-Breatuinn agus Alba-Nudha ain-
meil air feadh an t-saoghail. Agus có their ris,
is olc a tha thu déanamh? Tha fearann aca cho
àillidh 'sa tha air aghaidh na domhain. Ach, ma
tha, taing dhaibh-san 'tha 'nan suain an diugh
anns a' chill. Cha'n ann gun chlaoidh agus gun
àmhghar a dh'fhag iad na bailtean-fearainn so aig
an sliochd. Bha bochdainn gu leòir ann an uair
ud. Bha coiltean ri ghearradh, ri losgadh, agus
ri ghlanadh mu'n togadh iad bàrr a' phòir. Bha
siol-buntata, eòrna agus coirce aca ri ghiulan air
am muin—cha robh eich aca—fad mhiltean às a'
bhaile-mhòr. A dhèanamh a' ghnòthaich na bu
ghoirte, cha robh rathaidean-mòr 'san t-saoghal ud.
Gu eòlas pongail air cor na feadhnach a chaidh a
mach an toiseach, leughadh neach air bith *A' Choille*
Ghruamach, òran a rinn am bàrd Mac-Illeathain
an déidh dha dhol a mach do dh' America. Cha 'n

'eil anns na tha e seinn ach smior na firinne. Aig an àm air am bheil mi bruidhinn, thuit do sheasair de na fir a bhi trang a' gearradh coille, gu dachaidh a dhèanamh dhaibh fhein air a' Bhras-d'or. Cò chunnaic iad a' dèanamh dìreach orra ach mu chiad Innseanach 'nan curaichean, agus an ceannard air an ceann. Thàinig iad air tìr faisg air na Gàidheil. Shlaod iad an curaichean gu braighe a' chladaich, agus ghabh iad dìreach air an aghaidh gus an robh iad mu làmh-choille no dhà de na Gàidheil. Dh' fhoighnich an ceannard, cò thug cead no ùghdarras dhaibh a bhi leigeil nan craoibh. Fhreagair na Gàidheil gu dìblidh, gu d' thug an Rìgh. "Cha'n 'eil Rìgh an so ach mise," ars esan, "agus a chionn 's gu'n d'rinn sibh so gun mo chead-sa, cuiridh mi gach aon agaibh gu bàs." Thòisich na Criosdaidhean air gnìomh-athreachais 'nan cridheachan fhéin, ga'n dèanamh fhéin deas air son a' bhàis. Thuit gu'n do chuir fear dhiubh comharradh na Croise gu follaiseach air fhein, 'nuair a thòisich e air ùrnaigh. Ach cho luath sa chunnaic an t-Innseanach so, thuit an tuagh às a làimh, agus leig gach mac-mathar a bha cuide ris a thuagh thun a' bhlair. Leum an ceannard agus rug e air làimh air a' Ghàidheal, agus thuirt e, is e togail a suas a shùilean, "Is clann an Athair-Mhòir sinne cuideachd!"; agus cha robh air ach gu'm biodh crathadh-làimh eadar na h-Innseanaich agus na Gàidheil. Fhuair iad cead dachaidhean a dhèanamh dhaibh fhéin, agus d'an sliochd. O'n latha sin, gus an latha an diugh tha na Gàidheil agus na h-Innseanaich mar gum biodh clann an

aon taighe ann. Is fìor dheadh Chaitlicaich a h-uile de'n dream so. Os cionn corr agus dà chiad bhliadhna, thugadh gach oidheirp air an tàladh air falbh o'n chreideamh, ach a dh'aindeoin agus ge b'oil air gach cealgaireachd, tha na "Mic-macs" cho daingean d'an chreideamh 'sa bha an sinnsireachd o'n latha thionnaidh iad gu Creideamh Chrìosd agus an Eaglais a stéidhich E anns an Roimhe.

Feumaidh mi a nis tarruing a thoirt air na sgrìeachdean anns an robh mi ag obair. Thòisich mi am baile beag ris an abair iad Thorburn an Siorramachd Phictou. Cha'n 'eil a bheag de shluagh ann. Se mèineadairean-guail a tha sa chùid is motha dhiubh. B'e Maighstir Iain Mac Nèill an Sagart-Paraisde a bh' aca nuair ud, ach dh'fhàg e Thorburn agus tha e nis am Port Hawkesbury aig Caolas Chanso. A Thorburn, chaidh mi do Pharaisde Chreignish an Ceap-Breatunn. Is e an t-Urramach Gilleasbuig Siosal sagairt na sgrìreachd so. Air eagal gu'm bith eud no iadach anns a' chùis, feumaidh mi a ràdh gun fhoill gu'n d'fhuair mi aoidheachd, fàilte agus furan nach urrainn mi innseadh, agus nach leig mi air di-chuimhne gu brath, anns gach àite. Bha m'fhlabh agus mo thighinn dachaidh mar gu'm b'e "Latha falbh an Rìgh" a bh' ann. Bha gach sgìreachd a' stri ri chéile fiach co 'bheireadh am barrachd aoidheachd agus onair do'n t-Sagairt Mhòr a thàinig a nall as an t-seann dùthaich. 'Nuair a ràinig mi àite stad an eich-iarruinn an Creignish, bha Chleir agus a chumanta 'sid a feitheamh orm. Bha 'n Eaglais

air a sgeadachadh le brataichean briagda. Bha Bratach a' Phàpa air crann àrd air an dara taobh, agus bratach mhòr Bhreatunn (agus oisinn bhidach aig Canada air a' bhratach mhòr) air an tàobh eile, agus am pailteas de shrollaichean beaga o bhinnein na h-eaglais mach gus an geata aig an rathad mhor ; air chor 's gu'n saoiladh a h-aon nach robh eòlach gur e Feill-mhòr-eaglais a bha 'n sluagh a cumail. Chaidh òraid ghasda a leughadh le fear de'n chleir. Chaidh an gnothach air aghaidh le surd fad na seachduin a bha sinn an Creignish. Air dhuinn crìoch a chuir air Creignish, thog sinn oirnn do Ghleann-na-Daile. Thàinig coig carbad-air-fhichead leinn agus am piobaire Mac Neil air ar ceann a' cluich gu mireagach "Baile-Inbhìraora." Air dhuinn astar naoi mìle a dheanamh, ràinig sinn crìoch na sgìreachd. Ann a so bha 'feitheamh oirne leth-chiad carbad à Gleann-na-Daile agus dithis phiobairean leo. Sheid iadsan an so a mala le sgàl gun choimeas, agus cìod 'bh ann a ribhist ach "Bail-Inbhir-aora" anns gach ceàrn an deichaidh mi thàinig an sluagh agus na piobairean am choinneamh, agus mar fhàille-duthcha se am port, "Bha mi air banais am Bail' Inbhir-aora" a fhuair an cliù thar gach port.

Cho luath, sa ràining sin Eaglais Ghlinn-na-Daile, gabh sinn a stigh agus thairg sinn a suas a' Chonair-Mhoire gu beannachd Dhé fhaotainn air a' ghnothach a bha sinn dol a ghabhail fos làimh. Air dhuinn crìoch a chur air a' Chonair-Mhoire, gabh sinn a mach dh' ionnsuidh dorus na h-eaglaise far an do leugh fear de'n phobull, òraid bhriagha ann an

roghadh is taghadh na Gàidlig a cuir failte orm do 'n dùthaich ud, agus aig a' cheart àm, chuir iad am làimh sporan anns an robh ciad "*Dollair*." Thug mi taing agus buidheachas daibh, agus thuirt mi riu gu'm biodh am barrachd eòlais againn air a chéile mu'n d'thugadh crìoch air a' chùis. Chaidh sinn a nis a stigh a ghabhail greum-bidhe do thigh-na-h-eaglais, agus ma chaidh, thòisich an dannsadh air an lòn, seann mhnathan agus seann bhodaich a cur na'm both dhiubh a' dannsadh "*Ruidhle-Thulachain*." Bha 'n oigre, mar an ceudna, air am bonnaibh, air chor is gu'n saoiladh a h-aon gur e banais a bha dol air adhart. Ach thig crìoch air gach ni a tha fo'n ghréin agus thàinig crìoch air an dannsadh, agus thòisich an crabhadh agus bha iadsan a bha cho math air an dannsadh neo-ar-thaing na b'fheàrr air agus na bu dùrachdaiche air a' chrabhadh. Tha Paraisde 'Ghlinne fìor fharsuing, agus an déigh do'n Mhìsion a bhi seachad, chaidh sinn do dhà eaglais bheag eile fad air falbh o'n tigh. Is ann an so a chuir mi a' chiad eolas air na h-Innseanaich. Bha camp dhiubh faisg air Eaglais a' bhraigh an Amhainn Denys. Thainig iad agus sheinn iad an Aifrionn 'nan cainnt fhéin, ach le fìor Cheòl a' Ghriogaraich. Cha chuala mi ni riamh a bha cho binn. Sheinn iad le durachd agus le fìor crabhadh. Is ann an so, cuideachd, a chuir mi eòlas air Mr Alastair Siosal, duine a tha mu cheithir fichead 's dha dhiag a dh' aois—duine mor, briagha, tuigseach, onorach, còir. Shaoiladh neach nach 'eil e bheag agus deich is trì-fichead Cha robh e ach mu

dhusan bliadhna nuair dh'fhàg e fhein 'sa mhuinntir Srath-ghlais. Tha eòlas anabarrach aige air eachdraidh na Gàidhealtachd. Dh' innis e dhomh gu'm fac e e-fhein agus athair agus a shean-athair agus a shinn-sean-athair cearta comhla air air na buird a' dannsadh ruidhle an Strath ghlais mu'n d'fhàg e an t-seann dùthaich. Sheòl mi dha dealbh leac-lidhe nan Easbuigean bana an Cìle-Chiarain an Liosmor. "Thut!" (ars esan) "tha fios agam math gu leòir có rinn an leac sin. 'S e fear Mac-an-t-Saoir a thàinig a mach à Liosmor, agus a shiubhail anns a' choimhearsnachd so o's cionn beagan bhliadhnachan. 'S e mac brathar-athar Mhr Uilleam, ann am Baile-na-Creige, am Barraidh th' ann. B'e Athair Mhr Uilleim, brathair mathar an duine so, agus b'e an t-Urramach Maighstir Aonghus Mac-Coinnich a chaidh phuins-eanachadh am Baile-Dhuthaich brathair-a-mhathar cuideachd."

Is esan a leig a thuigsinn dhomh có b'iad mo chàirdean fhein anns an dùthaich ud. Mur a biodh esan cho tuigseach, bhiodh e eu-comasach dhomhsa am faighinn a mach. Dh' fhàg iad Arasaig 'nan Cloinn-'ic-Eachain, ach cho luath sa ràinnig iad America, se Domhnullaich a rinn iad dhiubh fhéin. Tha ceathrar de'n t-sliochd 'nan sagairtean, feadhainn 'nan lighean, agus feadhainn eile nam fir-lagha agus am pailteas dhiubh 'nan tuathanaich.

Is ann an so, cuideachd, a chuir mi eòlas air seann bhean a dh'fhag ann t-seann dùthaich nuair a bha i deich-bliadhna fichead a dh' aois. B'i so

bean Mhic Bharrais. Tha i teannadh air ciad bliadhn' a dh' aois. Tha corr a ciad dha sliocd beò. Tha Maighstir Dòmhnall Mac-a' Phersain dol a thoirt cunntas air a caithe-beatha. 'S ann à Mingarraidh-Ard ann am Muideart a bha i fhein agus a cuideachd, nuair dh' fhlabh iad do dh' America. Bha so mu'n d' fhalbh Mr Raonull leis an t-sluagh do dh' Australia. Bha cuimhne mhath gu leoir aice air Mr Raonull, agus air a h-uile baile ann am Muideart. Rinn i gairdeachas mòr nuair a bha mi ag innseadh dhi mu dheighinn na dùthcha agus an t-sluaigh.

Dh' fhag mi Gleann-na-Daile agus chaidh air ais do Nova Scotia — do shiorramachd Antigonish. Thòisich sinn an Heatherton far an bheil Mr Dòmhnall Siosal 'na Shagart-Paraisde. 'S ann à dh'fhìor mhuinntir Shtrath-ghlais tha tuath na sgìreachd so. Tha Siosalaich, is Granndaich agus Dòmhnallaich gu leòir an so—daoine mòra fiallaidh, gasda, anns na h-uile dòigh. 'S ann an so a chunnaic mi searrag a bh' aig Maighstir Iain Mac Fhearchair a bhuineadh do Chomunn Iosa. Chunnaic mi, mar an ceudna, an "Soutan chro-dhearg," a bh' aig an Easbuig Friosalach mu'n do shiubhail e. Thuir mi cheanna gu'm bheil mi 'm beachd gu'm bheil an sluagh Gàidhealach so nis motha agus ni's briagha anns gach seadh, na tha iad aig an tigh 'sa' Ghàidhealtachd. Thug sinn ar beannachd do mhuinntir Baile-an-Fhraoich, agus ghabh sinn sorruidh leo, agus thog sinn oirnn do sgìreachd Naoimh Aindreas, sa choimhearsnachd. Bha cleir ainmeil anns a' Pharaisde so. 'S ann an

so a rugadh an t-Easbuig Camashron : 's ann an so 'bha an t-Easbuig Mac Fhionghain 'na shagairt nuair a chaidh a thogail gus an àrd inbhe a mheal e fad mòran bhliadhnachan. 'S ann an so, cuid-eachd, a tha an t-Urramach an Dr Alastair a tha cho àiridh air an fheadhainn bha 'so roimh-san, oir nach e fear-ionaid an Easbuig anns na cearnachan so? Nuair a bha mi am Paraisde N. Aindreas, chuir mi eòlas air duine còir, Iain-Iain-ic-Mhicheil a thàinig h-uile ceum à Loch-an-Fhamhar g'am fhaicinn. Rugadh Iain an Smiorasaraidh am Muideart. Bha e fichead bliadhna dh' aois nuair a dh' fhag e Muideart, ach ged a bha, tha chridhe 'sa ghaol 's an t-seann dùthaich fhathast.

Is ann an so, mar an ceudna, bha duine ainmeil am measg nan Gàidheal ris an abraidh iad "Alastair-an-Ridge" fìor sgoilear Gàidhlig aig an robh eachdraidh agus bàrdach na dùthcha air a theangadh. Bha fios aige air gach nì a thachair roimh "Bhliadhna Thearlaich" agus 'na dheidh; agus mur 'eil mi air mo mhealladh, bha e fhein 'na dheadh bhàrd cuideachd. Bha gaol mòr aige air a' Ghàidhealtachd. Tha mi am barail gur h-ann an Ceap-Breatunn a chaidh a thogail, am Paraisde Mhabou, agus gu'm bheil e air ainmeachadh air an "Ridge," àite tha anns a' Pharaisde ud.

Dh' fhag sinn Paraisde N. Aindreas, agus rinn sinn air son Paraisde N. Ioseph an Ohio. 'Se Mr Iain Siosal an Sagart-Paraisde th'ann an so. 'S ann an so a tha'n sgoilear ainmeil Tormaid Dòmhnallach—fear a mhuinntir Mhuideairt. Chuir e mach thall a sid *Sàr-Obair-nam-Bàrd* agus mòran de leabh-

raichean eile. 'S e duine coir gasda bh'ann agus Caitliceach gu cùl a' chinn. Dh' fhàg sinn sona iad, agus thionndaidh sinn aon uair eile air ais do Cheap-Breatunn—do Pharraist Judique.

Nuair a ràinig sinn àite stad an eich-iarruinn an Judique, bha 'n t-àite loma-làn de shluagh. Bha corr agus ceud carbad agus ceathrar phiobairean a' feitheamb oirnn. Chaidh mise a chur air a' cheud charbad ach gu'n robh na piobairean gar treòrachadh air thùs 's air thoiseach a' *phrocession*. Thug iad sgàl air am pioban agus thòisich "Bha mi air banais am Baile Inbhir-aora." 'S ann an sid a bha'n t-aighear! Ma bha Judique riamh roimhe air an urlar, bha i ann gun teagamh agus gun amharus an diugh. Tha Judique ainmeil anns gach cearna de dh' America agus ma tha, is math an airidh air a h-ainm i—chi mi paipeirean-naigheachd à àiteachan cho fad air falbh ri California a tha toirt tarruing air gaisge nam fear agus ailleachd agus air maise nam mhnathan a chaidh thogail agus arach an Judique. Is iad na h-Urramaich Maighstir Gilleasbuig Siosal agus a bhreathair Maighstir Iain na sagartan tha 'n diugh an Judique. Faodaidh mi ag ràdh, gun chunnart gu'n àichear e, gur i so sgìreachd cho Gàidhealach 'sa tha air aghaidh an t-saoghail, agus rud eile, cha'n 'eil ann sagart a tha ni's eòlaiche air eachdraidh agus air cor na Gàidhealtachd o "Bhliadhna Thearlaich" na an t-Urramach Maighstir Gilleasbuig Siosal, agus a bhrathair Mr Iain. Tha aithris-bheulan na seann dùthcha aca air an teanga. Chunnaic mi 'nan seilbh leabhar ris an cannar *Exer-*

citia Spiritualia Sti Ignatii a bhuineadh do Mhaighstir Iain Mac Fhearchair S.J. an Strath-ghlais. Chunnaic mi cuideachd, sgonn de chlo-tonnaig no guailleachan mnatha le spot fala air. 'Si so an eachdraidh tha fuaighte ris a' chùis so. Bha Maighstir Iain Mac Fhearchair, se 'na Chulaidh-Aifrinn a' tairgse suas na h-Iobairt aig an Altair, ach có bhuail a stigh do'n eaglais ach na saighdearan-dearga. Ghabh iad dìreach a dh' ionnsuidh na h-Altarach, agus glachd iad an sagart. Bha iad ga thoirt air falbh dìreach mar a bha i sgeadaichte 'na Chulaidh-Aifrinn. Dh'iarr e cead air na saighdearan lide - an - leth - fhacail, mar chomhairle, a ràdh ris a phobull. Fhuair e cead. Dh'earallaich e air na fir an Gàidhlig gun iad a thogail an làmh agus gun smid a ràdh, oir gu'm biodh esan an ath-ghoirid air ais 'nam measg; agus b'ann mar b'fhior. Ach cha d'thug e idir comhairle do na mnathan. Dia 'g am beannachadh, dh'éirich iad mar aon, agus chaidh iad eadar am Pears-Eaglais agus na saighdearan. Dìreach nuair a bha an sagart aig an dorus, thog fear de na saighdearan a claidheamh agus bhuail e té de na mnathan anns a' chluais—shil an fhuil air a guailleachan agus mar chuimhneachan, tha pios de'n aodach aca ann an Judique gus an lath 'an diugh.

Bithidh feadhainn am beachd cora uair gu'm bheil an saoghal uamhasach farsuing, ach bithidh nithean a' tachairt a tha leigeil a thuigsinn dhuinn cho cumhang agus 'tha e cuideachd. Bha mi ri comhradh le dithis dhaoine coire, am mach air an

lòn air beulaobh tigh an t-sagairt, nuair a thàinig spalpair de ghille òg agus thubhairt e. “Ciamar a tha sibh, Athair?” “Tha gu math, a laochain” arsa mise. “Nach ’eil sibh ga’m aithnichinn?” ars esan. “Cha’n ’eil,” arsa mise. “Bha mise,” ars esan “aig a’ Mhòd Chrabhaidh mu dheireadh thug sibh am Miongarraidh am Muideart.” Anns a’ cheart àite so, thàinig duine còir a chur failte na dùthcha orm, agus thuirt e. “Tha muinntir an Tigh-Chrabhaidh an Inbhirnis a’ cur am beannachd d’ar n-ionnsuidh.” “Ach,” arsa mise “cha robh mi fhathast an Inbhirnis, ach tha mi dol ann ’nuair a chuireas mi crìoch air a’ ghnòthach th’agam an Judique. Barrachd air sin, cha do chuir mi eòlas fhathast air muinntir an Tigh-Chrabhaidh an Inbhirnis.” “S e baile Inbhernis anns an t-seann dùthaich tha mi ciallachadh,” ars’ esan. “Bha mi air sgriob ann an Albainn agus thaghail mi sa bhaile ud.” Cha b’urrainn dhomh gun a ràdh, “’S fhada bho na chuala sinn— ‘Tachraidh na daoine far nach tachair na cnuic.’” Cha robh ach an aon choire air a’ Mhòd-Chrabhaidh a bh’againn an Judique, agus b’e sin “a liughad sa bh’ann dheth,” ’s e sin gu’n robh an tim cho ro ghoirid. Bha sinn duilich dealachadh ri Maighstir Gilleasbuig agus ri Maighstir Iain.

Dh’fhàg sinn Judique agus an oidhche sin fhéin, ràinig sinn baile ùr Inbhirnis. ’Se baile neònach a tha so. Cha’n ’eil e ach mu choig bliadhna dh’aois. Fhuaras gual air an oighreachd. Thòisich a mheineadaireachd, agus an duigh tha ann baile cuimseach. Tha eaglais mhòr bhriagha

ann. Tha tigh-sgoil gasda ann, agus tigh-crabh-aidh far am bheil Cailleachan - Dubha Moire-Mhathar a' comhnuidh. 'Se an t-Urramach Mr Alastair Dòmhnallach am Pears-eaglais 'th'ann, agus is math an airidh e air onair agus moladh air son nan aitreabh a thog e anns a' bhaile ud. Tha na Gàidheil agus luchd-na-Beurla leth-mu-leth anns an àite so. Tha fìor dhroch "Lagha-dìbhe" anns an dùthaich, agus tha e deanamh an uile agus a' mhi-fhortain am measg nam meineadairean.

Air dhuinn crìoch a chuir air an obair ann am Baile-Inbhirnis, thog sinn na siuil is dh'fhalbh sinn do Loch-an-Fhamhar. Is ann an so a tha na Crìosdaidhean—sliochd agus ginealachd na feadhnach a dh' fhag Muideart. Tha Dòmhnallaich ann, tha Clann Ic Iosaic agus Clann Ic Neill ann. Is ann an so tha Iain-Iain-Ic-Mhicheil a' fuireach—an Crìosdaidh ud a thàinig a h-uile ceum do Pharaids N. Aindreas am chòmhaill. 'S ann an so tha Ghàidhlig sheadhail, ghreimeil, ghrinn. Cha'n e mhàin gu'm bheil a' Ghàidhlig aig sliochd nan curaidhean a dh' fhàg a' Ghaidhealtachd, ach, mar an ceudna aig sliochd na feadhnach a dh'fhalbh a nunnàs an "Eilean-uaine." Bhithinn cora uair a' foighneachd de'n t-seann shluagh—"Dé 'n ceàrna de'n t-seann dùthaich às an d'thàinig an fheadhainn a thàinig mar a thàinig sibhse, dhuine?" Dh'innseadh iad so dhomh 's bhithinn a' toirt cunntais dhaibh air cor an t-shluaigh aig an tigh. Thàinig duine còir a stigh—rinn e éisdeachd agus thuirt mi ris, "Cìod e chearna do'n t-seann dùthaich as an d'thàinig

'ur cuideachd-sa, dhuine?' "Mata, le'r cead" (ars' esan) tha mise am beachd gur ann à *County Wexford* a thàinig iad." Chuir an fhreagairt ioghnadh orm, oir cha robh smid de bhlas na Beurla air a chainnt. "Ciamar tha Gàidhlig cho math agaibhse, a dhuine?" "Mata," ars esan "'S ann a so fhein, a measg nan daoine coir so, a rugadh 's thogadh, 's chaidh m'arach maille ri mòran eile de mhuinntir na h-Eirinn." B'fhuair a labhair e, oir a barrachd air a mhuinntir fhéin, bha *Callaghans*, bha *Fitzgeralds* ann, agus Orochans aig an robh a' Ghàidhlig, neo-ar-thaing cho mhath sa bha i aige-san.

Air ais a rìs do Cheap-Breatuinn do Bhaile-Prionnsa an siorramachd Inbhirnis. B'e Dòmhnall Dòmhnallach m'fhear taice anns an àite so. Bha 'm Pears-Eglais air falbh an Cuibec, agus anns a' Mhonadh Rioghail aig an àm. Bha "Domhgean" treun gam chuideachadh anns a h-uile dòigh, agus a' toirt dhomh cunntais mu gach Pears-Eaglais 'bha 'm Baile-Phrionns a's chuimhne leis. Bha e gu sònraichte fìor dheas-bhriathrach nuair a bha e ag innseadh mu Mhaighstir Eoghan Mac-Ill-Iosa a leig dheth a dhreuchd mar Shagairt-Paraisde goirid roimhe sid. "'Se," thubhairt Dòmhnall, "a chuir an ola air mo mhathair," is na deoir a' struthadh le ghruaidh. Bha Maighstir Dòmhnall Ghlinn-na-Dail cumail cuideachadh rium gus an do chuir sinn finid air Mod Crabhaidh Bhaile-Phrionnsa.

Dh'fhàg mi Baile-Phrionnsa, is dh'fhlabh mi air an *Train* gu ruig I-Challum-Chille air a' Bhras-

d'or. Chaidil mi 'n oidhche sin an tigh an Urramaich Maighstir Ruaidhridh Mhic Choinnich. Ach their mi a bharrachd mu I-Challum-Chille. Air an lath 'r-na-mbairach, dh'fhalbh Mr Ruaraidh agus mise air an "Richmond" bata na-toit, agus ràinig sinn na h-Eileanan-Dearga, Paraisde Mhr Uilleam Mhic a' Phearsain. 'S ann air spag de'n "Bhras-d'or" tha n' sgireachd so, ach ged is e sgireachd nan Eileanan-Dearga theirear rìthe, cha'n ann air eilean 'tha sgireachd ach air tirmòr. Tha pharaisde air a h-ainmeachadh air eileanan beaga tha muigh o'n chladach. Bha Maighstir Uilleam agus a cho-thional a' feitheamh oirnn air a' chladach. Bha'm piobaire ann cuideachd, bha Dòmhnallaich ann, bha Cloinn Ic Neill ann, seadh, agus na Cashich tha cho Gàidhealach ris na Gàidheil fhein ach ma tha, tha camus beag a sid agus 's e *Irish Cove* a theirear ris, agus is ann air a' bhaigh bheag so tha Oiffig a' Phost air ainmeachadh. Dh' fhiach cuid de na Barraich an t-ainm so atharrachadh agus Baigh-Chaisteal a thoirt air. Cha chluinneadh na Cashich guth air a so, agus thug iad dubhlan do na Barraich, air choir agus gu'n cannar *Irish Cove* ri a' Phosta gus an latha 'n diugh. Thugas "Baigh a' Chaisteil" air camas eile tha dìreach mu choinneamh *Irish Cove*, air taobh eile an locha.

Thòisich agus chrìochnaich am Mòd-Crabhardh le surd gasda anns na h-Eileannean Dearga, air alt 's gu'n robh Mr Uilleam, an duine còir, fìor bhuidheach nuair a bha'n gnothach réidh. Dh' fhalbh sinn mar a thàinig sinn, fhuair iad cuidhteas

dhionn aig a' chladach agus thug iad sorraidh leinn.

Tha mòran eile agam ri ràdh mu Arasaig, agus mu Lios-mòr, mu S. W. Margaree, agus mu Mhabou mu'n Bhaigh-an-ear agus mu Bhaothasdal, mu Eilean-na-Nollaig, agus mu I-Challum-Chille, ach cluinnidh sibh bhuam fhathast. Slàn leibh, agus ur faicinn slàn !

GILLEASBUIG MAC DHÒMHNUILL IC EOGHAIN.

(*R'a leantuinn.*)

FORMER GAELIC MOVEMENTS

VI.

IN considering, if but a little, the probable political consequences of a Jacobite Restoration, we must be careful first to disabuse our minds of the current Whig superstitions, and to approach the subject from a standpoint as detached and as impartial as it is possible for the historical student to make it. We must remember, in the first place, that from 1689 down to the accession of the Campbell-Bannerman Government to power, these islands have been governed upon Whig principles—in conformity, that is to say, with those principles which triumphed at the Revolution, which placed the crowns of Scotland, Ireland, and England upon

the head of William of Orange; and that, consequently, the political thought of the three kingdoms has been largely shaped and moulded under the conduct and auspices of the Revolution which then took place. This important political change has likewise produced far-reaching effects upon literature, as, indeed, was inevitable, if we consider the intimate connexion that subsists between the art of making politics and that of recording its achievements. The Jacobite side of the medal is unfamiliar to the public for two reasons, the first being that the Whig obverse is that which has engaged the attention of historians with scarcely an exception: the other is, that the political *fait accompli* renders scrutiny of the reverse side of the medal difficult and, for historical purposes, unprofitable.

It may be admitted at once that any elaborate attempt to portray the possible consequences of political events which have miscarried or failed to take place must needs be difficult, as well as highly unprofitable. History is the art of recording cold political fact. It has really nothing to do with romance, however much the efforts of certain authors in the direction of writing history may incline us to a contrary opinion. A treatise on, say, the probable, or possible, social and political state of England during the nineteenth century, under Jacobite Kings, would be a literary effort which, I doubt, if even the most indiscriminating lover of fiction would easily stomach—much less the more seriously minded historical student.

There must be, in literature in general, as, of course, in history in particular, a due regard for the fitness of things ; which fitness or probability, if flagrantly violated, leaves us not only righteously unconvinced, but actually cold and hostile. I write thus warningly, lest the reader should hastily imagine that, in approaching this part of my theme, I am about to inflict on him something in the nature of those flights of prophetic fancy in which the makers of cheap almanacks, and the weather-wise generally, are wont to indulge—only, of course, from a historical point of view and for a political purpose. I contemplate nothing of the kind. The past is dead, and, in this case, at all events, is an unsuitable subject for a Gaelic Renaissance. I merely propose briefly to consider, having, as it were, by a modestly worded appeal to reason, previously divested the reader of all Whig trappings and gegaws, the probable immediate effects, in the light of reasonable proof of a Jacobite Restoration upon the fortunes of the Gaelic race in Scotland.

In the first place, we must remember that, had James been restored, the Union would have gone by the board. The King-over-the-water was as much pledged to break the Union as the modern Conservative or Tory Party—the Party, generally speaking, which supplied his cause with the greatest number of recruits in the Senate and in the Army—now is pledged to defend and preserve it. The abrogation of the Union would have been a great stroke in favour of national emancipation,

and though it is open to the objection that it might possibly have reinstated, for a time, the unhappy condition of affairs which prevailed in Scotland from the accession of James VI. to the English throne to the Act of Union of 1707, yet this supposition scarcely takes account of two potent modifying, if not ameliorating, influences—the development of political thought and the growth of notions of freedom all over the civilised world, and James' own pledges to improve upon the arbitrary and tyrannical ways of his Stuart ancestors. Recent biographies of that unfortunate person reveal him in a singularly favourable light, and though no doubt the average Whig historian and politician will do his best to see that all stain, as it were, of the warming-pan does not depart from him, yet sensible Englishmen are now-a-days quite prepared to admit that James was by no means as black as it pleased his Whig libellers to paint him. They are even prepared to admit that he might at least (assuming his Restoration), have lived as clean a life as, say, George IV., and have cultivated as strict a notion respecting the sanctity of an oath as did the unconscionable betrayer of Mrs. Fitz-Herbert. But, in any event, James VIII. was a contemporary neither of Oliver Cromwell, King John of England, nor Henry VIII., and, therefore, his rule, if not his character, would have borne (supposing he had been allowed to ascend the throne) unmistakeable evidence of that fact. For my own part, and I beg leave to say that I have no particular

prejudices in favour of James, I believe this particular Prince would have made an admirable monarch. Amiable, easy, charitable, liberal-minded, fairly accomplished, and, above all, without much will of his own, he was good enough to be amenable to good influences, and not man of character enough to play the part of a thorough-paced tyrant (of the Puritanical-Mediaeval type), like Cromwell. Judging by his concessions in the direction of popular Reform,* he was, for a Stuart, a prodigy of Liberalism. He would certainly have served the turn of the Gaels, for besides being pledged to Repeal of the Union, and to an extensive measure of "Celtic Renaissance," he was, thanks to the best adviser he ever had (Lord Mar), a Land Reformer. It is eminently worth while transcribing the particular passages in Mar's *Legacy* to Scotland, in which references to the "Land Question" occur, inasmuch as they serve to indicate the lines upon which Scottish legislation would have proceeded in the event of a Jacobite Restoration. Article 22 of Mar's scheme reads:—"To be enacted that all those who hold land of subjects shall have right to purchase these holdings from such superiors, *who shall be obliged to sell them when required, at a certain price for each kind of holding, to be appointed by the said Act*, and after these purchases to hold these lands *few or Blanch of the Crown, as the King's other vasseles.*" Article 23 is as follows:—"To be en-

* These may best be studied in Lord Mar's *Legacy*. They are there given as with the consent and approval of James,

acted, that when the greatest part of ten vasseles of any subject shall have thus bought their holdings, the said superiors shall be obliged to sell to the Crown their jurisdictions of justiciarys, Regalitys, or Shirifships at a certain price to be appointed by the said Act; and the Crown to be obliged to make such purchases, and never to alieanat them again."

These provisions constitute, surely, a whole charter of Liberty, and are a great advance upon the existing system of land-tenure in the *Gàidhealtachd* to-day. We have yet to obtain, under Hanoverian rule and Whig Statesmanship, that "blessed" principle of compulsion which would have been surrendered to us by a Stuart Prince and his Constitutional advisers as far back as the early years of the eighteenth century! It would seem as though the Land Court contemplated by the Bill recently rejected by the English House of Lords is actually foreshadowed in Mar's proposals; for the regulation providing for the fixing of the purchase-money by Act of Parliament would almost necessarily have led to the appointment of some such *ad hoc* tribunal as Mr. Sinclair's Bill contemplated establishing. It is true, of course, that these proposals, so interesting and significant in view of the present depressed condition of the *Gàidhealtachd*, and the common Whig talk about the "progress" of the country under Whig rule, contain no provisions for the compulsory fixing of rents by Parliament: nor do they apparently contemplate any provision for compensation for im-

provements in the event of arbitrary disturbance ; but I hold that it is a fair inference from the recognition of the compulsory principle—the cornerstone of all real Land-Reform—that these innovations also would in due time have followed.

With regard to the second article here quoted, it is interesting for two reasons, the first being that it provided, in certain cases, for the abolition of the Hereditary Jurisdictions—a much needed reform, which, as everyone knows, did not actually take place until after the Rising of 1745 ; and the second being, that the inevitable effect of breaking the power of the chiefs and the land-lords in the manner contemplated by the second paragraph, and of transferring the same to the Crown would have been, that the *State*, and not the King, would have been the eventual gainer. Natural political evolution seems to have decreed the gradual extinction of the Monarchical principle and power by reason of the ever-growing predominance of the *State*, which, in all parts of the civilised world, is slowly, but surely, usurping the power and functions of the Monarch proper. This, indeed, is a highly desirable consummation—a fitting and logical beginning to that end, whose period is not yet ; but whose final stage of development will involve the complete subjection of all the component parts of the State to the State itself—this, I say, is a consummation which may be safely prognosticated from current political events, from the trend of history, and from the direction assumed by modern political thought. Not the least in-

teresting part of Lord Mar's schemes is the ample provision which he made for the evolution of political power in the direction of the State by means of, or rather *via*, the King. He seems to have clearly foreseen that great development in the powers of States, in contradistinction to those possessed and exercised by Kings, which, to us, is a political common-place of our existence. All his provisions, even where they seem (on paper) to be aiming at preserving the Kingly power in that state in which even a liberal-minded Stuart would have died rather than confess that it was not God's express will and providence to place it, are really in the direction of strengthening and enlarging the State at the expense, primarily, of the Land-lord, and, in a lesser degree, but no less certainly, at that of the King. Mar, indeed, was a true Celt. He saw the evils of the Feudal System. He saw how deeply that iron had entered into the soul of the people of Scotland: he recognised that if a despotic and tyrannically-minded Sovereign was a dangerous and a bad thing, a misfortune to be equally avoided was a Feudal nobility and gentry, with their barbarous power of "pit and gallows"; their unjust land-laws, their inordinate exclusiveness, and their selfish exclusion of the common people from the simplest political rights. The effect of the Revolution of 1688 was to hand over the government of these kingdoms to the Land-lord party in the State. The King, indeed, had been worsted in the long struggle for supremacy; but the sceptre which was snatched from

his failing hands, instead of passing to its originators and lawful possessors the People, was usurped by the "governing classes," the great Whig lords, the Russells and Cavendishes of the day; and by that class, whether Conservative or Liberal, it has since been jealously guarded. James' Restoration and Mar's Scheme would have undone this great mischief. It would have smashed the Union: it would have freed the land in the interests of the "common people"; it would have restored Scotland to the map of Europe; it would have raised the prestige and standing of the Gaelic people; it would have re-adjusted the political balance between "Highlands" and "Lowlands," and it would have placed patriotism upon an enduring footing. These things, if there be any good-faith at all in man—if it be possible to have regard only to the written word—the Restoration of James would have accomplished. What more it might have achieved under normal circumstances, I leave it to others to speculate upon. Sufficient for the cause is the proof thereof.

R. A.

SGOIL A' CHRUIÑNE-CHÉ

Le I. M. C.

'S e tha mi ciallachadh leis na facail sin : " 'Sgoil a' chruinne-ché," eòlas air na h-atharrachaidhean nàdurra a thàinig air a' chruinne bho àm gu àm, mar a chaidh am fiosrachadh le sgoilearan, gus an robh e an suidheachadh freagarrach do theachd an duine.

Nuair a sheallas sinn air na beanntan 'nar dùthaich fhéin, 's air na machraichean, 's a rannsaicheas sinn a stigh an gné nan creag, chì sinn gu'n robh atharrachaidhean mòra ann—gu'n do dh' iomlaidich am fearann tioram 's an cuan mòr, an àiteachan, uair no dha. Maith dh' fhaoidteadh gu'n d'éirich beanntan á grunnd a' chuain anns an dara h-àite 's gu'n do shluig an cuan earrannan mòra de'n fhearann an àite eile. Tha pàirt de na comharran sin 'nar dùthaich fhéin. Tha am Muile 's anns an Eilean Sgitheanach beanntan a tha e glé choltach a bha aon uair a' spùtadh am mach aimhnaichean teine, a sgaoil air talaimh 's air uisge 's a tha an diugh 'nan creagan cruaidhe fo shraithean còmhdaichte le fraoch is feur 's gach seòrsa luibh.

Cha robh an duine 'na fhianuis air ni de na h-atharrachaidhean sin. Bha iad ann roimh a linn. Ach tha iomradh againn air aon atharrachadh mòr

a thàinig air an talaimh ri linn an duine ; agus 's e sin an tuil.

Tha gnè nan atharrachaidhean a thàinig roimh linn an duine againn r'a ionnsachadh le bhi rannsachadh am measg nan creag 's nam beann agus an grunn d'a' chuain. Agus na'n gabhamaid beachd air, cha 'n 'eil clach a sgoilteadh sinn, no làn sluasaid a thionndaidheadh sinn air an talaimh, no a bheir sinn a nìos á grunn d'a' chuain, nach innseadh pàirt de eachdraidh an t-saoghail, nach toir dhuinn eòlas air gnè a' chruinne 's nach gabh leughadh mar leabhar.

Ma gheibh sinn clach no carragh air am bheil sgrìobhadh an càin, maith dh' fhaoidteadh, air nach 'eil sinn eòlach, tha sinn a' leantainn an sgrìobhaidh, litir an déigh litir, gus am faigh sinn iuchair na càin, agus an téid againn, mu dheireadh, oidhirp mhath a thoirt air na sgrìobhaidhean a leughadh, agus air seòrsa de eòlas fhaotainn air an treubh a rinn na sgrìobhaidhean, agus air an gnè, 's air cuid d' an cleachdaidhean. Gabhaidh eachdraidh nan creag leughadh air a' cheart dòigh. Tha 'n iuchair r'a faotainn an dùthchannan eile air feadh an t-saoghail ; agus an cuid de 'n dùthaich so fhéin far am bheil atharrachaidhean a' dol air an aghaidh a h-uile latha car coltach ris na h-atharrachaidhean a bh' ann bho shean, ach an dòigh na 's lugha. Fhuair sinn eiseimpleir mhath 'sa bheinn a sgàin am mach 'sna h-Innseachan-an-iar o chionn beagan bhliadhnachan air ais ; 's le bhi gabhail beachd air rudan de 'n t-seòrsa sin bho àm gu àm, théid aig daoine tha daonnan a' smaoin-

tinn 's a' rannsachadh nan cùisean so, dol glé dhlùth air gnè nan atharrachaidhean a bh' ann mu 'n robh duine ann a thoirt iomradh orra.

A nis, a réir eòlais nan sgoilearan, tha e glé choltach gu' n robh an saoghal aon uair mar mheall teine ; agus, mar tha fhios againn, gu'm bheil e dol mu 'n cuairt uair 'sa bhliadhna air a' ghréin, agus uair 'sna ceithir uaire fichead air aiseil fhéin, mar gu'm biodh ; agus gu'm bheil e air a chumail 'san t-suidheachadh sin lé dà lagh nàdurra : lagh-fuadaich agus lagh-tarruinn ; agus leis an dà lagh sin a bhi ag oibreachadh an aghaidh a chéile—an dara h-aon 'ga chur air falbh bho'n ghréin agus an t-aon eile 'ga tharruinn gu 'n ghréin le neart na gréine fhéin, tha iad 'ga chumail mu 'n cuairt gun stad ; agus air an aobhar sin tha sinn air an dara làimh a' faotainn nan sìontan agus air an làimh eile latha 's oidhche.

A nis, 's ann nuair a thòisich an cruinne air fuarachadh a thàinig a' cheud sgreag chraicinn air, no cheud slige ; agus b' iad sin na ceud chreagan. Tha luchd-foghlaim a' baralachadh gur i an seòrsa cloiche ris an abrar *gneiss*, clach is sine th' ann, agus gur i bonn stéidh aig a h-uile seòrsa eile cloiche. Tha na beanntan againn 'sa Ghaidhealtachd 'nan suidhe air an t-seòrsa cloiche so, ged dh' fhaodas pàirt diubh bhi de nàdur clach-uisge, mar a tha gaireall is clach-sglèata ; a chionn cha 'n 'eil teagamh nach robh a' chuid is mò de 'n fhearann uair éiginn eile air a chòmhdachadh le uisge nuair a bha 'n saoghal glé òg.

A nis, bha crith-thalmhainn ann o thùs mar

a tha 'n diugh ; ach an suidheachadh mòran na bu mhotha. Bha cumhachd an teas, a tha 'm broinn a' chruinne an diugh fhathast, mòran na bu laidriche, agus an slige chloiche mòran na bu laige bho thùs na mar a tha a' chùis an diugh ; agus an àite bheanntan teine a bhi leigeil am mach an teas 's an teine 's na clachan loisgte, mar is eòl do dhaoine an diugh, bha earrannan mòra air an tilgeil as an àite 's air an slugadh anns an àmhainn theintich a tha 'n cridhe na talmhainn, agus air am brùchdadh am mach a rithis uaireiginn eile, agus an suidheachadh eile, cuideachd. Leis a sin cha'n 'eil cinnt an i an seòrsa cloiche ris an abair sinn *gneiss* pàirt de 'n cheud seòrsa cloiche bh' ann, ged is e, a réir coltais, clach is sine air am bheil eòlas againn.

Ach cha 'n 'eil an sin ach seòrsa de roimh-radh air a' cheart ni air am bheil mi dol a bhruidhinn, a leigeil fhaicinn gu'n robh atharrachaidhean mòra air an talaimh mu'n d' thàinig e gu bhi car coltach ris an t-suidheachadh 'sam bheil i 'n diugh, mu'n do chinn luibhean is craobhan oirre, 's mu'n d' thàinig ainmhidhean, 's mu 'n robh i an suidheachadh air son teachd is comhfhurtachd an duine.

A nis, anns a' phaipear so tha mi dol a chumail ri aon àite ; agus 's e sin a' chuid de Mhuile g'am buin mi fhìn. Tha mi dol a chumail gu sònruichte ri dà cheann ; agus 's iad sin 'linn-na-deigh' agus 'linn-an-teas.'

Tha comharran gu maith soilleir am Muile air an dà linn sin, cho math ri gu'n d'fhàg na sean bheanntan-teine eachdraidh làidir 'nan déigh ; agus an uair a bheir mi iomradh air pàirt de na comharran

sin mar tha iad am Muile, dh' fhaoidteadh gu 'n tig nithean de 'n cheart seòrsa 'nur cuimhne, a chunnaic sibh nar dùthchannan fhéin, agus air nach do gabh sibh mòr bheachd. A nis, a réir gnè cuid de chreagan, agus a réir suidheachadh feadhainn eile, tha e glé choltach gu'n robh an dùthaich so aon uair cho fuar ris an àirde tuath, agus air a suaineadh an sneachd is reothadh is eigheannach. Agus tha e coltach air an làimh eile gu'n robh i uaireigin cho teth ri pàirt de na h-Innsean. Tha na sgoilearan tha sgrùdadh a' chuspair shònruichte so ris an abair sinne 'Sgoil a' chruinne-ché,' a' tighinn do 'n bharail sin le bhi leughadh rolla nan creag a th'air a sgrìobhadh le peann nàduir, a cheart cho soilleir ri aon sgrìobhadh a dh' fhàg na linn-tean a dh' fhalbh againn air rolla craicinn.

Iarraidh mi ur n-aire an toiseach, matà, gu linn-na-deigh. Cha 'n 'eil fhios agam nach d' thug pàirt agaibh an aire gu'm bheil anns na h-àiteachan as an d' thàinig sibh fhéin clachan mòra, fuasgailteach de ghnè tur eadar-dhealaichte bho creagan nàdurra an àite fhéin, ach a tha de 'n cheart seòrsa creige a tha 'n cnocan 's am beanntan àiteigin eile fich-eadan no ceudan mìle air falbh. An do smaointich sibh riamh ciod è mar thàinig iad ann? Sin seòrsa cloiche nàdurra ris an abair iad *gneiss* a tha'n eilean I, clach shligeach, dhubh, glé choltach ri cloich sglèata 'na dath 's 'na nàdur. Ach air fìor mhullach a' chnuic is àirde an I air fad, tha meall mòr cloiche anns am bheil còrr is tunna de chudtrom agus de 'n cheart seòrsa creige tha taobh eile a' chaoil 'san Ros. Taobh a' chladaich, fad o'n eilean, tha mòran

de 'n cheart seòrsa cloiche, agus an aon té dhiubh gu sònruichte, còrr agus dà cheud tunna cudtrom. Cha 'n eil ni is cinntiche na gur ann as an Ros, taobh eile a' chaoil, a thàinig na clachan sin ; agus 's i cheist ciod è mar thàinig iad do I.

Cha 'n 'eil ach an aon dòigh air an gabhadh iad toirt ann, agus b' e 'n dòigh sin le deigh no eigheannaich. Anns na sgrìobhaidhean a rinn Diuc Earra-Ghaidheal, nach maireann, agus iomadh h-aon eile, air I, ghabh iad beachd sònruichte air na clachan so, agus thàinig iad uile gu'n aon chomh-dhùnadh : gu'n robh iad air an giùlan à Muile nuair bha 'n eigheannach a' snàgan gu mall thar na dùthcha, agus i a' leigeil sìos nan clach a bha i a' giùlan, anns a h-uile àite an robh i leaghadh ; agus cha'n 'eil teagamh nach do ghiùlain i pàirt diubh iomadh mìle mach do 'n Chuan-t-siar agus, maith dh' fhaoitheadh, do Cholla 's do Thir-iodh 's do na h-eileanan an iar.

Tha na sgoilearan a th' air an oileanachadh an Sgoil a' chruinne-ché, mar tha Geikie agus iomadh aon eile, an dà chuid 'san dùthaich so agus air feadh rìoghachdan eile na h-Eòrpa, a' leigeil ris duinn glé shoilleir nach b' ionann suidheachadh an fhearainn an linn-na-deigh agus an diugh. Tha iad de'n bheachd, agus tha e glé choltach, gu'm bheil iad ceart, gu'n robh Breatunn comh-cheangailte ri Tìr-mòr na h-Eòrpa. Tha sin a' ciallachadh gu'n robh fearann tioram far am bheil an cuan Gearmailteach an diugh, agus gu'n robh, leis a sin, ainmhidhean air an ais 's air an aghaidh eadar càarnan de 'n t-saoghal tha 'n diugh air an

sgaradh le uisgeachan. Tha iad a' dol eadhon na 's fhaide na sin, agus a' dearbhadh gu'n robh fearann tioram a' comh-cheangal ceann-a-tuath na Roinn-eòrpa agus ceann-a-tuath America, far am bheil ceann-a-tuath a chuain-t-siar an diugh; agus gur h-ann air an dòigh sin a chaidh treubhan is sreudan do eileanan 's do thìrean iomallach air an sgaradh bho chéile le cuantan. Cha 'n 'eil teagamh nach ann mar sin, troimh 'n fhearann, a chaidh na treubhan ris an abair sinn na h-Innseanaich do America à Asia; a chionn tha pàirt de na cleachdainnean aca, agus fìor fhreumhan an càinain, glé choltach, an tomhas mòr, ri seana chleachdainnean 's ri seana chànainean na h-Àirde-'n-ear mu'n do thòisich an sluagh air sgaoileadh. Agus tha a' cheart argumaid fìor mu mhòran eileanan 'sa chuan-a-deas, a th' air an àiteachadh le sluagh aig nach robh, an toiseach, mòran sgìl air innleachdan seòlaidh, no idir air bàtaichean comasach a thogail. Ach cha'n 'eil mi toirt a stigh nam puingean sin ach a neartachadh nam beachdan a tha mi toirt air aghaidh mu linn-na-deigh.

Chunnaic sinn, ma tà, gu'm bheil e coltach gu'n robh an t-eilean so againn fhéin—Breatunn—aon uair comh-cheangailte ri tìr mòr na Roinn-eòrpa. Agus tha e coltach gu'm b' e sin suidheachadh 'san robh e ri linn-na-deigh. Tha e coltach, cuideachd, gu'n robh an aona bhrat mòr eigheannaich a' sgaoileadh am mach bho cheann a tuath na h-Eòrpa, thairis air far am bheil an cuan-a-tuath an diugh agus air Breatunn, agus a' gabhail am mach iompachd a' chuain-t-siar. Agus tha e coltach,

nuair a thòisich i air leaghadh, gur ann am mach an iar 's an iar-dheas a ghabh i. A nis, tha fhios agam gu'm bheil na briathran sin an déigh ceist shònruichte a thogail gu sàmhach 'nur n-inntinn-ean; agus 's i sin: ciod iad na dearbhaidhean a th' air na beachdan sin. Ach tha dearbhaidhean glé choltach ann, ged tha cuantan tighinn eadar sinne agus an linn ud.

Tha aon chomharra againn anns na clachan fuadain a dh' ainmich mi. Bha eigheannach-shiubhail an uair ud mar tha i 'n diugh 'sna dùth-channan 'sam bheil i, a' giùlan leatha gu mall, socrach a h-uile ni bha 'na rathad, agus 'gan leigeil mar sgaoil an sud 's an so air an t-slighe, anns gach àite 'san robh i a' leaghadh an déigh an giùlan, maith dh' fhaoidteadh, ceudan mìle air astar.

Tha an cuid de àiteachan 'san rìoghachd so fhéin, sonna-chlachan mòra tha de ghnè nan creag a th' am beanntan tìr mòr na h-Eòrpa. Glé fhaisg air a' Bheinn Mhòir am Muile tha clachan cruinne, fuasgailteach, eadar-dhealaichte uile gu léir bho sheòrsa 'sam bith cloiche tha 'san eilean, ach de cheart ghnè chreagan tha r'am faotainn pailt gu leòir am beanntan Lochlainn. Tha nithean mar sin glé neònach; ach nuair a tha fios againn gu'm bheil clachan is creagan mòra, 's a h-uile seòrsa moll air an giùlan bho 'n làraichean nàdurra an diugh fhathast le eigheannaich, an tìrean eile, agus air an leigeil sìos mìltean bho na cnuic d'am buin iad, tha e glé fhurasda dhuinn tighinn gu comhdhùnadh nach robh dòigh 'sam bith air an gabhadh na clachan-fuadain a chì sinn 'nar dùthaich fhéin

toirt as na cnuic d'am buin iad, ach a bhi air an giùlan air falbh le eigheannaich-shiubhail mar an ceudna.

Ach, a bharrachd air clachan-fuadain, tha comharraan eile an aodann nan creag 's nan cnoc, 'nar dùthaich fhéin, air linn-na-deigh, agus ged nach eil iad cho follaiseach ris na clachan-fuadain, tha iad a' togail a cheart uiread fianuis air an linn fhuair so a dh' fhalbh; agus, mur do ghabh sibh beachd roimhe so orra, gabhaibh beachd orra a' cheud turus a théid sibh do'n Ghaidhealtachd.

An do ghabh sibh riamh beachd gu'm bheil oirean nan creag na's maoile air an dara taobh de chnoc na tha iad air an taobh eile. Tha 'n rud sin gu math taisbeanach an cnocan an Rois Mhuilich. Nuair a bha 'n eigheannach a' snàgan thar nam beann 's nan cnoc, bha ghainmheach mhìn 's am moll a bha 'na bonn, a' bleith nan creag 's a' fàgail craicinn gu math lìobhte orra; is bha i, leis a sin, a' maolachadh nan oirean air an taobh de'n chnoc air an robh i a' bualadh an toiseach, agus, maith dh' fhaoidteadh, a' geurachadh nan oirean air an taobh eile, nuair a bha i sleamhnachadh thairis orra. Tha sin 'na aon dòigh air am faod sinn an cùrsa ghabh i a dhol gu cuan, a lorgachadh. Ach tha comharra eile air sin. Ma théid thu gu mullach a' chnuic is àirde agus gu'n rùisg thu a' chuid de 'n chreig a th' air a còmhdach le ceithir no cùig de shreathan de thalaimh, chì thu gu'm bheil a' chreag an sin cho lìobhte 's ged a bhiodh i ri aghaidh cloich-lìobhain. Ma sheallas tu gu mean, chì thu gu'm bheil a bheag no mhòr de strìochan air a'

chraicionn mhìn sin, agus na strìochan sin air am fad an taobh a bha'n eigheannach a' siubhal. 'S iad sin dà chomharra eile air linn-na-deigh agus air cùrsa na h-eigheannaich.

Far am bheil creag bhog, cha'n'eil iad cho bitheanta; ach far am bheil creag chruaidh mar tha 'n seòrsa cloiche ris an abair sinn "granite," anns an Ros Mhuileach, tha comharran de 'n t-seòrsa sin gu maith taisbeanach, a chionn a' chreag sin a bhi cho cruaidh 's nach 'eil urad buaidh aig na sìontan oirre. Ach, aig an àm cheudna, far nach 'eil i air a còmhach le talaimh o chionn iomadh linn, tha leithid de bhuidh aig na sìontan—uisge is reothadh 'sa gheamhradh, is teas na gréine 'san t-samhradh—air a' chreig is cruaidhe, 's nach 'eil mìr de 'n chraicionn mhìn a dh' fàg an eigheannach r'a fhaicinn.

Nis, gheibh daoine a tha 'n còmhnuidh a' scrùdadh 's a' foghlum mu 'n chruinne-ché, am mach air comharran de 'n t-seòrsa sin—na clachan fuadain is mullach nan cnoc air an lìobhadh 's air an strìochadh—ciod e urad de 'n Roinn-eòrpa 's a bh' air a chòmhdach leis a' bhrat eigheannaich so, agus, air an dòigh cheudna, ciod e 'n tiughad a bh'ann. Tha iad a' baralachadh gu'n robh e còrr agus trì mìle troigh de thiughad air uachdar na Gaidhealtachd. Gabhaidh sin fhoillseachadh leis na clachan fuadain a chì sinn air mullach chnoc is bheann. Tha e coltach gu'n robh i dà no trì cheudan troigh de thiughad thar Ithe nuair a dh' fhàg i clach a thug i à cnoc taobh eile a' chaoil air fìor mhullach a' chnuic is àirde 'san eilean. Cha'n

eil teagamh agam nach d' thug pàirt agaibh fhéin iomadh uair an aire do nithean de'n t-seòrsa so 'nar dùthchannan fhéin ged, maith dh' fhaoideadh, nach do smaointich sibh riamh ciod e mar a thachair iad. Ach tha mòran de dh' eachdraidh a' chruinne r'a fhoghlum o nithean glé bheag mar so.

Cha 'n 'eil mi smaointinn gu'm fairicheadh neach e fhéin aonaranach 'sa ghleann is uaigniche 'sa Ghaidhealtachd, ma bhiodh leabhar mar chompanach aige air gnè a' chruinne g'a sheòladh, 's gu'n tòisicheadh e air leughadh na h-eachdraidh cheutaich a th' air a gràbhalladh an aodann nam beann.

Cha 'n 'eil teagamh nach 'eil e glé dhuilich a ghabhail a stigh gu'n robh an dùthaich so aon uair cho fuar ris a chèarn is fhaide tuath; ach tha comharran taisbeanach againn gu'n robh. Agus tha e glé neònach gu'm bheil ceart làmh ris na comharran sin air linn-na-deigh, air fuachd is reothadh cho garg 's a tha 'n diugh 'sna cèarnaibh is fhaide tuath, comharran eile air linn cho teth a bhi aon uair 'san dùthaich so, 's a tha 'n diugh anns na h-Innsean an ear no 'n iar. Dh' fhàg an linn sin a comharran fhéin mar a rinn linn-na-deigh; agus tha i mar gu'm biodh caibideil eile an eachdraidh a' chruinne air a sgrìobhadh gu nàdurra anns na creagan. Tha 'n seòrsa chreag sin an rudha garbh faisg air Bun-easain am Muile; agus cha 'n 'eil ach glé bheag de bhliadhnachan bho'n a fhuair Diùc Earra-ghaidheal nach maireann, am mach an rolla dìomhair so anns am bheil eachdraidh aimsir a dh' fhalbh air a seuladh, agus an eachdraidh sin ag innseadh mu aimsir 's mu thìribh

tur eadar-dhealaichte bho shuidheachadh na cùis an diugh.

Bha ùigh mhòr aig seann Diùc Earra-ghaidheal air a bhi rannsachadh gnè agus nàdur nan creag gach uair a thigeadh e rathad an Rois. Tharruing coltas nàdurra nan creag an aodann Ard-tunna 'aire, agus aon àm a bha e gu dìcheallach a' rannsachadh gnè na creige, chunnaic e gu'n robh eachdraidh neònach air a gràbhalladh innte ; agus cha b'fhada gus an d' thug a chuid sgrìobhaidhean fa chomhair an t-saoghail i ; agus bho'n latha sin, 's iomadh-tigh foghlum feadh na rìoghachd so, agus an cèarnaibh eile, 'sam bheil pìosan dìth 'gan sgrùdadh aig oileanaich. A nis, tha clach so car de ghnè cloiche sglèata, no clach uisge. Tha gnè chloich ann ris an abrar clach uisge, mar tha sglèat fhéin agus gaireal 's clach aoil is cailc, a' cur dealachadh mar chreagan eadar iad fhéin 's an seòrsa eile ris an abrar clach theine, mar tha *granite* a tha pailt gu leòir feadh na Gaidhealtachd. Ach gabhaidh a' chlach shònruichte so an Ard-tunna sgoltadh 'na duilleagan gu math tana ; agus air a h-uile duilleag a sgoltar dhith, tha mar gu'm biodh dealbh dhuilleagan chraobh is bhlàithean, agus seòrsachan froinich is iomadh seòrsa eile de luibh nach 'eil a' cinntinn idir an àite 'sam bith de 'n rìoghachd so, agus nach cinn ach an dùthchannan teth, mar tha na h-Innsean an ear agus Iapan. A nis, tha dealbh, no làrach, nan duilleagan so de iomadh seòrsa luibh agus iad air an seuladh cho nàdurra 'sa cloich so, àite 'sam bith 'san sgoltar i 's gu'n lean an t-sùil a h-uile snàthainn is caoile th' innte,

a cheart cho math 's ged a bhiodh an duilleag fhéin an làthair. Agus tha daoine a tha sgileil air luibhean, a' foillseachadh còrr agus dusan seòrsa luibh air am bheil iad gu math eòlach, a tha gu maith pailt anns na h-Innsean agus an Iapan.

Tha rannsachadh nan creag so a' dol air aghaidh ach gann a h-uile latha fhathast, samhradh an déigh samhraidh; agus seòrsachan ùra luibhean air an cur ris an àireamh bho àm gu àm; agus cha 'n 'eil seòrsa ùr a leigear ris nach do chinn 's nach do chaoin an teas cho dian 's a tha 'n diugh 'sna h-Innsean. Ciod e nis is ciall da so?

Thachair aon latha orm duine 's e 'n déigh tilleadh bho rannsachadh na creige annasaich so, agus dh'iarr mi a bheachd oirre, agus b' e 'm beachd sin beachd a h-uile h-aon d'a sheòrsa a tha mean-eòlach air gnè a' chruinne. B' e sin: gu'm b' e grunnd locha mhóir uisge, no aibhne shèimh a bha uaireiginn an tìm a dh' fhalbh far am bheil na creagan so 'n diugh. Bha dùthaich mhòr eadar-dhealaichte seach mar tha i 'n diugh, air a còmh-dach le coilltean is luibhean air am briodal as a ghrunnd le teas ro mhòr. Bha luibhean is duilleach, mar tha sinn cleachdte ri fhaicinn an diugh fhathast, a' faotainn an rathaid gu grunnd na h-aibhne, no an loch so, 's air an còmh-dach ri ùine le gainmhich mhìn. Chaidh, mar sin, brat an déigh brait de dhuilleach 's de luibhean a chòmhdachadh àm an déigh àm, agus linn an déigh linn, le brat an déigh brait de ghainmhich mhìn. Ach uaireiginn eile thàinig a h-aon de na h-ùbraidean a dh' ainmich mi 'n toiseach na h-òraid so, agus dh' atharraicheadh

suidheachadh na dùthcha. Bhrùchd beanntan teine am mach aibhnichean teinteach, agus ghlaiseadh cuid de 'n tìr fo bhrat de 'n t-seòrsa cloiche ris an abrar *lava*. A réir beachd, shluig an cuan a suas mòran de 'n t-seann tìr; agus aig àm eile bhrùchd cuid dìth nuas a rithis. Tha coltas is nàdur nan creag anns a' cheart chuid so de Mhuile a' toirt deagh dhearbhadh air a so. Nuair a bhrùchd an talamh a suas a rithis, cha 'n 'eil teagamh gu'n robh e mar tha e 'n diugh; chionn an ùine cho fad 's bho 'n a thachair e, rinn na sìontan—uisge is reothadh, 's teas na gréine, agus, mar an ceudna tonnan na fairge—an cuid fhéin de 'n t-snaigheadaireachd a dh' atharraich aghaidh na talmhainn, feadh an t-saoghail uile, gus am bheil gleanntan is beanntan is rudhachan mòra mar tha iad an diugh.

A nis, nuair a chrìon an craiceann *lava* so fo chumbachd nan laghan nàdurra so, 's ann a thàinig a' chreag so, bha aon uair mar chreatha làn duillich is iomadh seòrsa luibh, an grunn aibhne no loch, an làthair a rithis, mar a chì sinn i agus dealbh a h-uile seòrsa luibh air an robh i dèanamh greim anns a' cheud suidheachadh, 'sa h-uile àite 'n sgoltar i, cho mean 's a bha 'n duilleag fhéin no 'n luibh, nuair a bha iad a' crathadh 'sa ghaoith air craobhan 's air raointean a dh' fhalbh o chionn mhiltean bliadhna, nuair a bha aghaidh na dùthcha uile gu léir eadar-dhealaichte 'na coltas seach mar tha i 'n diugh.

Ged nach biodh againn de dh' fhianuis air na h-atharrachaidhean sin ach Staffa, 's leòr sin fhéin,

oir 's eilean e tha 'na ionghnadh an eachdraidh gnè a' chruinne cho mòr 's a th'air an t-saoghal air fad. Ach feumaidh sibh a thuigsinn nach 'eil ann ach pìos de 'n fhearann a bha aon uair comh-réidh ris an rudha dh'aimnich mi: Ard-tunna. Cha 'n 'eil teagamh nach robh mòran de na bheil 'na chuan an diugh mu'n cuairt an eilean ainmeil so agus gu ruige Eireann, 'na fhearann còmhnhard aon uair, agus de 'n cheart ghnè ri Staffa; agus nach 'eil an Staffa fhéin ach pìos de 'n fhearann sin. Agus cha 'n 'eil teagamh, air an làimh eile, nach robh am fearann sin, no a' chuid mhòr dheth air a brùchdadh am mach à beanntan teine. Tha Staffa 'na dhearbhadh air a sin agus anns an dòigh so.

Tha e coltach nuair a bhriseas beinn-theine am mach, gur e cheud rud a thig am mach toit is smùid is luath. 'S e 'n smùrach 's an luath a cheud rud a laigheas air a' gbrunnnd. Thig an déigh sin dòrtaichean mòra de chloich-theinntidh leaghte ris an abrar *basalt*; agus 's e gnè nàdurra 'n t-seòrsa chloiche sin fàs 'na postachan tri-oisinneach nuair a dh' fhuaraicheas i. Cha 'n 'eil ni 'sam bith, eadhon nithean gun bheatha, nach eil air a stiùradh gu cumadh sònruichte air choireiginn le laghan nàdurra, eadhon spilgean salainn, no spilgean siùcair; tha 'n cumadh sònruichte th' orra, air a riaghladh le laghan nàdurra mar tha fhios aig oileanaich, a dh' fhaodas a bhi leughadh so, tha eòlach anns an eòlas ris an abrar *chemistry*. Nis 's e luath agus smùrach na beinne theinntidh air fàs 'na chloich tha 'm bonn stéidh an eilein iongantaich so; os a chionn sin tha 'm basalt a dh' fhàs a réir a

ghnè nadurra fhéin, 'na phostachan tri oisinneach a tha cur sealladh gu maith iongantach air an eilean agus air mullach nam postachan. 'S mar dhearbhadh gu'n robh an t-eilean sin aon uair fo uisge tha seòrsa de chloich ghainmhich, no chreatha, air a measgadh le mul, mar a chì sibh gu bitheanta 'n grunn d'loch no aibhne. Tha na trì seòrsachan chlach a' leigeadh fhaicinn buaidh teine air an dara làimh agus buaidh uisge air an làimh eile.

Chì sibh, mar an ceudna a' bhuaidh a th' aig cumhachd nan tonn air cumachadh an eilein ainmeil so: mar a mheil iad air falbh a' chuid iosal de 'n eilean, 's a bhris iad na postachan, gus an d' fhàg iad an taobh an iar deth làn uamhachan. 'S ann air an dòigh so a dhealbhadh uaimh ainmeil Staffa: Uaimh Fhinn.

Nis, tha na h-innealan nàdurra so ag oibreachadh gu làidir ach gu mall, socrach an diugh fhathast: an fhairge a' cosg a sìos agus a' bleith nan clachan is cruaidhe gu gainmhich; 's tha na sìontan, mar tha uisge is reothadh 's na h-acids tha 'n t-uisge toirt as an adhar, a' criomadh 's a' snaigheadh gu socrach nan cnoc 's nam beann, agus a' toirt cum-aichean glé neònach air pàirt diubh. Chunnaic sibh, tha mi creidsinn, dealbh "Bodach an Stòrr" 'san Eilean Sgitheanach, agus 's e bhuaidh a th' aig na h-acids th'an t-uisge toirt as an adhar, air a' chuid is buige de 'n chloich, a shnaigh am mach as a' chreig dealbh a' bhodaich. Tha rudha mòr againn am Muile anns am bheil dealbh caillich air a shnaigheadh mach cho dàicheil 's cho nàdurra ri aodann caillich 'sam bith. 'S a nis, nuair a tha na

laghannan nàdurra sin ag oibreachadh gun stad, nach eil e coltach gu 'n robh aon uair coltas na tìr 's a' chuain eadar-dhealaichte seach mar tha sinne cleachdte r'am faicinn ? 'S an uair a bha 'n t-sìd na b' fhuaire aon uair 's na bu teithe uair eile na tha e 'n diugh, cha 'n eil teagamh nach robh na h-atharrachaidhean a' gabhail àite na bu luaithe ; 's tha comharran gu leòr ann, mar a chuala sibh, gu'n robh an dà chuid fuachd mòr agus teas mòr 'san dùthaich so fhéin aig amannan ; 's tha comharran gu'n robh an t-Eilean-uaine fhéin gu math na bu bhlàithe na tha e 'n diugh, a chionn tha craobhan r'am faotainn gu math domhain 'san talaimh, nach cinn ach an dùthaich is blàithe na tha 'n dùthaich sin an diugh.

Nis, 's i ceist glé neònach a th' ann : ciod e b' aobhar do na h-atharrachaidhean sin. 'S e 'm beachd a thagam fhéin so—ach cha 'n 'eil fhios agam am bheil e ceart. Tha fhios againn gu'm bheil an cruinne dol mu 'n cuairt air a ghréin uair 'sa bliadhna ; 's tha fhios againn a chuid de'n t-saoghal air an dìriche air an tig gaithean na gréine, gur e cuid is teithe ; agus gur e chuid air nach 'eil i dèarrsadh ach fann, is fuaire, mar tha 'n ceann a tuath 's an ceann a deas. Tha sinn a' creidsinn, cuideachd, gu'm bheil buaidh mhór aig a' ghréin air a' chruinne 'na dhol mu 'n cuairt am farsuingeachd ; agus nach fhaodadh a' bhuaidh sin a bhi 'na aobhar air na h-atharrachaidhean tighinn, 's nach robh a' ghrian a' tighinn air a' chuid so 'n t-saoghal, ach car mar tha i 'n diugh air gach ceann deth, agus gu'm b' e sin a b' aobhar do linn-na-deigh.

Tha e glé choltach, co dhiùbh, gu'n robh linntean teth is fuar ann, gu'n d' atharraich iad àite uair no dhà, cuideachd; 's tha comharran 'gam faotainn an diugh fhathast gu'n d' thàinig na h-atharrachaidhean sin bho theas gu fuachd gu math athghoirid. Tha fhios againn, an ceann a tuath na Roinn-eòrpa, far am bheil an eigheannach a' leaghadh na 's mò na chéile car a' bhliadhna, gu'm bheil beathaichean air an cladhach am mach 's an greim fèidir 'nam beul. Tha iad air bhi tìodhlachte an sin mìltean bhliadhna, 's feumaidh gu'n robh iad air an reothadh is air an còmhdach le eigheannaich an ùine gu math goirid. Ach cha 'n e a mhàin gu 'n robh atharrachaidhean cho mór so air an t-sìd 's gu'n robh linn fhuar agus linn theth ann; ach bha, mar an ceudna, mar thubhairt mi cheana, am fearann 's an cuan mór ag atharrachadh; 's cha 'n 'eil teagamh 'sam bith nach robh fearann aon uair far am bheil cuantan an diugh; agus mar an ceudna cuantan far an robh uaireiginn fearann. Cha 'n 'eil teagamh nach robh àiteachan 'sam bheil grunn gainmhich is sligean chreutairean meanbh tha cumanta 'n grunn a' chuain, uaireiginn fo 'n fhairge, mar tha I agus Tir-iodh, agus eileanan eile 'sa Ghaidhealtachd. 'S tha luchd-sgil a' baralachadh nach 'eil anns na h-eileanan sin ach pàirt, agus a' chuid a b' àirde, de 'n fhearann a bha aon uair far am bheil ceann a tuath a' Chuain-t-siar an diugh.

Tha mòran r'a fhoglum mu na nithean so bho chleachdaidhean nàdurra eunlaith shiubhail. Tha daoine ann tha gabhail tlachd ann a bhi geur bheachdachadh air falbh 's air tighinn nan eun

siubhail, mar tha chuach 's an gòbhlán-gaoithe. Tha iad a' beachdachadh air na dùthchannan troimh 'm bheil iad a' tighinn, 's na rathaidean tha iad a' gabhail; 's tha iad a' toirt an aire, an àm dol thairis air cuan, nach ann idir, mar is bitheanta, far an caola 'n cuan a bheir iad an aghaidh, ach far an leithne e. 'S tha daoine, air a' chor sin, am beachd gu'n robh aon uair fearann air a' chuid so de 'n t-slighe 'sam bheil a nis fairge; ach a chionn gu'm bheil na h-èin air an stiùradh 's air an riaghladh le laghannan nàdurra, tha iad a' gabhail na ceart slighe bha 'n gnè a' gabhail o thùs nuair a bha fearann ann.

Tha creutairean neònach glé choltach ri radain an Lochlainn, aig am bheil fàgail glé iongantach. Nuair tha iad a' fàs tuillidh 's lìonmhor 'sa chuid de 'n dùthaich 'sam bheil iad, tha laghannan nàdurra leis am bheil iad air an riaghladh, mar a tha h-uile creutair, a' toirt air pàirt diubh imrich a dhèanamh; 's aig àm sònruichte de 'n bhliadhna tha e coltach gu'm bheil buidheann diubh togail air falbh troimh 'n dùthaich, 's an aghaidh ris an àirde 'n iar, gus an ruig iad an cladach. Tha iad an sin a' gabhail am mach air a' chuan 's cha'n fhaicear tuillidh iad.

A nis, 's e 'm beachd a th' aig daoine tha scrùdadh nithean nàdurra mar so, gu'n robh e 'na fhàgail nàdurra bho thùs aig a' chreutair so a bhi ag imrich aig amanna sònruichte, agus a' gabhail a stigh do 'n fhearann mhór a bha uaireiginn far am bheil ceann a tuath a' chuain-t-siar an diugh; gu'm bheil e a' leantainn na ceart fhàgail fhathast a' gabhail roimhe gus am bheil e 'ga bhàthadh

'sa chuan, ag iarraidh na seann tìr a bha aon uair a' toirt fasgadh is bedshlaint d'a ghnè o thùs.

Nuair sheasas sinn an diugh, ma ta, air an làraich air am bheil sinn, agus a sheallas sin air ar n-ais gu'n àm 'san d' thàinig an cruinne so am bith, gheibh sinn seòrsa de shealladh troimh cheò trom air an t-suidheachadh 'san robh an saoghal so aig àman sònruichte : air mar a bha e, a réir beachd, 'na mheall de thoit no de theine geal do-léirsinneach; mar thòisich e air fuarachadh gus an d' fhàs seòrsa craicinn air; mar a bhris an t-slige aige, 's a thuit i do 'n àmhainn theintich, 's a bhrùchd i nuas a rithis an atharrachadh gnè; mar bha 'n talamh tioram air am bheil sinn air a còmhдахадh le h-uisge, 's mar a dh' iomlaidich fearann is cuan àite, maith dh' fhaoidteadh, uair no dhà; mar a bha teas is cinneas nan Innsean an dara h-uair, is fuachd is crannadh a' chinn-a-tuath an uair eile, eadhon 'nar dùthaich fhéin; gus an d' thàinig an cruinne dh' ionnsuidh an t-suidheachaidh 'sam bheil e 'n diugh. Tha sin uile, a réir beachd nam feallsanach, a rinn sàr rannsachadh an Sgoil-a'-chruinne-ché: cha 'n 'eil an so ach oidhirp leibid-each air na beachdan cudtromach sin. Ach, a chionn 's gur i a' cheud oidhirp de 'n t-seòrsa i an cànan nan Gaidheal, tha mi an dòchas gu'm buin gach leughadair gu h-ìochdmhor ris gach mearachd a th' innte. Oir cha 'n 'eil e fathast ro-fhurasda do 'n Ghàidhlig dol sgiobalta mu 'n cuairt a h-uile h-òisinn a dh' fhaodas tachairt oirnn air an t-slighe gu doimhneachd is dìomhaireachd na h-ealain sin ris an abrar "Sgoil-a'-chruinne-ché."

FROM WITHOUT

[BY A FOREIGN DIPLOMATIST.]

As a sympathiser of a good many years' standing, and as one who takes a more than passing, and, I hope, an intelligent interest in the Gaelic Movement, I have pleasure in acceding to the request that has been addressed to me that I should offer some observations on that Movement from the point of view of a friendly "outsider." Of course, it should be distinctly understood by the reader that I claim no particular authority for my views, which are simply those of an amicable and interested spectator of the Celtic struggle to resist absorption and, I fain would hope, to defeat the national extinction, which undoubtedly threatens an ancient, accomplished, and peculiarly interesting people. Nor am I to be held as entirely responsible for the somewhat discursive and fragmentary character which, I have no doubt, these observations will assume in the course of their making. The subject is a large one, and my employment and engagements in a very different sphere of political activity have prevented me from giving it that close and constant attention which, I have no doubt, it deserves, and which it must assuredly exact from such as aspire to lead and to direct public opinion in regard to this matter. Still, such as they are, my views are very much at the

service of the Celtic peoples. I have had some experience of men and books, and a more or less intimate, and certainly prolonged, acquaintance with public affairs, and the ever-changing stage of European international politics, render the study of political and semi-political "movements" of the kind in which the Celtic peoples are now engaged (as the task of prognosticating their future) a good deal easier, and, I hope, more profitable to all concerned than, perhaps, it would otherwise be in the case of the foreigner, and of the man who is not personally concerned in those undertakings.

With regard to the Publication in which these brief and disconnected remarks are to appear, I have no hesitation in saying that I regard the series of articles now appearing in it, and entitled *Former Gaelic Movements*, as by far the most interesting, and, from my point of view, most helpful, papers that yet have appeared. As to the Gaelic portion of *Guth na Bliadhna*, I am not qualified to speak. I can only hope that its Gaelic papers are as interesting to others who know that language as their English ones have been to me, which, I may add without flattery, is no mean praise. The author of this series has undoubtedly read Celtic history to some considerable effect; and, what is more, I do not remember ever to have encountered his point of view before, at all events so far as histories accessible to the reader of English are concerned. It is natural, of course, that a Celt, even if employing English as his literary vehicle, should express himself from the

Celtic point of view. There are two sides to most questions (which does not necessarily mean a *pro* and a *con* aspect, but two sides, each of which is susceptible to treatment from, perhaps, entirely irreconcilable, but, nevertheless, two perfectly honest and appropriate standpoints); and the thing which has hitherto struck me is, the entire absence of all Celtic standpoint—even the entire absence of all understanding and sympathy as regards the Celtic point of view—which the existing (English) histories of Scotland disclose. The writer, who signs himself “R. A.,” indites his historical sketches—for more, I understand, he does not claim them to be—from the Celtic point of view in respect of incidents and episodes in the complicated history of your interesting country; and whether his arguments and conclusions be, in the main, supportable or not, it is, at least, something to have that Celtic point of view brought out. Nothing is so bad for a people as to allow the making of its history to fall into foreign hands, and a more striking mark of decadence and national decay than this, I do not know. The English, whom, in many respects, I much admire, are, in the main, a singularly patriotic people. They have fine histories, and take singular good care that their national story does not grow rusty, as it were, for want of use. The Anglo-Saxon standpoint is conspicuous by its presence in all their best-known histories, and if they seek to impose—through the medium of history—their own particular point of view upon races which have fallen

in subjection to them, can you blame them? What would you? The guilty ones—those who deserve the scolding—are the peoples who are weak and foolish enough not only to accept the Anglo-Saxon's home-made estimate of himself and his actions, but to submit to the Anglo-Saxon's interpretation of their own historical past! It requires a more than liberal allowance of that gift, which is, perhaps, man's commonest possession, namely, credulity, to accept, without questioning, any man's or any nation's estimate of himself or itself; but a people which is not only prepared to do the latter, but also to confide the making of its story to those who, even supposing, they are as honest as the day, yet cannot possibly understand them or appreciate the springs and motives underlying their political conduct—the credulity of such a people passes all comprehension, even if it does not transcend all belief.

Now, if I, as a foreigner and sympathiser, were asked, "What, in your opinion, has brought down the Celtic people of Scotland to their present position?"—I should reply, "I assign what I believe to be three outstanding causes as contributory to that general result." The first, I think, to be the changing of the language of the Scottish Court from Celtic to English. The second is, in my opinion, the Reformation, and the third, the Union of the Crowns of Scotland and England. I think these three things quite sufficient to account for that Anglicisation, of which your Magazine justly complains.

I observe that "R. A.," in his earlier papers, laid great stress upon the MacDonalds as exemplars of Celtic ideals and ideas; but, in spite of his necessarily superior knowledge of and insight into the difficult history of your country, I am tempted to think that he has somewhat exaggerated the MacDonald capacity, and their ability to lead the whole nation. At all events, I do not think that he would deny that, given a Celtic speaking race of Stuart Kings, they would have been more acceptable to the bulk of the nation than the MacDonalds could ever have been. After all, the MacDonald claim to the Scottish throne (if they had one) must have been of the most shadowy description, whilst the Stuarts, whether they spoke the ancient national language or did not, were certainly Kings of Scotland, and as such, it is to be presumed, acceptable to the majority of the nation. But this criticism of mine as to the MacDonalds is entirely a thing apart. The point I wish to arrive at is this, that the Celtic language ceased to exercise a predominating social influence the moment it was banished the Celtic Court, and from that moment the Celtic decadence set in. No doubt, the Norman Conquest of England was a further weakening cause as regards Scottish Nationalism, as it opened a door to the reception of English ideas, manners, and customs on the southern border of Scotland, and so tended to weaken the connection with Ireland, the sister Celtic country, and the land from which Scotland received her civilisation; and though it is quite

possible, perhaps indeed probable, that Scotland would have resisted Norman and English influences had her Court retained the national language, yet once that was discarded in favour of the Norman French of the invaders of England, her complete submission to English ideas became, on that account, merely a question of time. It seems to me, therefore, that the true starting-point of national decadence or decay, so far as Scotland is concerned, is the day on which the Court of your country discarded the Scottish language (as, I believe, the ancient Latin charters invariably designate the Celtic speech of the country) in favour of that spoken by the Norman Court of England; and that no movement to reverse the "verdict of history," so far as the ancient national language of Scotland is concerned, can be completely successful unless and until it takes adequate cognisance of this fact. The social factor is an enormously important one; and unless you can either destroy the existing social system of your country, or revolutionize the upper classes, which, I understand, are very English in habit and sentiment at present, I do not see how your movement can succeed—at all events in respect of the only thing worth fighting for, a *national* resurrection.

I come now to speak of the "Reformation," which set the corner-stone to the work of Anglicisation inaugurated by your own Kings. With the theological aspect of that question, I am not, of course, any ways concerned. I am neither a Priest nor a Presbyterian Minister, but a politician;

and what strikes me principally and most forcibly about this "Reformation," so far as Scotland is concerned, is the want of political address and foresight shewn by the man who was mainly responsible for it, and who had most to do with it—I mean John Knox. Knox was a man of great gifts—in many respects a truly remarkable man—but he was a Minister, by which I mean he was a clergyman first and a politician afterwards. At such a time Scotland required a leader, in which the order of these gifts (or rather employments) was reversed. She required a Statesman, not a theologian; for the measure of Knox's want of success is to be found in the degree in which he allowed the Calvinist to triumph over the Nationalist. That Knox was a Nationalist, according to his lights, I, personally, have not the smallest doubt; but he committed as Statesman two fatal mistakes: the first was in employing English aid to establish his "Reformation": the second, in believing for a moment that the nobles, and upper classes generally, would or could long stomach his indigestible Calvinism. That is where Knox failed, and grievously erred. He knew (so far as the Lowlands are concerned, at all events) the genius and temper of the common people to a nicety; but he entirely reckoned without his host in assuming that he could govern the nobles. He could do nothing of the kind, and his life closed in a failure, of which he himself seems to have been dimly conscious; for his dream of a Calvinistic State—an *independent* Scotland—of which, if I may

be permitted the expression, the Clergyman should be perpetual "boss" was passing rapidly away before his closing eyes even as he lay on his death-bed. The nobles, as a body, detested Calvinism; but they loved the rich plunder and broad acres of the Church. That is why, to a certain extent, they embraced John Knox, and swallowed his theology; but the moment they were in possession of the lands they coveted, they turned round and resumed their ancient intrigues with England. They were too strong for Knox and the common people, just as they were too strong for the adherents of the ancient Church and the National party. As a body, indeed, they were entirely destitute of Nationalism. A long course of intrigues with England—of intrigues extending over several centuries—seems to have undermined at once that patriotism and their honesty, rendering them a bye-word in respect of the negation of those qualities even in an age which was little scrupulous about either the one or the other.

As to Knox's employment of English aid to establish his "Reformation," it must be allowed that this was an egregious blunder, if, as I believe, he was himself a Nationalist, and desirous of preserving the freedom and independence of his country. The tendency southwards, what with an already Anglicised nobility, and a Court which spoke the English language, and was peculiarly susceptible to English influences, was already progressing at a rate which threatened speedy absorption or extinction; so that Knox's attempt to save the

State by introducing into the body politic a double dose of the poison under which it was fast languishing, if heroic medicine, was certainly not Statesmanship. It may be objected that Knox could not help himself. Possibly not. But here is just where he failed. So eager was he to plant Calvinism in Scotland that he sacrificed the independence of his country to that object—and even then he failed. The nobles of Scotland to this day prefer Anglicanism to Presbyterianism; and as to the precise creed of John Knox, all modern indications point to the speedy extinction of even the moiety that remains of it amongst the common people. No wonder Knox's life closed in gloom. For the sake of an impossible theological idea, he surrendered the independence of his country to the hosts of the champions of Anglican orthodoxy! He failed to establish Calvinism, and he erased the honoured name of Scotland from the map of Europe. A great man? Yes, perhaps: but as political failure yet greater.

The transference of the Court of Scotland from Edinburgh to London was another important step in the downward path of "Scotland, a nation." It seems to me that your instructive contributor, "R. A.," in his historical sketches, scarcely laid sufficient stress upon this important event, though, if my memory does not deceive me, he did refer to it. The point is particularly important—far more so, in my humble opinion, than the Legislative Union of 1707—inasmuch as it forms a piece of what had taken place before, and should be con-

sidered in connexion with it—I mean the loss to Scotland of her national language, and the consequent loss of privilege and social and political influence to the Celtic speech by reason of its expulsion from the Scottish Court. The transference of this Court to London—English-speaking though that Court was, and Anglicised out of all semblance to its original self as it undoubtedly was—set the crown to that work, and precipitated the fall of Scotland. In the first place, it enormously lowered the name and prestige of Scotland in the eyes of Continental nations. It is about this time that we begin to meet with evidences in State documents, reports of negotiations, and so on, of a practice which, I understand, is even yet offensive to some Scotchmen—I mean that of indiscriminately labelling subjects of the British Crown as Englishmen—a sure, if painful, indication of the fact that, owing largely to their own action, Scotchmen were beginning to lose one of the few things in this world worth holding to and cultivating, namely, a distinctive nationality. In the second place, the transference of the Court to England proved a deadly measure for Scottish trade. Indeed, it nearly wiped it out; and though the Union of 1707 did something to restore it by abolishing burdensome taxes and easing the merchants of the constant dread of civil war, yet the presence of the Court in London, and the creation, in favour of the English Metropolis of a social, political, and trade centre for the rest of the British isles, must always operate to the detriment of Scotland and

Ireland, which are naturally and inevitably "bled" by that device. A capital such as London is a dubious economic, social, and political blessing even for a single country; but to suppose that three countries can simultaneously find their account in it, argues the possession of imaginative powers on the part of the person so holding before which the writer of these brief reflexions, at all events, must fall back abashed and dismayed.

And, in conclusion, what of the future? What prospects has the Celtic Renaissance of succeeding in the political and social mission upon which it has somewhat tardily, I fear, entered. I must confess that, were it not for the example and assistance of Ireland, that mission, in my humble opinion, at all events, would stand little chance of ultimate success. No purely linguistic movement has ever succeeded in restoring a threatened nationality. All such movements as Celtic revivalists are accustomed to point to as supplying justification for their own agitation, and as offering encouragement and inducement to those who have either entered into the Celtic movement, or are thinking of doing so, have been largely, if not entirely, political movements. This is inevitable. It has been well remarked that when a language dies, a nation expires; and, pray, what is the word "nation" but a common political expression, used to denote a group or collection of families bound together by common ties of race, language, country, &c. If, therefore, you engage in a movement to resuscitate one of these groups by preserv-

ing its most characteristic feature (which is, by common consent, its own language), you are *ipso facto* engaging in a political movement, whether you are cognisant of the fact or not. Now, in Ireland there happens to be just that sufficient quantity of political feeling underlying the Celtic movement in that country which is requisite to success, and which as yet, at all events, does not appear to exist in Scotland. Provided, therefore, *Ireland can keep her population at home, and provided always that the Gaelic League can maintain the ratio of success at present attending its propaganda*, I hold that the movement in that country is bound to succeed—which means that in the short space of twenty years, perhaps, the light of Irish learning and civilisation (which beamed so brilliantly of yore) will again be aflame in the west, and that another nation will have been added (or rather restored) to the political cosmography of Europe. The Irish have preserved their nationality better than the Scotch for two reasons—the first being that they have adhered to the best barrier which, in their circumstances, they could possibly oppose to Anglicisation—I mean the Catholic Religion; the second being that, as a nation, the Celtic element and strain in their blood enters more largely into the general composition of the nation than is the case in regard to Scotland, although I am quite prepared to admit that the Celtic strain in Scotland is much more prevalent than is commonly supposed and almost universally believed. With

regard to the first point, I call to mind the recent remark of an Irish Protestant gentleman—Mr. Yeats, the artist, if I mistake not—who, in a lecture on Irish Nationalism, remarked that though himself a Protestant, he would not on any account change the complexion of the faith of the vast majority of Irishmen, because he recognised in it the great preserver of Irish patriotism. This, from a Protestant especially, is a striking admission, as well as an abounding tribute to the power of the Catholic Church to safeguard the interests of oppressed nationalities—an admission, also, the full force and significance of which, I fancy, can best be gauged and appreciated by comparing the present state of national feeling in Catholic Ireland with that which obtains in Protestant Scotland. I must confess that, for my part, and with every disposition to the world to be fair, the advantage of that comparison is enormously on the side of Ireland.

With regard to the second point, I do not propose to enter into an ethnological discussion here. It is a point, however, from which a lively sense of my own slender qualifications for the task impells me to think that I should probably emerge by no means victorious. So far as to say, *en passant*, that the preponderance of political power has so long been centred in Great Scotland, that I doubt exceedingly the possibility of any substantial redress of the balance. The political division of the country apart altogether from the loss of the Catholic Religion (perhaps the one thing that could have

preserved Scotland for the Scots and *not* for the English sportsman); the political division of Scotland into "Highlands" and "Lowlands" has scotched, if it has not entirely killed, your native Patriotism. This, indeed, from the Scotch Nationalist point of view, was a fatal mistake, inasmuch as it widened pre-existing lines of racial cleavage (already formidable enough), and so played into the hands of England, whose astute statesmen early recognised the fact that an independent Scotland constituted a standing menace to England, and an insuperable obstacle to the realisation of those dreams of a world-wide Empire, which they would seem to have early indulged. Unless, therefore, the old political distinctions of "Highland" and "Lowland" can be abolished, and the *whole* Scotch nation brought under the aegis of the Celtic Renaissance—which is, I admit, what the Americans would describe as "rather a tall order"—the Scottish movement seems to me doomed to a partial, and, possibly, to but an ephemeral success. There is a ray of hope, however, and were I a Scotch nationalist, whether "Highland" or "Lowland," on that chance—slender though it may be—I would stake every throw of the dice. I would do more: I would be up and doing, in the firm belief that from that quarter—and from that quarter only—can salvation for "Scotland, a Nation," come. I mean Ireland. The success of the Irish Celtic Movement can not fail to re-act favourably on Scotland; and the more it succeeds, and the longer it endures, in that ratio precisely,

should its results be made manifest in Scotland. After all, it is to Ireland that Scotland owes her early civilisation : what more fitting and natural, therefore, than that to the same beneficent hand she should be indebted for the restoration of her nationality ? The issue, indeed, is yet on the knees of the gods, as they say ; but it behoves the Scotch to take the first step by cultivating cordial relations with the Irish Celts, and by working to restore the old intimate political connexion between them, to precipitate the solution of that issue in favour of what I, though a foreigner and a sojourner, as it were, without the gates, firmly believe to be two of the most interesting peoples under the sun.

DOMHNULL DUBH

TIGHEARN NAN EILEANAN *

LE IAIN MACDHOMHNULL

B'È fine ceutach agus cumhachdach a bh'ann an Cloinn Dòmhnuaill feadh iomadh linn, agus tha luaidh agus iomradh air a dheanamh orra gu minic ann an eachdraidh na h-Alba. Choisinn mìltean dhiubh cliu agus urram àrd air son an treubhantas

* Seann Eachdraidh : choisinn am paipeir so a'cheud duais.

ann an cath agus ri uchd gàbhaidh, agus chomh-
arraich mìltean eile dhiubh iad fhéin air son an
gleusdachd agus an tapadh ann an ealdhainean na
sìth. Dh'éirich móran dhiubh gu meas agus
inbhe àrd anns an arm, anns na dreuchdan fogh-
luimte, ann am malairt agus anns gach ceird. Tha
iad fhathasd anabarrach lìonmhor, araon ann an
Tir nam Beann, am bailtean-móra an taobh-deas,
agus anns gach cearn de'n t-saoghal.

Cha'n 'eil rùn orm an tràsda rannsachadh a
dheanamh a staigh do chraobh-sheanchais Chloinn
Dòmhnuaill; agus, ged a theannainn ris, is dòcha
nach b'urrainn dhomh solus ra shoillear a chur air
ceud theachd an fhine so a dh'Albainn. Tha e glé
choltach, co dhiubh, gur ann á Eirinn a thàinig iad
an toiseach, amhuil mar a thàinig móran eile de na
fineachan Gàidhealach. Fhuair iad an t-ainm
Sìol Chuinn bho Chonn nan Ceudan Cath, agus
cha'n 'eil teagamh nach d'rinn iad an dachaidh an
Albainn bho mheadhoin na seathamh linn. Mu 'n
àm so, thàinig móran de fhineachan eile a steach a
dh'Albainn á Eirinn, agus b'ann mu'n àm cheudna
thàinig Calum Cille, aig an robh inbhe prionnsa, a
nall a dh'Eilean I.

Cha do ghabh na Dòmhnuaillach ceannas àrd am
measg theaghlaichean Gàidhealach gus an deich-
eamh linn; agus, b' anns an dara-linn-deug a
thòisich iad air an àite b'urramaiche ghabhail
ann an eachdraidh chinntich. B'ann troimh
oidhirpean, troimh theomachd agus troimh chrìont-
achd Shomhairle, d'an goirte gu coitcheann Morair
Earraghàidheal, a thàinig Sìol Chuinn gu bhi ann

am mór chliu agus an àrd ùghdarras. Fhuair am fear-cinnidh cùirteil sin na h-oighreachdan a bhuineadh dha le còir-sinnsre ann an droch sgait agus gu mór a mach á uidheam agus dealbh. Le gaisge agus gliocas neo-chumanta, fhuair e e fhéin a shocrachadh mar riaghladair air a chuid bu mhò a dh' Earraghaidheal; agus ghlac e air ais an tighearnasa bh'aig athraichean thairis air Manainn, air Arainn agus air Bóid. Bha'n tighearnas so aig an àm air a mhealtainn le Rìgh Daidh I., a spìon e bho na Lochlannaich. Cha robh beachd no miann aig Somhairle air naimhdeas altrum a thaobh nan Lochlannach, chionn bha e a léirsinn gu math nach cìreadh na coigrich sin an cinn léithe anns na h-Eileanan no air taobh an iar na h-Alba. Air an làimh eile, is ann a ghabh e mar mhnaoi nighean do Olabh, rìgh nan Lochlannach anns na h-Eileanan, agus b'e ogha dha d'am b'ainm Dòmhnul a stéidhich am fine gu dìongmhalta agus a thug dhaibh an t-ainm leis am bheil iad air an aithneachadh uaithe sin. Chinn Cloinn Dòmhnul gu h-anabarrach an smachd agus an cumhachd, agus bha'n uachdarachd ré iomadh linn a sgaoileadh bho Mhaoil Chinntire gu ruig na h-Earradh agus a gabhail a staigh Arainn, Bóid, Caenntire, Cnapdal, Giogha, Ile, Diura, Muile, Colonsaidh, Tiridhe, Colla, Lochabar, Aird-namurchann, Mùideart, Arasaig, Cnòidcart, Gleann-a-garradh, Mòr-thir, Eige, Rum, Barraidh, Uibhist, an t-Eilean Sgitheanach, Gleann-eilg agus iomadh àit eile. Theirte ris na cinn-chinnidh aca Tighearnan nan Eileanan agus Iarlachan Rois. Phòs Iain I., Tighearn nan

Eileanan, a bha beo sa cheathramh-linn-deug, Mairearad piuthar do Rìgh Raibeart II.

B'ann aig bàs Iain II., aig deireadh na cóigeamh-linn-deug, a thàinig ùghdarras agus ceannas thighearnan nan Eileanan, mar phrionnsachan nach robh idir an eiseamail rìghrean na h-Alba, gu cinnteach agus gu buileach gu crìch. B'e mac dìolain dha d'am b' ainm Aonghas a b'oighre air Iain. Chaidh Aonghas a dhaingneachadh agus a sheulachadh na oighre mu'n do shiubhail athair, agus phòs e a bhaintighearn Màiri, nighean do cheud Iarla Earraghàidheal. B' ann leatha so, faodar a chreidsinn, a bha aige mac d'am b'ainm Dòmhnall, no mar a theirte ris gu cumanta, Dòmhnall Dubh. Is ann mu'n chuiridh chalma so tha toil agam iomradh gearr a thoirt seachad. Tha cuid de ùghdair a cumail a mach gur ann dìolain a bha am fear so mar an ceudna, ach cha'n fhiosrach mi gu'm bheil sin air a dhearbhadh gu soillear le neach sam bith. Bha ceistean a thaobh dligheachas ag éiridh a suas glé thrice ann an teaghlaichean Gàidhealach; agus, m'a bha iad duilich a réiteach am feadh sa bha na daoine beo, is cinnteach nach ann na's fhasa tha iad a' dol an déigh do cheudan bliadhna triall seachad. Air an aobhar sin, is fhearr leam gun bharrail a thoirt seachad mu'n chùis có dhiubh b'ogha Dòmhnall a dh'Iarla Earraghàidheal 's nach beadh.

Bha Aonghas na dhuine anarbarach iorghuill-each agus còmh-stritheach, agus bha e daonnan an cath san cogadh. Bha diomb aige ri athair air son e a liubhairt thairis móran da chumhachd do'n

Rìgh agus do'n Ard Uachdaranachd; agus ma dheireadh bha cath searbh, eagalach eatorra ann am Bagh na Fala, mu thuairream mìle n-iar air Tobar-mhoire. Bha buaidh agus glòir an latha—ma bha glòir ann—aig Aonghas, agus fhuair athair agus na dh'éirich leis garbh thionndadh. Bha'n mhór-chuid de Chloinn Dòmhnall de'n aon bharail ri Aonghas a thaobh a chòrdaidh a rinneadh eadar an seann duine agus an Rìgh.

Beagan ùine an déigh na strìth ud am Bagh na Fala theann Iarla Athuill air falbh gu bog, balbh, sàmhach a dh'Ile, far an robh Aonghas aig an àm a' gabhail còmhnuidh, agus thog e leis an leanabh mic aige ris an canta Dòmhnall Dubh. Chaidh an naoidhean a thoirt do Iarla Earraghàidheal; agus, tha fios agus cinnt nach robh Gàidheal no Eileanach sam bith san àm ud nach robh a lan chreidsinn gu'n d'rugadh Dòmhnall dligheach agus gu'm b'e Tighearn Earraghàidheal a sheanathair. Chaidh am balachan a chur am braighdeanas do Innis-chonnail air Loch Odha, far an robh freiceadan air a chumail air le mór chùram. Cho b'ann gu mì-thapadh a chaidh Aonghas nuair a fhuair e mach mar a thachair, agus có a bh'aig bun a ghnìomh chruaidh-chridheach agus naimhdeil. Chuir e mu'n cuairt an crann-tarra, chruinnich e a luchd-leanmhainn, agus, le àireamh mhór de bhirlinnean, thog e air gu tìr-mór. Sheol e dìreach gu Ionar-lòchaidh, far an d'fhàg e a chuid luingis, agus mhears e air aghaidh le feachd mór gu crìochan Athuill. Thàinig e air sluagh na dùthcha sin gun fhios gun fhoirbhis, agus sguab e i bho cheann gu

ceann le claidheamh agus teine. Thug e léir-sgrios air gach àite troimh 'n robh e siubhal, chaidh móran dhaoine chur gu bàs agus bha deatach nan taighean a chaidh a losgadh a dubhadh nan speur ré iomadh latha. Theich an t-Iarla agus a Bhaintighearn maille ri móran de mhuinntir eile do Eaglais Chill Bhrighde, a giulan leo gach nì bu luachmhoire no chéile bhuineadh dhaibh. Anns an taigh naomh dh'iarr iad tearmun, ach sin sochair nach robh am beachd Aonghas a thoirt dhaibh. Chaidh prìosanaich a dheanamh de'n Iarla agus de'n Bhaintighearn, agus thill na h-Eileanaich air an ais gu Ionar-lòchaidh trom-luchdaichte le creich is cobhartach. Mar a bha iad a' seoladh bho'n Linne Sheilich gu Ile dh'éirich doineann throm agus b'éigin móran de bhathar na goid a thilgeadh thar na cliathach. Bha leithid de shaobh-chreidimh agus de ghisreagan am measg nan Eileanach aig an àm so agus gu'n do làn ghabh iad a staigh gu'n d'thàinig an stoirm ghàbhaidh ud mar bhreitheanas air son mar a chaidh tearmun Eaglais Chill Bhrighde bhriseadh. Cha robh a chaochladh barail aig Aonghas fhéin; agus, le fiamh agus geilt, leig e na prìosanaich inbheach ma sgaoil gun chùmhanta sam bidh a dheanamh a thaobh a leinibh, Dòmhnall. Thachair na nithean so mu'n bhliadhna 1480. Beagan bhliadhnachan an déigh creach Athuill thàrlaidh a dh'Aonghas a bhi aig cuirm aig ionad dlùth a dh'Inbhirnis, agus, am feadh a bha'm fleadhachas a' dol air aghaidh, chaidh a mhurt gu an-ìochdmhor le a chlàrsair fhéin, a ghearr an sgornan aige le cuire mhóir, fhada.

Ghabh Tighearn na Eileanan a nis seilbh as ùr air na oighreachdan bho'n robh e air a dhùnadh a mach le mhac ceannairceach, Aonghas. Shiubhal a mhac eile—a b'òige no Aonghas—gun teaglach fhàgail, agus chaidh inbhe oighre bhuileachadh air Alasdair Loch-aills, mac bràthar do'n Mhorair. Chuir Alasdair e fhéin gun dàil air ceann nan Eileanach, agus thug e ionnsuidh ghramail, thàbhachdach air Iarlachd Rois a chosnadh air ais do Chloinn Dòmhnuaill. An déigh iomadh sgrios and spùinneadh a dheanamh, chaidh an ruaig a chur air a chuid feachd aig Blàr na Pàirc, agus e fhéin a dheanamh na phrìosanach. Thàinig an iorghuill a bh'ann gu cluasan na h-Ard Uachdaranachd, agus b'e a thàinig às a' ghnothach gu'n deachaidh Moraireachd nan Eileanan arbhartachadh agus a cheangal ris a' Chrùn. Chaith an seann Mhoraire a chuid ma dheireadh d'a bheatha gun a bhi gabhail móran gnothaich ri cùisean follaiseach. Chrìochnaich e a làithean an Taigh Mhanach Phaislig—taigh air an do bhuilich e fhéin agus a shìnnsear tìodhlacan nach bu bheag. An so dh'eug e sa bhliadhna 1498, agus dh'adhlaiceadh e, le òrdugh fhéin, an uaigh Rìgh Raibeart II. Goirid do'n àm cheudna chaidh Fear Loch-aills a chur gu bàs an Eilein Diarmain le MacIain Airdnamurchann.

San t-samhradh, 1498, thàinig Rìgh Seumas do'n Ghàidhealtachd agus ghléidh e cùirt aig caisteal a dh'aobharaich e thogail aig Ceann-loch Chill-chiarain, agus anns an ath earrach thàinig e do Thairbeart Loch-fine. Thug e ùghdarras agus

barantas do Ghilleasbuig, Iarla Earraghàidheal, moraireachd nan Eileanan, mar a bhuineadh sin do'n tighearn ma dheireadh, a shuidheachadh air neach freagarach sam bith aig aonta trì bliadhna. Cha robh Ile no Ceann-tìre ri shuidheachadh mar so. Thugadh do'n Iarla fo-uachdaranachd thairis air fearann Chloinn Dòmhnuaill. Rinneadh e na fhear-gleidhidh air Caisteal an Tairbeart agus na bhàillidh agus na uachdaran air Cnapdal. Aig an àm cheudna, fhuair Tighearn Ghordon—mac Iarla Huntli—mar thiodhlac móran fearainn an Lochabar a bhuinidh do mhoraireachd nan Eileanan; agus thugadh do Dhonnachadh Stiubhart na h-Apunn fearainn Dhùrair agus Ghlinn-a-comhann. Bha oidhirp ri bhi air a toirt air luchd-leanmhainn Thighearn nan Eileanan fhògradh às an àiteachan agus gach cumhachd a bhuineadh dhaibh a spionnadh uapa.

Is e thàinig á Comhairle na Tairbeart gu'n robh na h-Eileanaich air an co-éiginneachadh, oil air mhath leo, gu dol an comh-bhoinn. Bha'n t-àm sona, sealbhach dhaibh gu sin a dheanamh, oir anns a' bhliadhna so—1501—bha Dòmhnul Dubh, le cuideachadh còmhlain gasda de fhir Ghlinn-a-comhann, comasach air teicheadh á Innis-chonnaill. Bha Dòmhnul a nis na òganach treubhach, sgairteil, agus ghabh na fineachan ris le làmhnan sgaoilte. Cha do nochd iad riamh gu'n robh teagamh sam bith aca gu'm b'e an t-oighre dligheach,—agus cha mhò a nochd a sheanathair, Tighearn Earraghàidheal, a chum an cuibhreach air Loch Odha e ré òige gu léir.

Cha bu luaithe fhuair Dòmhnul Dubh ceuman saor an t-saoghail na thòisich e ri bogadh nan gad a chum a bhi tagradh còirichean a shìnsre. Theann e air falbh do Leodhas, agus chuir e e fhéin fo dhlon agus fo fhasgadh Thorcuill MhicLeoid, tighearn an eilein sin. Dh'fhàiltich an ceann-cinnidh sin e le mór bhàigh. Bha Torcull pòsda aig Caitriona, nighean do Iarla Earraghaidheal; agus bha'n càirdeas a nochd esan do Dhòmhnul na dhearbhadh làidir eile do na h-Eileanaich gu'n robh an t-òganach air a ghintinn gu laghail. Bha àireamh nan treun-fhear a bha deonach air éiridh leis an oighre a' dol am meud bho latha gu latha.

Nuair a chuala 'n Rìgh—is cha b'fhada gus an cuala—gu'n robh Dòmhnul ma sgaoil air feadh nan Eileanan, ghabh e eagal agus iomaguin gu'm biodh an aimhreit air a bonn, agus dh'òrduich e Iarla Huntli do Lochabar air son màil a' Chrùn a thional am bog no'n cruaidh. Chaidh rabhadh a chur gu Torcull MacLeoid e a liubhairt thairis pearsa Dhòmhnul; agus air do'n Leodach an sanas a chuir an neo-shuim, bha e air a ghairm na fhear-ceannairc, agus a chuid fearainn air arbhartachadh. Chaidh barantas a thoirt an déigh so do Iarla Huntli, MhacShimidh agus Mhac-a-Rothaich Fhaolais iad a dhol do Lochabar agus gach fearann an sin a shuidheachadh air “daoine cearta.” Bha gach duine cònsaideach ri iomain air falbh. Bha na ceuman ceudna ri'n gabhail a thaobh Leodhais. Bu dìomhain gach oidhirp de'n t-seorsa so gu Dòmhnul Dubh a mhilleadh agus fhaighinn às an rathad. Bha na cinn-chinnidh riamh dìleas dha.

Air an deireadh thall, thàinig am beag sgeul gus am mór sgeul. B'ann mu Nollaig, 1503, a chruinnich na h-Eileanaich agus fineachan na h-àirde n-iar agus a thriall iad an uidheam cogaidh do Bhàideanach. Bhuineadh an dùthaich eireachdail sin do Iarla Huntli, agus tha e coltach gu'm b'ann air an aobhar sin a thaghadh i air son a' cheud deannal fhaotainn. Chaidh léir-sgrìos a thoirt air an àite agus air na cearnachan mu'n cuairt. Dh'fhàs a' cheannairc agus an t-ar-a-mach cho anabarrach is gu'm fac a' Phàrlamaid gu'm feumta rud-éiginn a dheanamh chum srian a chur ri Dòmhnall agus rìusan a bha 'g a leantainn. Ach, cha b'e an fheala-dhà na fir ud a thoirt fo cheannsal. Chaidh feachdan Albainn uile tuath air Cluaidh a ghairm a mach; agus thaghadh Iarlan Earraghàidheal, Huntli, Crafhurt, Marischall agus MacShimidh, maille ri tighearnan cumhachdach eile, gu bhi nan comanndairean. Ghabh Huntli os làimh gearasdain agus caisteil na Stròine an Loch-caran, agus Eilean-donain an Ceann-tàile, a ghlacadh air chumhnant gu'n rachadh na dh' fhòghnadh de ghunnachan-móra agus de fhùdar 's de pheilearan a chuir thuige le bàtaichean aig cosdais an Rìgh. Chaidh litrichean a sgrìobhadh gus na cinnchinnidh bu chumhachdaiche anns na h-Eileanan a' gealltainn dhaibh sàr dhuaisean nan aontaicheadh iad iad fhéin agus am muinntir ri feachdan an Rìgh, agus nan glacadh iad a mheud de luchd-leanmhainn Dhòmhnuille is air faigheadh iad cothrom. Rùnaich a' Phàrlamaid caisteil Ionar-lòchaidh, Dunabheartaidh agus Chinn-loch Chill-

chiarain a neartachadh, agus bha na h-Eileanaich ri bhi air an cuartachadh air muir agus air tìr. Chaidh Lachunn Mac'Illeathain Dhubhairt, agus Eoghann Mac Ailein Loch-iall, a bha nan companaich cho dealaidh, eudmhor sa bh'aig MacLeoid Leodhais ann a bhi gairm Dhòmhnuill Dhuibh mar Thighearn nan Eileanan—bha an dà laoch ainmeil so air an gladhach nam brathadairean agus nan luchd-ceannairc. Ach, a dh'aindeoin gach dìchioll a bha a' Phàrlamaid a' cleachdadh, b' ann a bha luchd na h-ar-a-mach a sìor dhol na bu lìonmhoire. Bha'n sluagh a' fuireach dileas do Dhòmhnull.

Rinn an Ard Uachdaranachd na bha na comas, gidheadh cha b' ann gu ceann dà bhliadhna chunnacas an strìth a' tighinn gu deireadh. Cha deachaidh cunntas mionaideach a ghleidheadh air mar a chaidh do na feachdan fa leth, ceum an déigh ceum; ach tha fios againn gu'm b' ann aig Dunbreathunn a bha ionad tionail na h-earrainn dheasaich de'n arm Rioghail, sa Ghiblean, 1504. As an àite sin bha gunnachan-móra agus asuing-cogaidh de gach seorsa—"clachan-gunna" air neo peilearan cloiche, am measg nithean eile—air an cur am mach air son séisd a chur ri gearasdan beag aig còrsa n-iar Mhuile d'an goirte Carnaburg. Bha dà bharantas air an toirt ré na bliadhna ud do Iarla Arainn gu dol a mach an aghaidh nan Eileanach; agus bha fiosan air an ais agus air an aghaidh gun stad, gun laiseachadh eadar an Rìgh agus Iarla Earraghàidheal, MacIain Aird-namur-chann agus MacLeoid Dhuin-bheagain. Bha'n earrann thuathach de'n arm fo chomann Mhorair

Huntli, a ghlac, mar a gheall e na daingnichean
aig Loch-caran agus Ceann-tàile.

Ri 'leantainn

ORAN NA COMHACHAIG.

(*THE SONG OF THE OWL*).

LE C. M. P.

PROMINENCE has recently been given to this song by its adoption—or rather by the adoption of part of it—by the Council of An Comunn Gaidhealach as one of the choral test songs for next Mod. The song is a veritable ‘Oran Mór,’ not only because of its being of an order above the ordinary popular song with its melodic tune and chorus, but also on account of its numerous stanzas. But the wisecrackers of that Association’s Council have allotted to this *Oran Mór* melodic and choral interpretation, for which it is very badly adapted; and to “balance fair on ilka quarter”—like Willie Wastle’s wife, I presume—they have allotted to a really melodic and choral song a place among the *Orain Mhóra*! This very odd reversal of things is perfectly explicable and of a piece with other recent fantastic happenings in the same connection, the cause of

which is gradually unfolding itself to the heretofore unobservant Gaelic man and woman.

The song—or ballad rather—has never wholly been recorded, and an attempt is here made to draw together the available parts of it into one whole. Most of it was first given in Gillies's collection of date 1786, and copied therefrom into later collections of Gaelic poetry. Stray verses, not elsewhere recorded, are given in Albyn's Anthology and An Duanaire. A writer over the pen name "Diarmid" has given the longest version known to me in "The Gael" of 1876. This writer, we may safely assume, judging by the style of his Gaelic article in that magazine, to be the late Donald Macpherson, Librarian of the Advocates' Library, and compiler of An Duanaire. He incorporates into his version the verses from the latter publication, but overlooks those in Albyn's Anthology. In the version following, those from both sources, not elsewhere given, are added in appropriate places; and, possibly, this makes it the nearest approach to a complete record, of any. But, when all is done, it is to all appearance defective still, and open to doubt as to whether it is one ballad or a combination of more than one. There are three participants in the rhymed conversation, namely, the Owl, the Hunter, and Age; and the transitions from one's part to another's are so abrupt as to give rise to the suspicion that the parts belong to different poems. It is possible, however, and probable, the abruptness referred to is due to missing verses.

For information regarding the reputed author and the epoch to which the ballad belongs, I cannot do better than translate what "Diarmid" writes in the *Gael*, vol. v., 1876. The compiler of "*Sàr Obair nam Bàrd*" has some references to the reputed author of the ballad in a foot-note under the verses; but little reliance is to be placed on much of what is stated in that book concerning the songs and their authors. This is how "Diarmid" writes:—

"More than one place claims the honour of being the birth-place of Donald the son of Finlay, the reputed author of the ballad known as "*Oran na Comhachaig*"—The Song of the Owl. Some say that he came of Braemar people; others that he belonged to Glencoe; and others again maintain that he was from Lochaber. But all are agreed in fathering the song on him. Those who are acquainted with Clan History cannot fail to observe, on reading the ballad, that it is about 300 years since Donald lived, and that he *dwelt*, at least, in Braelochaber.

"I remember, when young, hearing old men talking of Donald. According to their information, he was of Glencoe people, and his father Finlay was standard-bearer to Mac-ic-Iain. His mother was from Lochaber. His mother's father was bard and forester to Mac-ic-Raonuill, and he *dwelt* at Creag-Ghuanach. Here Donald was bred and familiarised to poetry and hunting from his earliest days, as he himself says in the verses.

"When he came to man's estate, after his father

died, he went to stay at Glencoe. It is not certain how long he remained there; but it is apparent from the song that he and his chief fell out with one another. Whatever the cause of the disagreement, Donald left "Eòin à Tigh-na-Creige"—John of the Rockhouse—vowing he would never return. He came then to his old acquaintances at Creag-Ghuanach and was there welcomed. His grandfather, as it happened then, being unfit for further service, Donald was appointed bard and forester to Mac-ic-Raonuill. Mac-ic-Raonuill gave him two farms: Creag-Ghuanach and Fearsaid-riabhach. He had the former as his summer and the latter as his winter quarters. After settling down in his new home, he married one of the MacDonalds of Braghad. After a short spell of married life together, Donald's wife died, and he remained a widower to the close of his days, his only daughter Mary keeping house for him.

"Donald was handsome and tall, active and healthy, and lived to an old age. He was unequalled for bowmanship; and it was customary, even down to very recent times, to compare anyone who was a good marksman to Donald the son of Finlay. He is said to have had a great store of poems and tales, a large proportion of which was made by himself; but the only poem fathered on him is this one of The Owl. Some would fain credit him with the authorship of "Miann a' bhàird a fhuair aois," but that poem is not his composition."

Many stories are told of Donald's marksmanship, his wanderings in pursuit of game, etc., and

“Diarmid” recounts a few. But want of space forbids their being given here.

The air which appears in the musical programme of the Mod is taken from Albyn’s Anthology, where it appears over verse 12 of the following, with this as a foot-note: “The above stanza to which this admirable air is adapted is one of 20, which the Gaelic reader will find in the old song entitled “Oran na comhachaig,” printed very incorrectly, in the Perth collection, and also in M’Donald’s collection. The following stanzas, furnished by the learned translator, seem also to bear a striking resemblance to the song in question. It is needless to add, how pure and classical the fragment here given is, in comparison with that of the song alluded to.”

The “fragment” consists of verses 43, 44, 71, 72, 69, 70, 49, 50, 53, 65, 66, and 67 of the following version, and they are said to have been “taken down by Ewan Maclachlan of Aberdeen, from the Oral Recitation of his late father, Donald Maclachlan of Fort-William.”

I have looked through Albyn’s Anthology to learn what the editor of the book signifies by the word “adapted,” and it is clear that he means to convey the impression that he himself set the 12th verse of the following to an air which was not its own.

In the Killin collection of Gaelic songs, an echo of Albyn’s tune, got from Joseph Stewart, Esq. of Cheathill, is given over verses 12, 13, 14, 15, 27, and 26 of the following; and it is probably a fiddler’s

recollection of Albyn's tune.

The ballad is a long one, is very irregular in its measure, impossible to render to a melody, and of an order to which semi-recitative is usual and appropriate. In "The Language, Poetry and Music of the Highland Clans," by Lieut. Donald Campbell, an air of the semi-recitative kind is given as that of "Oran na comhachaig," and it is as follows :—

GLEUS G.

{ s₁, s₁ : d., d | r., m : r., d | d., r : m., m | s., r : m., r
 { Creag mo chridh-sa a' Chreag-ghuanach; Creagan d'fhuair mi greis de m'arach;
 { d., d : l., s | s., r : m., s | l., s₁ : d., m | r., d : d., d.—||
 { Creag nan aighean 's nan damh siùbhlach; A' chreag aighearach ùrail ianach; ||

But even this air is not a characteristic specimen of the semi-recitative to which ballads of this order were wont to be sung; and there is this other which I took down from Mr. John Cameron, Paisley, a native of Ballachulish, who says it is the tune to which it was customary to sing "Oran na comhachaig" in his native place. It is much more flexible than the preceding, and resembles in style the tune of Dugald Buchanan's "Là Breitheanais." I give the music to the verse which Mr. Cameron best remembers :—

GLEUS A.

{ : | l₁, l₁ : l₁, l₁ | d., d : d., d | d., m : r., r | d., l₁ }
 { Nis o'n tha thu aosda, Dean-sa t'fhaosaid ris an t-sagart; }
 { : s₁, s₁ | s₁, s₁— : l₁, l₁ | d., d, d : l₁ | s₁ : s₁, d | l₁, l₁ }
 { Agus innis dha gun eiradh Gach aon a' seul 'gam bheil agad. ||

Here follows the song with the stanzas in the nearest approach to natural order which I can

think of. There are variants of lines and phrases which are entered in foot-notes.

Dòmhnall.

1. A chomhachag bhochd na Sròine,
Nochd is brònach leam do leabaidh ;
Ma bha thu ann ri linn Dhòmhnail,¹
Cha 'n ionghnadh ge trom thu 'd aigne.

A' chomhachag.

2. 'S comh-aoise misé do 'n daraig
Bha, na faillean anns a' chòinnich ;
'S iomadh linn a chuir romham :
'S gur mi comhachag bhochd na Sròine.²

Dòmhnall.

3. Nis, o 'n tha thu aosda,
Dean-sa t' fhaosaid ris an t-sagart ;
Agus innis dha gun euradh
Gach aon sgeul 'gam bheil agad.

A' chomhachag.

4. Cha d' rinn mise braid no breugan,
No cladh no tèarmunn a bhriseadh ;
Air m' fhear fhéin cha d' rinn mi iomluas ;
Gur cailleach bhochd ionraic mise.
5. Chunnacas mac a' Bhritheimh chalma,
Agus Fearghas mòr, an gaisgeach,
Agus Torradan liath na Sròine :
Sin na laoich bha dòmhail, taiceil.

¹ Donnghail, Donnswil.

² Stròine.

Dòmhnall.

6. O na thòisich thu air seachas,
 'S fheudar do leanmhuinn na's fhaide.
 Gu'n robh 'n triùir sin air fòghnadh
 Mu'n robh Dòmhnall 'san Fhearsaid.

A' chomhachag.

7. Chunnaic mi Alasdair Carrach,
 An duine b' allaile bha 'n Albainn ;
 'S minic a bha mi 'ga éisdeachd,
 'S e ag réiteach nan tom sealga.
8. Chunnaic mi Aonghus 'na dheaghaidh,
 'S cha b' e sin roghainn bu tàire ;
 'S anns an Fhearsaid a bha a thuinidh ;
 'S rinn e muileann air Allt-làire.¹

Dòmhnall.

9. Bu lionmhor cogadh is creachadh
 Bha 'n Loch-abar 'san uair sin :
 C'àite 'm biodh tusa 'gad falach,
 Eòin bhig na malaidh gruamaich ?

A' chomhachag.

10. 'S ann a bha chuid mhòr de m' shìnnsear
 Eadar Innse 's an Fhearsaid ;
 Bha cuid eile dhiubh mu 'n Deubhadh,²
 'S bhiodh iad ag éigheamh mu fheasgar.
11. An uair a chithinn-sa dol seachad
 Na creachan is am fuathas,³
 Bheirinn car beag bhàrr³ an rathaid,
 'S bhithinn grathunn 'sa Chreag-ghuanaich.⁴

¹ Liàrach.² Far.³ Deathag.⁴ An Creag-guanach.

Dòmhnall.

12. Creag mo chrìdh-sa a' Chreag-ghuanach,
 Creag an d' fhuair mi greis de m' àrach ;
 Creag nan aighean 's nan damh siùbhlach,
 A' chreag aighearach, ùrail, ianach.¹

13. A' chreag mu'n iadhadh an fhaghaid ;
 Bu mhiann leam bhi 'ga taghal
 Nuair bu bhinn guth gallain gadhair,
 A' cur graigh gu gabhail chumhaing.

14. 'S binn na h-iolairean m'a bruachan ;
 'S binn a cuachan ; 's binn a h-eala ;
 'S binne na sin am blaodhan
 Ni 'n laoghan meanbh-bhreac, ballach.

15. Gur binn leam torman nan dos
 Ri uilinn nan corrbheann cas ;
 'S an eilid bhiorach is caol cos
 Ni fois fo dhuilleach ri teas.

16. Gun de chéil' aic ach an damh :
 'S e 's muime dhith feur is creamh ;
 Màthair an laoigh mheanbh-bhric mhir :
 Bean an fhir mhall-rosgaich ghlain.

17. Is siùbhlach a dh' fhalbhas e raon ;
 Cadail cha dèan e 'san smùir ;
 B' fhèarr leis na plaide fo thaobh :
 Bàrr an fhraoich bhadanaich ùir.

18. Gur h-àluinn sgiamh an daimh dhuinn
 A théarnos o shireadh nam beann ;
 ¹ A' chreag ùrar, fhonnar, fhiarach.

“Mac na h-éilde,” ainm an t-suinn
Nach do chrom le spìd a cheann.

19. Eilid bhinneach, mheargant, bhallach,
Odhar, eangach, uchd-réidh, àrd ;
Damh togbhalach, cròic-cheannach, sgiamhach,
Crònanach, ceann-riabhach, dearg.
20. Gur gasda ruitheadh tu suas
Ri leacainn chruaidh is cas ;
Moladh gach aon neach an cù
Molam-s' an trùp tha dol as.
21. Creag mo chridhe-sa, Chreag mhòr,
'S ionmhuinn an lòn tha fo 'ceann ;
'S annsa 'n lag a th' air a cùl
Na machair is mùr nan Gall.
22. M' annsachd beinn sheasgair¹ nam fuaran ,
An riasgach o'n dean an damh crònan ;²
Chuireadh gadhair is glan nuallan
Féidh 'nan ruaig gu Ionbhar-mheòirein.
23. B' annsa leam na dùrdan bodaich,
Os cionn lic ag eararadh sìl,
Bùirean an daimh am bi ghnè dhuinne
Air leacainn beinne 's e ri sìn.
24. Nuair bhùireas damh Beinne-bige³
'S a bhéiceas damh Beinn-na-creige,
Freagraidh na daimh ud a chéile,
'S thig féidh á Coire-na-snaige.

¹ Sheasgach.² Rànan.³ Bheanna-beaga.

25. Bha mi o na rugadh mi riamh
 An caidreamh fhiadh is earb ;
 'S cha 'n fhaca mi dath air am bian
 Ach buidhe, riabhach 's dearg.

26. Cha mhi fhìn a sgaoil an comunn
 A bha eadar mi 's Creag-ghuanach,
 Ach an aois 'gar toirt o chéile :
 Gur grathunn an fhéil' a fhuaras.

27. 'S i creag mo chrìdh-sa a' Chreag-ghuanach,
 A' chreag dhuilleach, bhiolaireach, bhraonach,
 Nan tulach àrd, àluinn, fiarach :
 Gur cian a ghabh i o 'n mhaorach.

28. Cha mhinic a bha mi 'g éisdeachd
 Ri séitrich na muice mara ;
 Ach 's tric a chuala mi mòran
 De chrònanaich nan damh allaidh.

29. Cha do chuir mi dùil 'san iasgach,
 Bhi 'ga iarraidh leis a' mhaghar ;
 'S mòr gu'm b' annsa leam am fiadhach
 'S a bhi falbh nan sliabh a's t-fhoghar.

30. 'S éibhinn an obair an t-sealg ;
 'S ait e cuairt an àrd gu beachd ;
 Gur binne a h-aighear 's a fonn
 Na long 's i dol fo bheairt.

31. Fhad 's a bhithinn beò no maireann,
 'S deò de 'n anam 'nam chorp,
 Dh' fhanainn am fochair an fhéidh :
 Sin an spréidh an robh mo thoirt.

32. O' àite 'n cualas ceòl bu bhinne
 Na mòthar gadhair mhòir a' teachd ;
 Daimh sheanga 'nan ruith le gleann,
 Mìol-choin a' dol annt' is asd'.
33. Nuair a bha mi air an dà chois,
 'S moch a shiùbhlainn bhos is thall ;
 Ach a nis, o 'n fhuair mi 'n trì,
 Cha ghluais mi ach gu mìn, mall.
34. Tha bladh¹ mo bhogha a'm uchd,
 Le agh maol, odhar is ait ;
 Ise geanail 's mise gruamach :
 'S cruaidh an diugh nach buan an t-slat.
35. 'S truagh an diugh nach beò an fheadhainn—
 Gun ann ach an ceò de 'n bhuidhinn—
 Leis 'm bu mhiannach glòir nan gadhar,
 Gun mheaghail, gun òl, gun bhruidhinn.
36. Bratach Alasdair nan gleann,
 A sròl² farumach ri crann,
 Suaicheantas soilleir Shìol-Chuinn
 Nach do chuir suim an Clanna-Gall.
37. An Cinne-ghiùthsaidh, 'na laighe,
 Tha nàmhaid na graighe deirge ;
 Làmh dheas a mharbhadh a' bhradain :
 Bu mhath e 'n sabaid na feirge.
38. Dh' fhàg mi 'san righe so shìos
 Am fear a b' olc dhomh a bhàs ;³
 Is tric a chuir e thagradh an cruas
 An cluais an daimh chabraich an sàs.

¹ Blaigh, blàth.² Stròl.³ Bhathas.

39. Raonall Mac Dhòmhnuill ghlais
 Fear a fhuair fòghlum gu deas ;
 Deagh Mhac-Dhòmhnuill a' chùil chais,
 Cha bheò neach a chomhraig¹ leis.
40. Alasdair cridhe nan gleann—
 Gun e bhi ann, mòr a' chreach—
 'S tric a leag thu air an tom
 Mac² nan sonn leis a' chu³ ghlas.
41. Is Dòmhnallach thu gun mhearachd ;
 Gur tu buinne⁴ geal na cruadhach ;
 'S càirdeach thu do Chlann-chatain
 'S gur a dalt thu do 'n Chreag-ghuanaich.
42. Ma dh' fhàgadh Dòmhnall am muigh
 'Na ònar á Tigh-nam-fleadh,
 'S gèarr bhios gucag air bhuil—
 Luchd-a'-chruidh, bidh iad a stigh.
43. Ach Aonghais Mhic Aonghais òig,
 B' e do dhlighe bhi còir riamh ;
 Bu tu cas-shiubhal nan sròn ;
 B' ann le d' làimh a leòint' am fiadh.
44. Leis a' ghunna sin tha 'd uchd,
 D'am b' ainm an Lorg fhada ghlas ;
 Bu tu sìor-nàmhaid a' bhruic
 O 'n cheud là riamh dh' fhalbh i leat.
45. Bu mhath mo bhuachaille cruidh—
 B' e sud uasal nam fear—
 Bu deacair dhomh tàrmus air t'fhuil :
 Cha bu dubh, ach aobharrach glan.

¹ Charraid.

² Slìochd.

³ Choin.

⁴ Boinne.

46. Bu mhath mo bharanta-cogaidh,
 Ged a thogair mi tigh'nn uaithe—
 Gur h-Eòin á Tigh-na-creig e—
 O na bhagair e mo bhualadh.
47. 'S o na bhagair e mi gu teann,
 Cho fad 's a mhaireas crann no clach,
 Cha tog mi chuige mo thriall;
 'S cha mhò dh'iarrainn dol 'na theach.
48. Mi 'm shuidhe air sìth-bhrugh nam beann,
 A' coimhead air ceann Loch-tréig,
 Creag-ghuanach am biodh an t-sealg,
 Grianan àrd am biodh na féidh.
49. Chì mi 'n Dubh-lochan¹ bhuam :
 Chì mi Chruach is Beinne-bhric,²
 Chì mi Strath-Oisein nam Fiann³
 'S chì mi ghrian air Meall-nan-leac.
50. Chì mi Beinn-nibheis⁴ gu h-àrd,
 'S an Càrn-dearg 'na bun ;
 Is coire beag eile r'a taobh⁵
 Chit', is monadh faoin is muir.⁶
51. Gur riomhach an Coire-dearg
 Far 'm bu mhiannach leinn bhi sealg ;
 Coire nan tulchagan⁷ fraoich,
 Innis nan laogh 's nan damh garbh.

¹ Coire-ratha ; na Dubh-lochain.² Beinn-bhreac.³ Aiseann nam fiadh.⁴ Iobhais.⁵ Chitheadh far mullach a fraoich.⁶ Monadh fada, faoin is muir.

Chi mi fonn is fraoch si muir.

⁷ Tulaichean.

52. Chì mi Bràigh Bhidein nan dos
 An taobh so bhos de Sgurra-lith ;
 Sgurra-chòinnich nan damh seang,
 'S ionmhuinn¹ leam an diugh na chì.
53. Chì mi Srath farsuinn a' chruidh,
 Far an labhar guth nan sonn ;
 'S Coire-creagach a Mhaim-bhàin,
 Am minic an d' thug mo làmh toll.
54. Chì mi Gairbeinn² nan damh donn,
 Agus Lap-bheinn³ nan tom sìth ;
 Mar sin is an Leitir dhubh :
 Is tric a rinn mi fuil 'na frìth.
55. Soraidh gu Beinn-eòlair⁴ uam,
 O 'n 's i fhuair urram nam beann ;
 'S gu slios Loch-eireachd an fhéidh :
 Gu'm b' ionmhuinn leam fhéin bhi ann.
56. Thoir soraidh uam chun an loch
 Far am faicteadh bhos is thall ;
 'S gu Uisge-leamhna nan lach,
 Muime nan laogh breac 's nam meann.
57. 'S e loch mo chrìdh-sa 'n loch,
 An loch air am bitheadh an lach,
 Agus iomadh eala bhàn ;
 'S bhiodh iad à snàmh mu seach.
58. Olaidh mi á Tréig mo theann-shàth ;
 'Na dhéigh cha bhi mi fo mhulad ;
 Uisge glan nam fuaran fallan,
 O 'n seang am fiadh a ni 'n langan.

¹ Aolbhinn.

² Garbh-bheinn.

³ Slat-bheinn.

⁴ Allta.

59. Soraidh uam gu Coire-na-cloich,
An coire 'm bu toigh leam bhi tàmh ;
'S gu Uisge-labhair nam faobh ;
Cuilidh nan agh maol 's nam mang.
60. Soraidh eile gu Bac-nan-craobh ;
Gu dà thaobh Beàlach-nam-sgùrr ;
'S dh' ionnsuidh 'n Eadar-bheallaich mhòir
Far nach cluinnear glòir nan Gall.
61. 'S buan an comunn gun bhriseadh
Bha eadar mis' 's an t-uisge ;
Sùgh nam mòr-bheann gun mhisge,
Mise 'ga òl gun trasgadh.
62. 'S ann a bha 'n comunn bristeach
Eadar mis' 's a' Chreag-sheilich ;
Mis' gu bràth cha dìrich ;
Ise gu dilinn cha teirinn.
63. O na labhair mi umaibh gu léir,
Gabhaidh mi fhéin dìbh mo chead ;
Dearmad cha dèan mi 'san àm
Air fiadhach ghleann Bheanna-beag.
64. Cead is truaighe ghabh mi riamh :
Do 'n fhiadhach bu mhòr mo thoil ;
Cha'n fhalbh mi le bogha fo m' sgéith,
'S gu là-bhràth cha leig mi coin.
65. Cha mharbh mi coileach no cearc ;
Cha mharbh mi lach air an t-snàmh ;
Cha chuir mi morghath an sruth ;
Cha mharbh mi iasg dubh no bàn.

66. Cead do mhaoisleach, cead do 'n bhoc ;
 Cead do 'n damh is dosach bàrr ;
 Cead do 'n bhiolair anns an fhuaran ;
 Cead do 'n nuallan anns a' chàrn.
67. Cead do na h-uile coire bh' ann ;
 Cead do dhiomhaireachd nan allt ;
 Cead do Choire-mhuilinn lom,
 Is Coire-mhinnein nan damh seang.
68. Is tiamhaidh trom mo chridhe féin ;
 Chuir an aois mo cheum fo lot ;
 Cha dìrich mi tulach an fhéidh,
 'S gu là-bhràth cha leig mi coin.
69. Mise 's tusa, ghadhair bhàin
 'S tùrsach dhuinn an diugh na thréig ;¹
 Chaill sinn an tathunn 's an dàn ;
 Ged bha àm a b' àrd ar gleus.²
70. Thug a' choille dhiot-s'³ an earb ;
 Thug an t-àrd dhiom-s'⁴ na féidh ;
 Cha 'n 'eil nàire⁵ dhuinn, a laoich,
 O 'n laigh an aois oirnn le chéil'.⁶
71. Mo thruaighe, mo thruaighe mì !
 Tha mi 'm shìneadh air mo dhruim,
 'S mi ri cuimhneachadh gu tric
 Nach iarr iad mi nis air chuilm.

¹ Ar turas do'n eilean.

Thug sinn greis roimhe ri deannal.

² 'S olc ar gnothach anns an Eilean.

Grathunn ri ceanal.

³ Dhinn.

⁵ Còir againn.

⁴ Dhinn.

⁶ Gu léir.

72. Cha 'n iarr iad mi thigh an òil
 O 'n dh' fhàs mì 'm dhuine gun spéis ;
 Bha mi uair a dhirinn sròn,
 Is dh' fhàgainn luchd nan spòrs a'm dhéigh.
73. Aois, cha 'n 'eil thu meachair,
 Ged nach fheudar leinn do sheachnadh ;
 Cromaidh tu an duine dìreach
 A dh' fhàs gu mìleant', gasda.
74. Giorraichidh tu a shaoghal,
 Is caolaichidh tu a chasan ;
 Fàgaidh tu a cheann gun deudaich,
 'S ni thu eudann a chasadh.
75. A shine chas-eudnach, pheallach,
 A shream-shuileach, odhar, éitidh,
 C'uime leiginn leat, a lobhair,
 Mo bhogha thoirt dhiom air éiginn.
76. O 'n 's mi-fhìn a b' fhèarr an airidh
 Air mo bhogha 's ramhath iubhar,
 Na thusa, aois bhodhair, sgallaich,
 Bhios aig an teallaich a'd shuidhe.

An aois.

77. Labhair an aois rium a rithis ;
 Is mò 's righinn tha thu leanailt
 Ris a' bhogha sin a ghiùlan :
 'S mòr gu'm bu chuibhe dhuit bata.

Dòmhnall.

78. Gabh thusa bhuams' am bata,
 Aois ghrànda, chairtidh na pléide ;

Cha leiginn mo bhogha leatsa,
Do d' mhathas no air éiginn.

An aois.

79. 'S iomadh laoch a b' fhèarr na thusa
Dh' fhàg mise gu tuisleach anfhann ;
An déigh fhaobhachadh as a sheasamh,
Bha roimhe 'na fhleasgach meanmnach.
-

GUTH NA BLIADHNA (THE VOICE OF THE YEAR)

BEING NOTES ON THE GAELIC CALENDAR

IN these days, when there is an attempt to re-adjust the Calendar, and a proposal to re-arrange our working hours, so that we may enjoy more daylight, it may not be out of place if we consider how our forefathers were able to take note of time, or calculate the advent of the seasons, long before watches were common. That they were able to do so with remarkable accuracy is beyond doubt ; and the ingenuity with which they made calculations, based on shrewd observation, is worthy of attention. What follows is not intended as an exhaustive treatise on the Gaelic Calendar, but

simply notes and general observations on the Gaelic year, with some examples of the folklore associated with the red-letter days of the Gaelic Calendar.

The arranging of the Gaelic Calendar is a difficult task, for there is no real one to found upon. What has survived of the ancient Calendar of the Gael is now so very much mixed with the Ecclesiastical Calendar of the Celtic Church, and it is extremely difficult at times to determine what is ecclesiastical and what is anterior to that and native.

Probably the oldest, and certainly the most ambitious Celtic Ecclesiastical Calendar is that of Angus, the Culdee, written in Old Irish verse, about the end of the tenth century. The work, edited by Dr. Whitley Stokes, was published in 1871. There are some rude attempts at the construction of a Calendar in several of the ancient medical MSS. in the Advocates' Library, Edinburgh. One of these, O'Dugin's, is printed in Dr. Cameron's "*Reliquiæ Celticæ*," vol. I., p. 141.

Of course, as my readers are doubtless aware, every Gaelic household, in ancient times, constructed a rude Calendar for itself. As the years rolled on, by putting a nick in the bed-post—or *eag* 's a' *ghobhal*—a nick in the huge couple-leg which supported the roof of their humble dwelling; and by varying the mode of cutting the nick—making it longer, or shorter, or deeper, as suited the fancy of the cutter, the ancient Gael could refer back, with remarkable accuracy, to this rude

record of past events. Samples of "Clog Almanacks," similarly carved are still preserved. They consist of pieces of wood—squared—on the edge of which were cut various hieroglyphics representing the red-letter days.

DIVISIONS OF TIME.

To divide the day into a certain number of equal parts could only be adopted when means had been invented of mechanically measuring time. We accordingly find no allusion to hours in the course of Scriptural histories till we come to the Book of Daniel, who lived 552 years B.C. It is there recorded—"Then Daniel, whose name was Belteshazzar, was astonished for *one hour*, and his thoughts troubled him." Before the *hour* division was adopted, men could only speak of such vague natural divisions as morning and evening, forenoon, noon, and afternoon. The Gaelic language is peculiarly rich in those divisions and sub-divisions, which must have been peculiarly valuable before clocks or watches were common. We have really no Gaelic word for the Latin *hora* or English hour, for *uair* really means a season of indefinite duration, as *uair mhath*—good weather; *an uair a thàinig*—when he arrived. It is clear the primary meaning of *uair* was a period or season, for when the Gael applies it to a period of an hour's duration he says, "*uair an uaraidear*"—an hour of the *clock* or *watch*. The Gael's smallest division of time is *prioba*—while you wink, then he has *tiota*—a moment and *seal*—a very short period, *tacan* or *grathann*—a while, *greis*—a considerable period,

and *nine mhór*—a long time. From the Latin the Gael got his two great divisions of the day—Morning and Evening—*Maduinn agus Feasgar*. For the dawn the Gael has several phrases, such as—*A' chamhanaich, briste na faire, beul an latha, ceud ghairm a' choilich*, and he speaks of an act of early rising—*moch-éirigh*—as being *mun do bhlaic an t-eun an t-uisge*—before the bird tasted water. The *maduinn*—morning—runs on to noon—*meadhon latha* or *trà nedin*; then the afternoon—*an déigh meadhon-latha*, running on till the gloaming, *beul an fheasg air* and *ciaradh an là*, followed by *anamoch*—late, and *beul-na-h-oidhche*—the portals of night, and *meadhon oidhche*—midnight. Such are the divisions of the Gaelic day and night. Early rising is designated *moch éirigh*; while those who sit up late, “burning the midnight oil,” are guilty of *ionnairidh* or *fionnairidh*, from *fionn*—after or behind, as *fionn-odha*—a grandson's grandson, and *faire*—to watch, *fionn-fhaire*—late watching.

The time of the day was known to the Gael by the position of the sun in the heavens, and in every district there were landmarks on which certain shadows fell at a particular time of day, thus serving all the purposes of a sun-dial. Through the night the Gael was able to fall back on his never-failing friends—*mo shùil, mo bhrà, 'san coileach*—observation, the cravings of hunger, and “the cock's shrill clarion.”

DAY—LATHA.

The day was the unit of the year. Gaelic *latha*

or *là*; Irish, *lá* or *latha*; Manx, *laa*, root *las*—shine; Sanskrit, *lāsati*—shines. To-day is *an diugh*; Irish, *andiu*. To-morrow is *am màireach*; Irish, *márach*; early Irish, *imbárach*; Manx, *mairigh*. The day after to-morrow is spoken of in Gaelic as *an lathr'n na mhàireach*, or, more correctly, *an latha iar na mhaireach*; Irish, *iarnabárach*, from *iar*, after, or a step further out, as *iarogha*, a great-grandsou. Probably the commonest way of expressing the day after to-morrow is by use of the term *earar*; Irish, *oirthoir*. Yesterday is expressed by *an dé*, and the day before yesterday by *iar-bho'n dé*. To-night is expressed in Gaelic by *an nochd*; Irish, *inochd*; Manx, *ye noght*. To-morrow night is *an ath oidhch'*. Last night is in Gaelic *an raoir*; Irish, *a raoir*, *a réir*. The night before last is *iar bho'n raoin*.

While recognising the day as the unit of the year, the ancients felt the want of an intermediate reckoner of time, and this was found in the moon and its monthly period. In fact, the moon was the measurer of time *par excellence*, as the words for month in English, Latin, Greek, and Gaelic prove, for they are from the root *moon*. Its four phases gave rise to weeks of seven or eight days—eight among the Romans; and the Celts, as well as the Teutons, reckoned their time by night and not by days. We have the remains of this in the word “fortnight,” or fourteen nights. In Scotch Gaelic we speak of *cóig-là-deug*, fifteen days. In Irish we have the term *caog-thighis*—fifteen—and this is what they apply to two weeks. In Manx they use

the term *kegeish*—fifteen. The Gaelic term, *ceithir-là-deug*—fourteen days—is modern, and is probably a translation of the English idea of fortnight.

THE WEEK—SEACHDUIN.

The Gaelic term for a week is *seachduin* from Latin *septimana* from *septem*—seven; Irish, *seachd-mhain*; Manx, *shightin*. It may be noticed that the idea common among the Jews and other nations that seven was a perfect, or complete number, is also found among the Highlanders. When one is tired out, he says, *tha mi seachd sgth*, and when thoroughly annoyed he is *seachd searbh*. We also find it take the form of a malediction—*Deireadh nan seachd Sathurn ort!*

DAYS OF THE WEEK.

The days of the week, as named by the Gael, are mixed, Roman and Christian. They are as follows:—

ENGLISH.	Gaelic.	MANX.*	IRISH.
Monday.	Di-luain.	Jy-luain.	Dia-luain.
Tuesday.	Di-Màirt.	Jy-Mart.	Dia-Màrt.
Wednesday.	Di-ciadain.	Jy-curain.	Dia-ceadaoine.
Thursday.	Diardaoin.	J'-ardain.	Dia-dardaoin.
Friday.	Di-h-aoine.	Jy-heney.	Da-aoine.
Saturday.	Di-Sathuirne.	Jy-Sarn.	Dia-Sathuirn.
Sunday.	Di-Dòmhnach.	Jy-Doonee.	Dia-Dòmhnach.

*Manx is written phonetically.

It will be observed that of the seven days only three are named in Gaelic, and these are Christian—or belonging to the Church. Wednesday is the day of the first fast—*Di-ceud-aoine*; *aoine* being

the Gaelic for fast, for religious people, as Bede tells us, fasted on Wednesday as well as on Friday. Thursday—*Diar-daoine* or *Dia-dardaoine*, is *di-eadar-dà-aoine*, or the day between two fasts, *Di-h-aoine* (Friday) being the day of the fast. Monday—*Di-luain*—is from the Latin, *dies Lunae*—day of the moon. Tuesday—*Di Màirt*—Latin, *dies Martis*—Day of Mars. Saturday—*Die-Sathuirne*—Latin, *dies Saturni*—day of Saturn. Sunday—*Di-Dòmhnaich*—Latin, *dies Dominica*—the Lord's Day.

There is a good deal of folk-lore associated with the days of the week. The following are associated with Monday:—*Is e Di-luain iuchair na seachduin*—Monday is the key of the week. *An obair a thòisicheas Di-luain bidh i luath no bidh i mall*—the work that begins on Monday will be either quick or slow. Monday being the first day of the week affords good opportunity for proceeding with work; but if one relies too much on having abundance of time, the work will probably be put off. *An luain an tàs an ràidhe*, or *A' cheud Di-luain de'n ràidhe*—the first Monday of the quarter was regarded as a lucky day for beginning any particular work.

Imrich Shathurn mu thuath,

Imrich Luain mu dheas;

Ged nach biodh agam ach an t-uan,

'San Di-luain a dh' fhalbhainn leis.

Saturday's flitting goes by North,

Monday's by the South, I know;

Had I but the lamb to move,

'Tis on Monday I would go.

There are several rhymes connected with *Am Màrt*, which will be dealt with when the month of March is under consideration. *Di-màirt is Dirdaoìn laithean gu posadh*—Tuesday and Thursday are marrying days. *Am cur an t-sil—A cheud Di-Mart leig sachad, an dara ma's eudar, an treas màrt, ged rachadh clach ceann a'mhèidir an aghaidh na gaoithe tuaithe cuir an sèol 'san talamh*—The time for seed sowing—Allow the first Tuesday to pass, the second Tuesday if need be, but on the third Tuesday, however stormy, put the seed in the earth.

Thursday seems to have been a favourite day for hair-dressing :—

*Bheirinn m'fhalt a mach Diardaoin,
'S dhèanainn m' inean maol Di-luain,
Is shiùbhlainn an sin bho chuan gu cuan.*

On Thursday I would cut my hair,
On Monday I my nails would pare,
Then from sea to sea I'd sail.

Thursday is St. Columba's day—*Latha Chaluim Chille chaoimh*. His natal day is the 9th June.

The following rhymes and sayings apply to Friday :—*Aireamh na h-aoine air caoirich a' bhail' ud thall*—Friday's numbering on the neighbouring sheep—equal to bad luck on them. Counting cattle on Friday was peculiarly unlucky, *Ruith na h-aoine*—the Friday fate was sure to follow.

Ma mharbhas tu beathach Di h-aoine, bidh ruith na h-Aoine ort am feasd—If you kill a beast on Friday, the Friday fate will follow you for ever. Friday was the day that the fairies were supposed

to visit Fairyland, and so people exclaimed—*Beannachd 'nan siubhal 's nan imeachd! Se 'n duigh Di h-aoine 's cha chluinn iad sinn*—Blessing on their going, and way, this is Friday, they won't hear us.

Paring the nails on Friday and Sunday was unlucky, so the proverb remarks—*Cha'n 'eil féill aig na h-inean ach Di-Dòmhnich 's Di h-aoine*—There is no holiday for the nails except Sunday and Friday.

Saturday—the end of the week was not reckoned lucky—

*Am fear a thig anmoch Di-Sathurine,
'S a dh' fhalbhas moch Di-luain;
B' fheàrr leam air son a chuideachaidh,
An duine sin a dh' fhuireachd bhuam.*

Who comes late on Saturday night,
And early on Monday goes away;
For any help I get from him

I'd rather have him at home to stay.

On Saturday new moon was regarded as most unlucky, as the following Gaelic rhymes show:—

*Galach Sathurna foghar,
Gabhaidh i an cuthach seachd uairean.
Is leoir gealach ùr Shathurn
Trath 's na seachd bliadhna.*

Any work commenced on a Saturday was likely to be long delayed—

*Ma thòisicheas a bhuain Di-Sathurn,
Bithidh e seachd Sathurna gun buain.
Deireadh nan seachd Sathurna ort.*

The following rhymes and sayings apply to Sunday:—

Bheir a h-uile Di-Dòmhnuich seachduin leis—
Every Sunday brings a week with it.

*Maighdean Sàbaid, 'us capull Liùnasdail—*A
Sabbath maiden and a Lammas mare. More
showy at those times, and therefore not to be
hastily chosen. The Gael refers to his best clothes
as "*m' aodach Sàbaid.*"

The following rhyme, entitled, *Deo has leann-
ain*, is said to have been composed by a lady who
did not desire her sweetheart to leave her :—

*Na falbh Di-luain,
Na gluais Di-Màirt,
Tha Di-ciadain craobhach,
'S tha Diar-doin dèlach,
Di h-aoine cha'n 'eil e buadhach,
'S cha dual dhuit falbh an màireach.*

Go not upon Monday,
Stir not upon Tuesday,
Wednesday is nervous,
Thursday is dilatory,
Friday is not fortunate,

And 'tis not right for thee to go to-morrow.

Four weeks constituted a month. Gaelic *mìos*,
Old Gaelic *mì*, Irish *mì*, Manx *mee*, Latin *mensis*—
the moon, a month, all from the Indo-European
root *mens* or *mans*—a moon. Twelve moons made
a year; but as the Celtic year did not begin with
January, but rather with November, instead of
dealing with the months in detail at present, we
shall refer to the larger divisions of the year,
which are native.

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GUTH NA BLIADHNA



LEABHAR V.]

AN SEAMHRADH, 1908.

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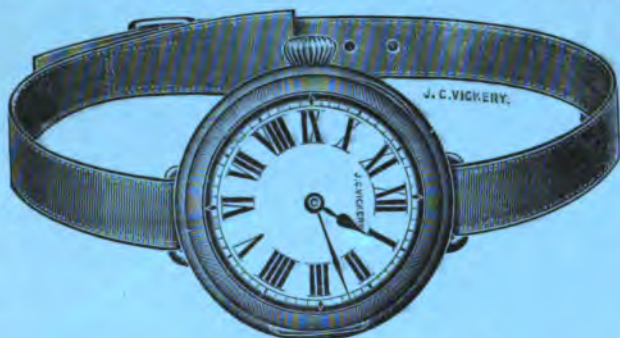
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GUTH NA BLIADHNA

LEABHAR V.]

AN SEAMHRADH, 1908.

[AIREAMH 3.

DUTHAICH AN AIGH

M'Eudail, m'Aighear is m'Annsachd !

Nuair a sgriobh mi d'ur ionnsuidh an t-earrach so chaidh, gheall mi dhuibh gu'n cluinneadh sibh bhuam an ath-ghoirid. Gléidh mi mo ghealltanais !

Thachair nì sònruichte nuair a bha mi an Judique—nì nach tachair ach ainmig. Bha triuir Shagairtean cearta comhla air an robh an t-aon ainm-baistidh, agus b'e an t-ainm sin "Gilleasbuig." B'iad sin Maighstir Gilleasbuig dh' Judique, Maighstir Gilleasbuig Chreigneis, agus mise. Cha robh a h-aon de'n cheud dithis fo shé troidhean air àirde. Chaidh ar dealbh a ghabhail, ach bu mhise an t-isean eatorra. Tha Maighstir Gilleasbuig dh' Judique ceathair chlacha-fichead air a mheigh, agus a dhreach sa chuma da réir. Cha'n isean idir Maighstir Gilleasbuig Chreignis, ge'd nach 'eil e cho cudtromach. "Bha famhairean air an talamh sna làithean ud !"

A' bruidhinn air "famhairean," cha'n fhaod mi di-chiumhne a dheanamh air Gilleasbuig-Fiadhaich-Mac-Eachern—duine ri linn a bha cho ainmeil sa bha 'san dùthaich. Bha'n gaisgeach so 'na chulaidh-oillt air feadh na dùthcha eadar Cape North agus New Brunswick. Cha bhiodh caonnag no tuasaid anns nach bitheadh Gilleasbuig; ach bha e daonnan air taobh na laigse agus a' bhronein. Rinn an Criosdaidh bochd an t-aithreachas mu'n d'thainig a chrìoch air.

Bha famhair eile an Ceap-Breatuinn d'am b' ainm Aonghus-Mac-Ascuill. Rugadh e anns na h-Erradh, eadar Uithist-a-chinne-tuath, agus Leodhas, anns a' bhliadhna 1835, Cha robh e ach beagan is coig bliadhna a dh'aois nuair a ràinnig e Ceap-Breatuinn. Nuair a dh'fhàs e suas bha e seachd troidhean agus naoi oirlich air àirde. Bha e leth-chiad oirleach mu chuairt air a chrìos, agus bha e corr agus seachd-clacha-diag-air-fhichead air chudtrom air a mheigh. Bha bonn a bhròig ochd-oirlich-dhiag air fad. Bha 'bhas troidh air fad, agus sé oirlich air leud. Se gille coir a bh' ann. Shiubhail e an Ceap-Breatuinn nuair nach robh e ach Ochd-bliadhna-diag-air-fhichead a dh'aois. Thogadh e acair luinge 'bha 2700 puinnnd air chudthrom.

Anns an litir a fhuair sibh bhuam an t-Earrach, thug mi tarruing air seanna bhean Mhic Bharrais an Gleann-na-Daile. Dh' fhàg i Mingarraidh-Ard am Muideart anns a' bhliadhna 1844. Tha i naoi-diag agus ceathair-fichead bliadhn' a dh' aois an diugh. Bha ceathrair-leanabh-diag aice. Tha 62

òghachan aice beò. Tha 35 iar-òghachan aice, agus aon dubh ogha a rugadh am foghar sochaidh. Tha dithis d'a sliochd an Taigh-Chrabhaidh nan Cailleachan-dubha; ògha dhith air am bheil "Sister Rosa de Lima" agus iar-ogha air am bheil "Sister Francis Xavier." Tha i 'na seann aois an rogha is tagha na slàinte.

Bithidh muinntir Alba-Nodha, eadar feala-dha is da rìreadh, a' sgeigearachd ri muinntir Cheap-Breatuinn. Thuirt gille geur tha sid gur e "Ceap-Breatuinn flathanas an leisgein"! Neo-ar-thaing, bheir gillean Cheap-Breatuinn comain an làimh do spailpeirean Alba-Nodha, agus is math a fhuaras iad.

Nuair a dh' fhàg mi na h-Eileanan Dearga, thaoghail mi am Baile-Antigonis, agus thug mi òraid dhaibh air an t-seann dùthaich, gam chuid-achadh le dealbhan a thilg an lòchran air a' bhrat-mhòr. Thaitinn so gu gasda riu. Rinn mi an nì ceudna am Port-Hood, ach gu mi-fhortanach, cha 'n fhaighear lòchran no cruisean airson airgiod no òr am Baile-Mor na Siorramachd so; air alt is gu'n d'fheum mi cunntas a thoirt air cor sluagh na Gàidhealtachd gun bhrat, gun bhreid. Bha Gàidheal gasda anns a' chathair, Mac-ille-Eathain Prothaiste bhaile-mhòir. B'iad dithis fhir-lagha—Dòmhnallach agus Mac-an-Slinnean—a thug taing. 'S iadsan gu dearbh a bha deas-bhriathrach. Thuirt fear dhiubh nach robh ach an t-aon choire air an òraid, agus gu'm b'e sin a lughad sa bh' ann dhi, ged a bha mi corr agus uair an uaireadair air mo chois. Fhreagair mi, agus thug

mi taing do na daoine-uaisle a labhair, agus dha na bha làthair, a chionn 's gu'n robh iad cho faighidinneach, agus thuirt mi ged a bha an t-Urramach Mr. Mac-an-Slinnean a' talach air giriod na h-òraid "gu'm biodh a sgeulachd na b'fhaide na'm biodh am breaman na bu righinne"—gu'm b'e cion a' bhreid-mhoir agus chruisgein am breaman an uair ud.

'S e *Just-an-Corp* an sean ainm Frangach a th' air a' bhaile so. Bha mi bruidhinn ri seanna bhean choir, agus thuirt mi rithe, "C'ainm a th' air a' bhaile so?" Fhreagair i agus thuirt i. "Mata, le'r cead, 's e 'Suistico' a their sinn ris an Gàidhlig." Leigeadh a thuigsinn duibh cho Gàidhealach sa tha muinntir a' Phuirt so, bha Maighstir Caillean fìor dheònach gu'n d'thugainn Mòd-Crabhaidh d'a cho-thional, ach gu tubaisteach, bha e tuille 's anamoch a' cuir a' ghnòthaich air dòigh leis an V.G. Coma co-dhiùbh, fhuair e na *Redemptorists*, agus thug iadsan Mòd-Crabhaidh am Beurla do phobul Mhaighstir Chaillean. Oidhiche bha sud, bha fear dhiubh a' cur dheth gu deasbhriathrach mu'n "Teine-dhearg." Am feasgar sin fhein, thachair an Sagairt òg tha le Mr. Caillean air seanna bhean airid, agus thuirt e rithe, "A bhean, nach bi sud an t-searmon bhriagha?" "Mata, le'r cead," ars ise, "cha'n 'eil fhios agamsa. Cha do thuig mise ach an t-aon fhacal, agus Dia chuir eadar mise agus am facal ud." "Gu dé facal a bh' ann, a bhean?" "Bha *Hell*" ars ise!

Ràinnig sinn Airisaig air an t-seachdamh la de mhios miadhonach an Fhoghair. Thàinig mòran

charbaid nar coinneamh, agus an so a rithist, bha 'm piobaire air an ceann. Bha Maighstir Dòmhnall an Sagart Parraiste leam. Fhuair mi failt agus furain nach leig mi as mo chuimhne an cabhaig.

Tha Airisaig 'na laidhe air cladach camus mòr Amhainn Naomh Labhruinn. Tha eilean Phrionns Iomhair am mach mu choinneamh, agus air latha briagha cithear e gu soilleir. 'S e so a' chiad àite anns an do ghabh na Caitliceaich Ghàidhealach tàmh. Mur 'eil mi air mo mhealladh, 's ann am Parraist Airisaig tha Muideart, agus Cnoid-eart. Tha eaglais ghrinn aca an Airisaig, agus fìor sheann chladh timchioll air an eaglais. Tha mòran phearsachan-eaglais an tiodhlachadh anns a' chladh so. Chunnaic mi uaigh no caibeal an Urramaich, Mr. Alasdair Dòmhnallach. Ma 's math mo bheachd, b'e 'n duin-ualas so a' chiad phears-eaglais a bha buan-fhuireach an Airisaig. Bha e 'na fhear-comhairle do dh' Fhear-ionaid-an-Rìgh, agus, bho àm gu àm, bha e mar ìocaibh air a dhol gu Mòd-rìoghail gu Baile-mor Halifacs. Air àm de na h-àmanna so shiubhail e. Fhuair muinntir Airisaig brath air so, agus dh' fhalbh na maithean a h-uile ceum do Halifacs à Airisaig. Thairg Fear-ionaid-an-Rìgh long - chogaidh a chur leis a' chorp a h-uile ceum do dh' Airisaig. Cha chluinneadh na fir guth air a so. Bha barrachd na sin de ghaol aca air. Chuir iad a' chist air an guailleann, agus gun rathaidean mòra, is gun fhrith-rathaidean, gun drochaidean, ghabh iad troimh 'n choille, seachnadh lochain is lathach,

gabhail roimh an atha far am b'fhearr a b'urrainn daibh. Bha iad cearta coma air gach ceap-tuislidh agus cas-bhachaig a bha tighinn 's an rathad, agus cha d'rinn iad clos gus an do stad iad an Airisaig corr agus leth-chiad mile air astar. Bha famh-airean anns an t-saoghal ud !

Bha gaol agus carrantachd, creideamh agus dilseachd an Airisaig, agus an Lismor 'sna làithean ud. Tha e soilleir gu leòir nach robh an Creideamh aona chuid plotach no idir meagh-bhlath anns an linn ud.

Tha dithist, mur 'eil triuir Shagartan de Chloinn-ic-Leoid an tiodhlachadh an cladh Airisaig. So agaibh sgeuleachd a fhuair mi o sheann duine a bhuineadh dhaibh an Airisaig fhéin. Bha nighean àirid a' mhuinntir Shleibhte anns an Eilean Sgithanach, ga cosnadh an Eilean Eige. Cha b'ann de'n Chreideamh a bha i. Ach, coma co-dhiùbh, chunnaic i bruadar, no aisling-cadail, a chuir ionghnadh mòr oirre, agus b'e so am bruadar, agus i ga innseadh d'a bana-chompanach. "Ar leam" arsa ise, "gu'n deach mi staigh do thaigh àirid, agus gu dé a chunna mi ach *dressar* mòr, briagha, agus, air an *dressar* so, bha seachd coinneirean agus coinneal anns a h-uile h-aon diubh. Ach bha choinneal a bha sa mheadhon mòran na bu mhotha, agus na b'àirde na'n fheadhainn eile. Gu dé do bharil air mo bhruadar ?" ars ise r'a bana-chompanach. "Mata, cha'n 'eil fhios agamsa," arsa companach, "oir cha'n 'eil e cneasda a bhi toirt brìgh à bruadair. Ach innsidh mi dhut ciod is coir dhut a dheanamh. Falbh, agus innis do'n

t-Sagairt na dh'innis thu dhomhsa." Bha'n t-eagal agus nàir oirre dhol a dh'ionnsuidh an t-Sagairt. Ach ghabh i misneach, agus thog i oirre a dh'ionnsuidh taigh an t-Sagairt. Bha car de sgàth oirre a dhol an lathair pears-eaglais nan Caitliceach, oir cha do bhruidhinn i riamh ris. Ach chuir an duin-uasal fàilt agus furain oirre, agus labhair e gu baigheil rithe, air alt is gu'n do ghabh i misneach, agus dh'innis i a gnothach gu saor soilleir dha. Chaidh i a rithist roimh na h-uile facal d'a bruadar. Dh'éisid an Sagart gu mean, le suim is le durachd, ris a h-uile facal a labhair i. Fhreagair e agus thuirte. "A Ghalaid! bithidh thusa pòsda, agus bithidh sliochd agad: bithidh seachdrar dhiubh 'nan Sagartan, agus fear dhiubh 'na Easbuig," agus b'ann mar a b'fhior. Ach chuir so an t-eagal agus an oillt oirre. Gu'm biodh ise pòsda, agus gu'm biodh sliochd aice a bhiodh 'nan Sagairtan *Papanach!* Cò chualas riamh a leithid? Nar leigeadh Dia! Theich i dhachaidh do Shleibhte, ach ma theich, bha gille còir de Chloinn-ic-Leoid aig an robh déidh mhòr air a nighinn, agus dh'fhalbh e 'na déigh. An ath-ghoirid, chualas gu'n do theich a charaid am fuadach, ach chaidh an glachadh. Thachair an nì ceudna rithist, ach chaidh stad a chur orre an uair so cuideachd. Cha do shoirbhich leo. An ceann ùine, thill e air a h-ais do dh'Eige. Thionndaidh i, agus chaidh a pòsadh leis an t-Sagairt a chuir an ruaigh oirre leas an eagal. Agus ma thionndaidh, thionndaidh i da rìreadh, agus dh'fhàs i 'na ragha is tagha na bana-Chaitliceach. Dh'fhalbh iad do dh'America.

Chaidh iad air tìr am Pictou. Fad greis mhòr, bha iad a' fuireach an Siorramachd Chumberland far an robh iad a' togail teaghlaich. Cha robh cothrom aca air an Creideamh a chleachadh mar bu mhian leo, oir bha iad air an cuairteachadh le sluagh nach robh de'n Chreideamh. Theireadh ise, an drasd sa rithist, "Togamaid oirne, agus rachamaid an Ear, far am bi sinn am measg nan Creidhmhich, agus am bi barrachd cothrom againn ar sliochd a thogail an eòlas agus an eagal Dhé." Mu dheireadh, ghabh iad a comhairle, agus thog iad orra, agus chaidh iad do Cheap-Breatuinn. Fhuair i làithean fada, agus shuibhail i nuair a bha i na seanna mhnaoi an Ceap-Breatuinn. Chaidh a bruidhear a choimhlionadh, oir bha seachdnar d'a sliochd 'nan Sagartan, triùir no cheathrar de Chloinn-ic-Leòid agus an corr dhiubh de Chloinn-ic-Ionmhuinn. B'e ògha dhith bh'anns an Easbuig Mac Ionmhuinn a bha 'na Easbuig an Arichat roimh an Easbuig Chamashron is maireann gus an la'n diugh.

Nuair a bh' an t-Easbuig Mac Ionmhuinn 'na ghill òg, dh' fhalbh e fhéin agus triùir no cheathrar de ghillean eile do'n Roimhe. Dh' fhalbh leo sgioba is bàta as a' Bhaigh-an-Ear air an ceum gu Arichat far an robh iad a' dol a ghabhail luinge a dhol do'n Roimhe. Thaoghail iad anns an Linne-mhòr, agus chaidh iad a stigh do thaigh seanna bhean bho chd a b'aithne dhaibh. Thug na gillean eile rud-eigin à cùl-an-duirn d'on t-seanna bhean. Is docha leam gu'n robh Mac Ionmhuinn air culthaobh chàich. Thug esan, a réir coltais, bonn bu mhotha, na thug gin de chàch dhi. Dh' amhairc i air, agus dhur-

bheachdnaich i. Thug i a beannachd air, agus thuirt i ris. “Bithidh là ann nuair a bhios thusa nad cheannard air càch”; agus b’ann mar b’fhior.

Ach, gabhaibh mo leisgeul! Chaidh mi air sheachran. Tilleamaid air ais do dh’ Arisaig. Chaidh am Mòd-crabhaidh air aghaidh le braise, air choir is gu’n d’thàinig crìoch air mu’n robh fhios againn c’ait an robh sinn. ’S ann an so a fhuair mi mach gu’m b’e an t-Urramach Mr. Dómhnall, Sagart na Parraiste, iar-ògha bhràthair mo shinnsean-athar, agus mar an ceudna a bhàthair Mr. Alasdair, Sagart Inbhir-nis agus Mr. Raonull, Sagairt N. Peadair an Ceap-Breatainn.

B’ann an so, an Airisaig, a thachair mi air bean choir—bean Mhic Cuaraig. Thàinig i fhéin agus a mac a chur eòlas orm. Bha i fhein agus esan air sgriob anns an t-seann dùthaich o chionn ochd-bliadhna-diag. ’S ann à Eige thàinig a muinntir. ’S i nìc Leòid a bh’ innte fhéin mu’n do phòs i. Nuair a bha sinn a’ cragaireachd mu chor na dùthcha, am prìobadh na sula, chuir i a làmh ’na broilleach, agus nochd i Crois ghrinn airgid, ceangailte ri slabhruidh de’n cheart stùbh. Bha sgriobhadh air gach taobh dhi an Laideann. Air an dàra taobh, bha “Naoimh Ignatius, guidh air mo shon,” agus air an taobh eile, bha na briathran “Gun pheacadh gineadh.” Cho luath sa chunnaic mi an sgriobhadh a bh’ air a’ Chrois, bhuail e am bheachd gu’m bhuineadh a’ Chrois do’n Easbuig Iain Sìosal, bràthair an Easbuig Aonghas, tha an diugh an tiodhlacadh le chéile an Cille-a-Chiarain an Liosmor-mhic-Iain-Stiubhairt, faisg air an Oban-

Lathurnach. Bha Iain corr is bliadhna an Comunn Iosa, mu'n do mhùch am Pàp an Comunn sin anns a' bhlaidhna 1773. Fhad sa bha e bèò, bha gaol mòr aige air Ignatius, Fear-suidheachaidh a' Chomuinn, agus air a' Chommun fhéin. Thuir mi ris a' bhean choir, "Am bheil cunntas, no eachdraidh, agaibh air a' Chrois ghrinn so?" "Cha'n 'eil" ars ise, "ach gu'n do chuala mi gu'n do bhuineadh i uair-eigin do na h-Easbuigean Bana." "C'àit an d'fhuair sibhse i?" "Fhuair," arsa ise, "bho'm mhàthair-chéile, seanna bhean Mhic Cuairic, a tháinig am mach à Eige. An sin, dh'fhoighnich mi dhi, "C'aimn, gu dé an sloinneadh a bh' oirre?" "S i ban-Dhòmhnullach a bh' innte mu'n do phòs i," ars ise. Leis a' bheagan fhiosrachaidh so, sgrìobh mi gu Mr. Gilleasbuig, Judique, a tha làn-fhiosrach air cùisean na Gàidhealtachd, agus dh'innis mi dha mu'n Chrois, agus cuideachd mu'n bhana Dhòmhnullach aig an robh a' Chrois an toiseach. Dh'fhoighnich mi dheth, am b'urrainn dha lorg na Croise a leanail air ais gus na h-Easbuigean Bana. Cha robh strì sam bith dha sin a dheanamh, oir bha piuthar aig na h-easbuigean a phòs fear de Chloinn-Dòmhnuaill Ghlinn-a-garraidh. Bha triùir nigheanan aice. Phòs tè dhiubh fear à muinntir an Eilein Sgiathnaich. Phòs tè eile Mac Cuairich an Eige; agus thàinig an treasa té dhuibh am mach do dh' America. Air choir is nach robh teageamh sam bith aig Mr. Gilleasbuig gu'n do bhuineadh a' Chrois do na h-Easbuigean Bana.

Dh'fhàg sinn Airisaig, agus thog sinn oirnn do dh' Eaglais Chnoc-Mhoire an Allt-a-Bhaillidh an

Liosmor. 'S e Mr. Seumas Mac Ille-Iosa a bha 'na Shagart Parraiste an uair ud. Ach an diugh, tha e an Eilean-na-Nollaig air a' Bhras-d'or. Tha Creidhmhich ghasda an Allt-a-Baillidh, agus tha Eaglais agus Taigh-eaglais aca cho grinn sa tha san dùthaich. Bithidh feadhainn a' cur air cuid de na gillean gu'm bheil briuthas agus pot-dubh aca anns a' bheinn; ach is gann gu'n creidsinn e. Ach co-dhiubh tha 's nach eil, tha iad a' cumail a suas mòran de na seann chleachdainean Gàidhealach. An oichdhe mu dheireadh a bha sinn an Allt-a-Bhaillidh, thàinig gillean còir air chéile, agus, ma thàinig, is sinne fhuair a' chuir. Bha na gillean a' seinn òrain Ghàidhlig, agus ag innseadh sgeulachdan, dìreach mar a bhiodh iad aig an taigh, nuair a bha mi 'm ghiullan. Cha'n 'eil a bheag agam ri ràdh mu Liosmar. B'fhéarr leam, mo thruaigh! gu'n robh.

Air dhuinn fasgadh Dhun-a-ghlais fhagail, thill sinn air ais a rithist do Cheap-Breatuinn. Dh' fhalbh sinn air an *train*; chaidh sinn thairis air Caolas Chanso, air bàta mòr an aisig, a ghiulain an *train* gu h-ìomalan agus gu h-iollagach, air alt is nach robh e mar fhiachaibh air a h-aon àite-suidhe fhàgail. Cha d'fhàg sinn an t-each-iarruinn gas an d'ràinig sinn Baile-Inbher-nis. Air an la' r na-maireach, thàinig carbad-dà-each air ar tòir à S. W. Margaree. Dh' fhalbh sinn, agus ma dh' fhalbh, 's gann gu'n robh sinn aona mhile as a' Bhaile, nuair a dh' fhosgail na speuran, is a thoisich an dile. Thàinig beum-sleibhe, agus tein-athair, agus tairneanach a bha uamhasach. Shaoileadh a h-aon

gur e deireadh an t-saoghail a bha tighinn, no gu'n robh am fear-bu-mhiosa deanamh a dhichill gus a' ghnòthach a bha sinn a' dol a ghabhail os làimh an S. W. Margaree a chur a dholaiddh. Nuair a ràinig sinn, bha'n t-Urramach Mr. Fionnlaidh agus a shluagh gar feitheamh oirnn. Bha taobh-a-mach na h-eaglais air a sgeadachadh le bratach a' Phàpa agus nan trì Rìoghachd, agus dorlach mòr de shroiltean beaga. Leugh fear de'n phopul òraid bhriagha tairgse dhomh le bàigh agus le coimhneis fàilte na dùthcha. Dh' innis iad dhuinn gu'n do bhuail a' bheithir sabhal agus stabul tuathanach còir: chaidh each òg a bh' aige mharbhadh, agus na bh' aige de fheur-saidhe, chaidh a losgadh na ghuaillan. Tha daoine gasda an so cuideachd. 'Se fìor Strathghlassach th'ann am Maighstir Fionnlaidh, agus bràthair do Mhaighstir Dòmhnall am Bail-an-Fhraoich. Tha na h-uile cinnich an so. Tha Dòmhnallaich, is Clann-ic-Dhuaghail, agus am pailteas de Cloinn-ic-Phàrlain ann. Mata, tha mi 'm beachd gur iad Cloinn-ic-Phàrlain is lionmhor a th'ann. Tha eachraidh eibhinn ceangailte ris an dream so. B'e Dughal Mac Phàrlain sinn-sean-athair an teaghlaich so. Rugadh e an Druimliaghairt an Gleann-Urachaidh anns an Ochdamh-linn-diag. Bu Phroстанаich a phàrantan, agus a h-uile h-aon a bhuineadh dha. 'Tha bial-aithris anns an teaghlach ag innseadh mar a thionndaidh e do'n Chreidimh. Bhiodh Ministear nan Gleann dol mu'n cuairt, agus a' cur nan ceistean air a' chloinn. Bha na freagairtean aig Dughall air a theanga, agus seadh na ceistean

cuideachd. Thaitinn so gu gasda ris a' Mhinisteir. Nuair a bha'm Ministear a' gabhail a dhinneir, thug e tarruing air cho tuigseach 'sa bha am ballach Mac Phàrlain, agus gu'm bu mhath leis fhaicinn a ris. Thuirt muinntir an taigh gu'm biodh sud furasda gu leòir, gu'n robh e sud am mach a' cluich leis a' chlann eile. Ghairm iad air Dughall, is thàinig e stigh. Thug am Ministear e do'n t-seomar, agus dh' innis e dha gu'n do thaitinn a fhreagairtean ris gu gasda, agus bhrosnaich se e a bhi dichìollach air na ceistean. An sin thuirt e ris, "An robh thu aig an t-searmoin an diugh?" "Bha," arsa Dughall. "Ciamar a thàinig i riut?" "Cha d'thàinig i rium idir," arsa Dughall. "Carson," ars am Ministear. "A chionn," arsa Dughall, "gu'n robh sibh a' deanamh am mach gur e gisreagan nam Pàpanach a bhi cur òla air an fheadhainn tha'n coltas a' bhàis." "Ciod eile th'ann ach gisreagan?" ars am Ministear. "Ma's e," arsa Dughall, "leugh mise e anns a' Bhiobul." "Cha do leugh," ars am Ministear, "cha'n 'eil facal mu dheidhinn bho bhrod gu brod de'n Bhiobul." "Nach eil?" arsa Dughall, is e gabhail a stigh do'n cheann-chearna. "Stadaibh sibhse car tiotadh." Thàinig an gille air ais, agus am Biobul aige 'na làimh. "Seòlaibh," ars esan, "ciod tha Seumas ag ràdh, Caib V. Rann 14 is 15: 'Am bheil neach sam bith tinn, nur measg? Cuireadh e fios air seanairibh na h-eaglaise; agus deanadh iad urnuigh os a cheann ga ùngadh le òla an ainm an Tighearna. Agus slànuichidh ùrnaigh a' chreidimh an t-euslan, agus togaidh an Tighearna suas e; agus ma rinn e

peacanna, maithear dha iad.'” Cho luath 'sa chunnaic am ministear so, thog e 'ad le corraich, agus le gruaim, dh' fhàg e 'n taigh, gun dig a ràdh. Chunnaic muinntir an taighe a mach air an uinnaig, an Ministear a' falbh, agus coltas mi-thlachdach air. Dh' fhaighnich iad de Dhughal gu dé thuirt e a chur a leithid de mhi-thlachd air a' Mhinistear. Dh' innis Dughall gu firinneach, agus gu saor soilleir na bha eatorra. As a sin a suas, cha robh bhi beò aig Dughal bochd! Gun stad agus gun fhios, theireadh iad ris gu'm bu nàr tamailteach an mi-mhodh a nochd e do'n duine bheannaichte. Cha b'urraim do Dhughal so fhulang na b'fhaide. Theleh e, agus thug e an airde-n'-iar-thuath air. Thuit e an measg Chaitliceach. Phòs e nighean Mìr Chrollin. Bha iad a'fuaireach ear tachdain an Gleann-Ionmhuinn. A Gleann Ionmhuinn, chaidh iad do Ghleann Morair, agus mu dheireadh, bha iad aig Rudha Airisaig. Dh' fhalbh iad à Arisaig air long ris an abrar, “Calman Abaireadh-ainn” agus ràinig iad Pictou. Car tachdain, ghabh iad aonta air baile-fearainn air oirthir Antigonis. Mu'n bliadhna 1804, fhuair iad fearann dhaibh fhéin air an Amhuinn-mu-dheas an Antigonis. An so, thoisich iad air siolachadh, agus dh'fhàs iad lònnohor, air chor is gu'm bheil na ceudan dhiubh an dlugh an Alba-Nodha, agus gu sònruichte an Ceap-Breatuinn—daoine mòra, smachdail, gasda, a bhios a' cur an eagail air na Frangaich. Bithidh feadhainn a cur as an leth gu'm bheil iad math air an danamadh, air alt is gur e their na Frangaich n'air a bhios iad a' cur nam mionnan as an leth

fhein “*J’ai fait trois Macfarlan depuis ma dernière Confession*”! Is gann gu’n chreidsinn gu’m bheil so fìor.

An déigh dhuinn eòlas a chur air seann sluagh a rugadh aig an taigh sa Gàidhealtachd, gu sòn-ruichte sean Iain Dòmhnallach a rugadh agus a thogadh am Muideart—seadh bràthair àthar an Urramaich Maighstir Aonghas am Baile-Bhoid agus Gilleasbuig Dughallach brathair-seannar an Urramaich Mr. Alasdair an Dail-a-brog, dh’fhàg sinn ar mìle beannachd aig Mr. Fionnlaidh, agus aige ’chuidachd, dh’ fhalbh sinn do Pharraiste Mhabou. Nuair a bha sinn leith an rathaid eadar an Camus-farsuing agus Mabou, thachair coisridh mhòr oirnn, muinntir Parraiste Mhabou, agus Aonghas Dubh am piobair air an ceann. Thàinig an t-Urramach, Mr. Iain Mac-a-Mhaighstir, Sagart na Sgirreachd am choinnimeh, gus an do ruig sinn an Camus-farsuing, air chor is gu’n robh fios aigesan mar a bha cùisean, ged nach robh fios agamsa. Bha corr agus da chiad carbad anns a’ Phrocession agus bha e mu mhìle air astar.

Ràinig sinn Eaglais ùr Mhabou, agus ma ràinig, si sin an Eaglais chiatach bhriagha, bhoidheach. Goirid roimhe so, bha’n t-Easbuig am Mabou, agus is e ’thug a’chiad rabhadh is a’chiad bhrath do’n cho-thional nach robh fairdein de ainfhiach air an Eaglais ùr aca! Nach math a fhuaras Maighstir Iain agus a shluagh Abrach! Is iad na h-Abraich th’ anns a’ chuid is motha de shluagh na Parraiste so; agus na’s fheàrr na iad, cha’n eil air aghaidh an t-saoghail. Bha Pears-eaglais aca o chionn

mòran bhliadhnachan a bha fìor chruaidh orra an iomadach dòigh, ach ma bha, rinn e deadh Chriosdaidhean dhiubh. Cha'n 'eil an duigh Parraist an Ceap-Breatuinn a' cur am barrachd a dh'ionnsachadh a bhi 'nan Sagartan, agus de nigheannan do na taighean-crabhaidh na Parraiste Mhabou. 'S ann an so a rugadh agus a thogadh an t-Urramach an Dr. Alasdair, Fear-ionaid an Easbuig. 'S ann an so cuideachd a rugadh sa thogadh na h-Athraichean Petanach, ceithrar dhiubh, Raonull agus Aonghus, Alasdair nach maireann agus Dòmhnall, an t-Athair Mac Caramaic, an t-Athair Mac Fhraing an Grand Mira, agus an t-Athair Ruaraidh Mac Neil tha 'n diugh an Newfoundland. Ma fhaidhte gu'm bheil a bharrachd ann, ach cha'n 'eil beachd agam air a' chorr. Thuille orra so, chaidh mòran nigheannan as a' Pharraist so do thaighean-crabhaidh ri linn an Urramaich Mr. Coinneach a fhuair a leithid de cliù o gach aon. Tha 'n Criosdaidh beannaichte beò fhathast. Thoisich am Mòd-Crabhaidh le surd mòr air oidhche a ràinig sinn, agus cha d' fhuair sinn lasachadh gus an robh crìochair. Thàinig an sluagh astar mòr dà uair san latha, agus bha 'n Eaglais cho làn sa gleidheadh i air gach turus. Fhuair mi coimhneas an so nach leig mi as mo chuimhne fad agus a bhios mi beò. Bha Maighstir Iain agus a phiuthar air bhoile, fiach gu dé am barrachd coimhneas a nochadh iad dhomh! Nuair a bha mi falbh, chuir Maighstir Ian dà chiad *dollair* nam bhios mar dheadh-ghean air son na rinm mi am Mabou fad na seachduin a bha mi ann. A

bharrachd thug e dhomh *Breviary* ùr, nodha, a thug e as a' Mhonadh-Rìoghail a dh' aon obair. Ged nach robh cothrom, no idir uine agam Mòd-Cabhaidh a thoirt do na h-uile Parraist Gàidhealach, an deigh sin is na dha dheth, fhuair Muinntir nam Parraistean anns nach robh mi cothrom tighinn far an robh mi. Mar sin, thàinig mòran à Gleann-comhan, à Port-Hood, as a' Chamus-Fharsuing, à Baile-beag-an-Uilt, agus à Loch Ainsley, h-uile ceum do Mhabou.

Bha sinn duilich dealachadh ri muinntir Mhabou; ach cha robh comas air, oir bha na h-Urramaich Mr. Miceal a' Bhaigh-an-Ear, Mr. Ioseph, Bhaothasdal, an Dr. Aonghas, an Eilein-na-Nollaig, agus (cha robh riamh air dheireadh nach biodh air thòiseach), am fìor Urramach, Mr. Ruaraidh I-Challum-chille a' feitheamh oirne le mor fhaidhidinn, agus bha sinne gu dearbh air ar gonadh gu ruigheachd orra-san.

Dh' fhalbh sinn, mata, air an Train gu ruig Point-Tupper. An so, dh' atharraich sinn an Train a rithist, agus ghabh sinn Train Shidni; ach aig I-Challum-chille, Thàinig Mr. Ruaraidh air bord na traine, agus dh'fhalbh e leam. Fhuair sinn aoidheachd agus bàigh an oichdhe sin o àthair an Urramaich Mr. D. Mac Adhamh am baile Shidni. Cha robh e fhéin aig an taigh san àm; ach ged nach robh, cha b'urrainn d'a àthair coir am barrachd cairdeas a nochadh dhuinn na a rinn e. Is ann aige-san, aig an t-seann duine, tha Ghàidhlig! Ghabh e dhuinn a h-uile facal do'n laoidh bhoidheach a rinn an t-Urramach Mr. Baonul Mac

Fhraing mu'n d'fhalbh e à Mùideart do dh' Astralia. Is ainm do'n laoidh so, *Taladh ar Slànuighear*.

Mar dhearbhadh air a' mheomhair gun choimeas a th'aig an t-seann duine, ghabh e dhuinn naoi-rann thar-fhicead dhe'n laoidh so. Is ann an so a chuir mì eòlas air an duine choir an t-Urramach D. Mac Fhraing, Sagairt-Paraiste Grand Mira. Ghrios Mr. Mac Fhraing orm "Mod-crabhaidh" a thoirt d'a phopul, agus ged bha mi air mo ghonadh aontachadh, cha robh e idir 'nam chomas geilltainn dha; ach geall mi nan d' thiginn gu brath air ais do dh' America, gur ann am Mira thoisichinn an tóiseach.

Thàinig carbad dà each air ar toir, agus dh' fhalbh sinn air an la'r na mharach do'n Bhàigh-an-Ear gu Paraiste Mhaighstir Micheil Mhic Coinich.

Cha'n eil mi an ion a bhi toirt tarruing air an fhailte gun choimeas a fhuair mi: tha gach aon cheana aig am bheil beagan tuir a' tuigsinn gu soilleir. Thoisich am Mòd-crabhaidh, agus cha robh lasachadh air gus an do chuir sinn criòch air. Thàinig an sluagh as gach ceàrna. Thàinig iad as a' Ghleann-Fhrangach. Thàinig iad as a' Pholl-Mhòr, Paraiste Mhaighstir Dhonnachaidh—thàinig, agus Maighstir Donnachadh e fhein; air alt is gu'n robh Maighstir Micheil, an Criosdaidh bochd, an impis dol 'na bhoile.

Mu'n do sguir sinn am Baigh-an-Ear, thàinig Maighstir Ioseph à Baothasdal gar cuideachadh, agus nuair a bha sinn ullamh, thug Maighstir Ioseph air falbh mi do Bhaothasdal; ach ma

thug! am Freasdal eadar mise agus an rathad mòr a ghabh e! Bha choille anabarrach briagha, agus am fearann maiseach, ach—O mo thruaighe! Na rathaidean-mora! toll an taobh so agus slochd air an taobh ud eile, 's rotha charbaid sios thun na cìche. 'S ann an sid a bha 'n tulgan. Bha e fìor a' cur am chuimhne, tulgan na “Staffa” nach maireann eadar an Ruadha-Murrachanach agus Muldonach air latha gaillionach. Cha'n 'eil ach trì ghnothaichean nach d'fhàinig ruim an Ceap-Breatuinn, agus is iad sin—na rathaidean-mòra, cor sgoillean dùthcha, agus lagh na “Dìbhe”! Bha 'n da chuid bàigh agus truas agam ris a' phiobair bhoichd a bha dèanamh a dhìchill, a dh' aindeoin an tulgain, a toirt dhuinn ragha is tagha ceòl-triallaidh. Nuair ràinig sinn Baothasdal, fhuair sinn failte-dùthcha bha dùthchasach do shliochd nan cuiridhean a dh'fhag Uithist nan gràidhean.

Bris air an t-sid nuair a bha sinn trang am Baothasdal, ach, neo-ar-thaing, cha do chum e am pobull air falbh. Bha mise, nis a' fàs sgith, ach ma bha, bha 'n t-Urramach Maighstir Ioseph gam neartachadh le biadh agus le deòch. Bha a choiteachadh gach ni a b'fheàrr na chéile orm; agus theireadh e bho ànn gu àm, “Feumaidh sinn an t-each mòr a chumail an deadh chulaidh, oir tha mòran aige ri dhèanamh fhathast!”

Tha mòran an so a chaidh a bhaisteadh le Mr. Seumas Mac Griogair, agus le Mr. Iain Sìosal, Bhornis. Tha 'n cuimhne aca mar gum b'ann an dé fhein a dh'fhàg iad an t-sean dùthaich. Air an achd cheudna, tha iad eòlach air an fhaisneachd,

tha fuaighte ri clach mhór Bhòrnis, agus air seann sgeulachdean eile. Is ann à Mùideart a dh'fhalbh muinntir Mhr. Ioseph fhéin. Buinnidh e do na Corbetts a bha am Port-a-bhàta aig ceann Loch-Muideairt. Bho na thàinig mi dhachaidh, fhuair mi a' cheart sgeula a thug e dhomh mu'n na Corbetts o bhean Dhòmhnuil Eignig, oir tha ise fìor chardaich do na h-Urramach Maighstir Ioseph, agus d'a bhràthair Maighstir Raonul, O.D. Ma thig iad air sgriob do'n Gháidhealtachd, théid mise 'n urras ma bhios fàilte-duthcha agus aoidheachd a dhith orra gu'm faigh iad comain an láimh! Choimh lion muinntir Baothasdal na cumhnantan a chaidh a chur mu'n coinneamh, dìreach mar chàch: chaidh iad gu Eisdeachd agus gu Comain. Dh' athnuadh-aich iad am bòidean-baiste, agus fhuair iad beannachd a' Phàpa.

Chuir sinn cùl ris na h-Uithistich, agus thog sinn oirnn do dh' Eilean-na-Nollaig am measg muinntir Bharraidh. Gu mi-fhortanach, cha robh an t-Urramach an Dr. Aonghas Camshron (an Sagart Paraiste) aig an taigh; bha e air falbh anns a' Mhonadh Rìoghail a' faighinn comhairle leigh ainmeil air galar-bàis a bh' air.

Bha Maighstir Ruaraidh I-Challum-Cille maille rium, agus Mr. Dòmhnul Ghlinn-na-Daile, Mr. Ioseph Bhaotasdal, is Mr. Caillain Mac Ionmhuinn à Sidni. Ged a bha'n sluagh fo sprochen air tailleadh am Pears-eaglais, thoisich am Mòd-crabhaidh le fìor crabadh agus durachd, agus ge b'oil leis an droch shìd, bha'n eaglais loma-làn dà uair san latha.

Nuair a bha'm Mòd-crabhaidh seachad, thug

mi òraid-teagaisg dhaibh air an t-seann dùthaich leis an lòchran agus leis a' bhrat mhòr. A chionn is gur ann de dh' fhìor mhuinntir Bharraidh a bha'n sluagh, chuir mi mòran de dhealbhan à Barraidh air a' bhrat, gu sònruichte, Caisteal-Cheismhail, Baigh-a'-Chaisteil fhéin na h-eaglaisean, agus, gu sònruichte, Eaglais ùr a' Bhaigh-tuath. Chòrd so riu gu ceatach. Rinn iad trusadh nam measg fhéin, agus chuir iad beagan airgid a dh' ionnsuidh Mhaigstir Uilleim g'a chuideachadh gus an t-ainfhiach a th'air an eaglais ùr a chur an lughad.

Dh' fhalbh "Procession" mòr leinn à Eilean-na-Nollaig a h-uile ceum gus an Caolas-mòr-cumhann. Mhoire! 's ann an so a bha'n iolach! Thàinig maithean I-Challum-Chille 'mar coinneamh—cha'n ann, gu dearbh, le sgioba 's bàta cheithair-ramhach, ach le bàta-mòr na toit, am *Blue Hill*, a thug air falbh sinn do Bhadec. Bha'm Piopair air bòrd a' spaidsearachd air ais 's air adhart air bòrd a' *Bhlue Hill*. Se chluic caochladh phùirt, agus, gu sònruichte "Baile-Ionaora." Ràinig sinn Badec, agus ma ràinnig, fhuair sinn an caoimhneas agus a' bàigh o'm fhear-cinnidh Iain Caimbeul, marsanta mòr a' bhaile, agus o bhean-an-taighe, bean cho measail sa tha san dùthaich. Fhuair sinn biadh agus deoch, ged a bha sinn uibhir ann. Bha cèd ann, is bha dannsadh ann. Bha sgeulachdan, a dh'aon fhacal, 's e rogha is tagha na céillidh a bh' ann. Neo-ar-thaing, b'e fear agus bean-an-taighe a b'fheàrr air an dannsadh na bha ann. Ach bheirinn cliù thar na bh'ann do bhean-an-taighe, 's ise, gu dearbh, nan robh cearbach air an urlar. Is e

Maighstir Ruaraidh e fhéin a chuir an sgriob so air dòigh, agus, gu dearbh, is math a fhuair e! Thill sinn feasgar air ais do dh' I-Challum-Chile, agus thoisich am Mòd-crabhaidh an oichdhe sin fhéin. Is iad na Barraich tha uile an so cuideachd, agus tha iad dùthchasach gu leòir, làn eòlach agus làn ghaolach air dùthaich an sinnsireachd. Tha co-chairdeas mòr eatorra-riu agus muinntir na seann-dùthcha. Chunnaic mi litreachan a fhuair cuid dhiubh à Barraidh nuair a bha mi muigh. Cha mhòr nach d'thug aon litir a chunnaic mi na deòir air mo shùilean. Is ann o Niall Mac-a'-Phì am Muidhlaidh a bha i, agus b'e fonn, "Bithibh math do'n t-Sagart Mhòir." Tha mi eòlach gu leòir air Niall bochd, agus air na Criosdaidhean tha'n diugh an taigh-bhriagheaneas an Dun-eideann.*

Chaidh am Mòd air aghaidh gu gasda, ged a bha'n t-sid fìor olc le silleadh 's le séideadh. Chuir sinn crìoch air a' ghnòthach air là cho robach sa chunnaic duine riamh. Ach ma chuir, bha rud-eigin eile againn ri déanamh. 'S i Eaglais Mhàiriagha ùr tha'n I. Cha deachaidh a coisreagadh gu a se. Air latha Samhna, thàinig an t-Urramach an Dr. Mac Thomais. Fear-ionaid an Easbuig anns a' chlostran so agus na b' de'n Chleir as gach àite, agus stàigh na dùthcha uile. Chaidh an Eaglais a coisreagadh leis an Urramach an Dr. Mac Thomais le taigh-bhriaghaich mhòir. Cho luath sa bha an coisreagadh deas fhàgadh an stàigh a stàigh, is bha'n Eaglais làn an t-àite. Thoisich Ard-

* Tha a' chlostran so a' gabhail a' mar na grèisean a mach, agus fhuair na b' de'n coisreagadh an t-àite air a' bhàrtaich seann Bhataraidh.

iobairt-na-h-Aifrinn le triùr Shagairtean, agus, aig an t-Soisgeul, rinn mise an t-searmon. Dh'innis mi do na Barraich gu'n d'rinn mi an nì ceudna mu am ud an uiridh am Barradh fhéin nuair a dh'fhosgail sinn eaglais Naomh Bharr anns a' Bàigh-tuath. Gu'n toir am Freasal dhomh-sa deas-chainnt anns an toirinn cunntas air a' chaoimhneas e fhuair mi o'n Chrìosdaidh bheannichte Maighstir Ruaraidh, agus o bhean-taighe, a phiuthar ghrinn cheannailte. Cha b'urrainn daibh am barrachd cairdeas a nochdadh d'an bràthair fhéin na nochd iad dhomh-sa! Agus ciod a their mi mu mhuinntir Shandraidh—ris an cannar an diugh I-Challum-Chille? Thàinig mi 'nam measg mar dhiol-deirce: dh'fhàg mi iad mar dhuin-usal. Thug iad dhomh mallaid cho ciatach sa chunna sibh riamh, làn de aodach-iochdair a chum na gaillinn am mach a'm charcais fad a' gheamhraidh. Gu'n toir Dia dhaibh e, a bhos agus thall!

Bha mi cho sgìth ri cù nuair a dh'fhàg mi I-Challum-Chille, agus a thill mi air ais do dh'Antigonis. An so, bha Chleir cruinn, agus thug iad dhomh cuimhnachan air America—Cailis agus Paten, Ciborium agus Searagan Altarach cho grinn agus a rinn òr-cheard riamh. Agus le'n carantachd, thug iad a chreidsinn orra fhéin gu'n robh iad ag innseadh na firinne nuair a labhair an t-Urramach an Dr. Alasdair na briathran so, agus an t-Urramach an Dr. Eoghan anns a' chathair:—

An t-Urramach Gilleasbuig Caimbeul, C.I.

Athair Urramaich:—Tìm dhuibh tilleadh gu'r

dùthaich fhein is àill leinn ar mòr-thaingeachd a chur an céill airson na comaine gun tòmhàs a chuir sibh oirnn le'r saothair 'nar measg. *Euntes ibant et flobant, mittentes semina sua ; venientes autem venient cum exultatione, portantes manipulos suos.* Agus is e sinne dh' fhaodadh a ràdh. Is mòr a' chomh-fhurtachd a thug sibh dhuinne ; shil ur deòir maille riu-san a bh'ann an teinn ; dh' eutrom-aich sibh an t-uallach a bha 'gan cumail a sìos ; thug sibh neart agus misneach dhaibh ; chaidh siol an t-Soisgeul a sgapadh air gach taobh, agus is math a dh' fhaodas sibh tilleadh le solas agus le gairdeachas, a chionn is ionadh sguap thorrach a tha fo dhian mar dhearbhadh air ur deas-ghnìomh.

Cha'n n'eil teagamh sam bith againn, Athair Urramaich, nach e Dia fhéin a chuir sibh d'ar n-ionnsaidh aig an àm so. An déigh ciad bliadhna, is beag an t-ionghnadh ged a bhiodh na bannan a bha gar ceangail ris an t-seann dùthaich a' fas car lag. Am measg ùpraid an linn so, is ro-fhurasda d'ar n-oigridh di-chuimhn a dheanadh air na gaisgich a thànaig air fogradh gu Creideamh an àthraichean a ghleideadh d'an sliochd, agus leis an di-chuimhne so, tha cunnart ann gu'm faodadh an gaol d'an Creideamh mar an ceudna fàs fionnar. Bheir ur turas 'nar measg brosnachadh dhuinn gu barrachd eòlais fhaotainn air na daoine o'n d'fhàinig sinn, agus air na diachuinnean cruaidhe a dh' fhuilig iad airson a' Chreidimh. Na lorg so, 's dual gu'm faigh ar gradh do dh' Eaglais Chrìosda ath-bheothachadh ; agus tha sinn an dòchas làidir nach e mhàin gu'm mair e anns na cridheachan air

na dhruigh an naigheach aghmhor a labhair sibh cho deas, ach anns na linntean a tha ri tighinn gu'm bi cliù agus ainm an t-"Sagairt Mhòr" a thàinig a Alba 'nan didean, agus nan cùl-taic do'n chreidimh.

Tha sibh gar fàgail, Athar Urramaich, ach cha'n e dealachadh gun dòchas a th'ann. "Bithidh dul ri fear-feachd." Tha sibhse de dh'fheachd an Tighearna, agus tha dòchas againn gu'n tig sibh fhathast thar a' chuain a theagasg 'nar measg. Ach mur a tig, tha sinn an dòchas làidir tro thròcair Dhé gu'n coinnich sinn an tir aghmhor an t-sonais shiorruidh.

Agus anns an dealachadh, tha sinn ag achanaich oirbh na cuimhneachan so a ghabhail o'r làmhan, cha'n ann airson an luach an cuineadh na rìoghachd, ach as leth na h-urra Dhiadhaidh d'an deachaidh an uidheamachadh. Nuair a dh'òlas sibh Fuil ar Slànair as a' Chailis, agus, nuair, a riarach-eas sibh A Chorp as a' chupa, tha sinn ag earbsa gu'n cuimhnich sibh air ur càirdean an Canada, agus gu'm faigh sinn roinn anns an Iobairt a th' air A coimhlionadh.

Leis na facail so, ma ta, tha sinn a' fagail beannachd agaibh—Beannachd Dhé agus Moire Mhàthar gu'n robh maille ruibh.

ALASDAIR DOMHNULLACH, O.D.

EOGHAN MAC-A-PHEARSAIN, O.D., F.I.C.

DOMHNULL MAC-A'-PHEARSAIN, S.P.

Nuair a leugh mi na sgriobh mi, tha mi air mo nàrachadh, ach, tha mi 'n earbsa gu'm bi muinntir

Cheap-Breatuinn agus Alba-Nodha a' gabhail mo leisgeul. Rinn mi mar a b'fhearr a b'uarrainn domh.

Gu'm bu fada beò iad, agus ceò as an taighean. Tha mi 'n duil mur a tachair gu bràth, a bhios gu'n tachair thall fad na Siorrachd.

GILLEASBUIG MAC DHOMNUILL 'IC EOGHAIN.

(*A' chrioch.*)

FORMER GAELIC MOVEMENTS.

VI.

WITH the suppression of the Jacobite Risings all Gaelic movement in the direction of securing the ascendancy of our race in Scotland by means of physical force came to an end. After Culloden the descendants of the ancient Scots passed finally beneath the yoke of the conqueror, and it is as vanquished, though not discredited, people, we must now take up the thread of their history, and pursue it throughout the, in the main, uneventful years which have passed since the defeat and flight of Prince Charles Edward involved the national cause in temporary ruin. Everyone knows how the Gaels were treated after Culloden: how they were forbidden by foreign law to wear arms, how their national dress was proscribed,

and how the Gaelic language fell under a social and political ban from which it is only nowadays tentatively struggling to be free. All these disabilities are well known and recognised, for they are past all gainsaying; but what is, if not less known, at all events less generally admitted, is that, after Culloden, the Scots of Scotland were treated precisely as though they had been a conquered people. The intention of the English Government was, primarily, to crush the Gaels out of existence, and though after a time other measures succeeded to the harsh and unconscionable policy at first adopted, yet no appreciable change for the better took place until an English statesman discovered that the remnants of the Gaelic clans could be turned to England's advantage by playing on their martial ardour, and on the affection and duty which they still considered as owing to their natural leaders. The point we must bear well in mind, however, is that after Culloden the Gàidhealtachd was treated as a conquered enemy's country. Precisely the same measures were pursued against the Gaels as were employed, and in a measure still are employed, by Russia, Austria, and Germany against the Poles, when that valiant people suffered the first of those execrable "Partitions," which were, and are, the disgrace and shame of modern Europe. I apprehend it is the more necessary to make this point quite clear—to refresh the minds of my fellow-countrymen in respect to this important epoch in our national story—inasmuch as some

considerable time has passed since the events of which I am now treating took place, and in view of the frequent and determined efforts that have been made to persuade us to regard the Jacobite "Rebellions," not as national movements (which they undoubtedly were, though but comparatively indifferently supported), but as local and partial manifestations of feeling in behalf of the exiled House of Stuart, and the dynastic claims associated therewith. We must force our minds to face the fact, therefore, that Culloden, so far from being a mere negligible, if picturesque, episode in the domestic history of "Great Britain," was, on the contrary, a veritable Sedan for the Gaelic race. It constituted the culminating disaster in a long concatenation of discomfitures which began when the story of our country was, historically speaking, yet young; and however much interested individuals and the ignorant may nowadays make light of this national discomfiture, or attempt to obscure or minimise its significance, no person—no Gael—attempting to sketch the history of our race, and endeavouring to place consequences in true relation to their causes, can afford to regard it otherwise than as a crushing disaster for the Gaelic people. From the earliest times, to the day on which Culloden was fought, the Gaelic race in Scotland had been, not indeed wholly and uniformly, but at all events partially and varyingly successful in preserving their national autonomy. They were not a conquered people, and though it is no doubt true that their power and influence

had been steadily declining year by year since the the day on which the Scottish sovereigns turned their back on the Gaelic system and introduced Feudalism and all its attendant barbarities,* yet, as I have said, till the black day of Culloden broke they were, for all intents and purposes, an unconquered people. That crowning disaster, however, completely filled the cup of woe and bitterness; and modern Gaels, instead of shutting their eyes to this patent, if painful, fact, and amusing themselves with the conceits and sophistries provided for their consumption in the histories of ignorant or designing and partial writers, would do well to face the truth. On that occasion the Gaelic race was humiliated as completely and profoundly as any people of whose chastisement we have record was humiliated before or since. They passed under the same yoke as the people of India passed under at the dictation of their English conquerors. They suffered a severer fate than the modern Egyptians, whose land, indeed, is "occupied" by the ever ubiquitous foreigner, but whose language and whose national dress have at least been spared them. The interested and the ignorant, equally with him than whom

* When it was proposed to the Emperor Michael Palæologous to resort to the ordeal of fire he replied: "You ask me to perform a miracle. When a red-hot iron touches the hand of a living man I see not how it can fail to burn him, unless he is made of bronze, or of the marble in which Phidias and Praxiteles wrought." It is a pity that the Scottish sovereigns had not a similar just appreciation of the grotesque absurdities of Feudalism. The Greeks saw through this colossal system of fraud, humbug, tyranny, and cruelty, and rated it at its proper value.

there is none so loth to see, namely, the degenerate Gael or "Highlander," may choose to ignore these facts, or seek to gloss them over, for various reasons; but for the *fìor Ghàidheil* of Alba they stand out now as they have ever stood, uncontroverted and uncontrovertible. The day that saw Culloden witnessed also the subjugation of the Gàidhealtachd and the complete defeat of the national cause.

Hitherto we have been considering, though necessarily in imperfect and discursive fashion, the various movements on the part of the Gaelic people to make good their claim to nationality. We come now to consider, briefly, the various attempts in which they engaged with a view to dispossess themselves of the same. Of these degenerate endeavours undoubtedly the first, and in some respects the most important, was that which drew them into the English service. Lord Chatham is commonly regarded as originator of the idea of employing the Scottish Gael in the English Army; but as a matter of fact the plan was mooted many years before that great statesman ascended to power. Lord Grange, brother to the Earl of Marr, and one of the most unscrupulous men of his time, wrote a Memorial (which I have seen), touching the state of the Gàidhealtachd four or five years after the failure of his kinsman's attempt to restore the Stuart line, in which he recommended to Government the employment of the Gaelic clans in the armed forces of the English crown. Grange was one of those

persons of unstable politics and doubtful reputation whose advice, if taken, is never acknowledged—at least, openly; and, probably, his Memorial, together with similar efforts of a similar kind—for Grange would appear to have composed several such—slept in the English secret State archives undisturbed until Chatham either himself found them, or had them brought to his notice. In any event, and to say truth I am by no means anxious to claim so dubious a distinction in behalf of any member of my House, the word went forth in the name of the English Minister that the clans, under their natural leaders were to be raised, not in behalf of Nationalism, or even in that of the legitimate heir to the throne, but in support of King George and the English people! They were to be formed into regiments, and to be shipped abroad to fight the battles of their conquerors and oppressors! The sight of a Hottentot in English uniform, bearing arms in the service of his master, and otherwise comporting himself as an armed flunkey, would be a spectacle calculated to strike at once indignation and disgust into every honest freedom-loving bosom; but the sight of thousands of Gaels so far demeaning themselves, at the behest of their unscrupulous and degenerated “chiefs,” as to accept the inglorious shilling of a *medio pelo* German adventurer, and hiring themselves abroad as “red-coats” to do the dirty work of English rogues and *commis voyageurs*—surely such a revolting and degrading spectacle must well nigh have demented those who, in an age

nearer to manlier times than our own, first witnessed it. The *volte face* was abject and complete, and, save upon the hypothesis that the clans of the Gàidhealtachd were betrayed by their natural leaders, is not to be explained away. These last, indeed, with a few honourable exceptions, acted a truly scurvy part, joyfully laying aside all profession of national principles as soon as ever the Stuart cause fell under the shadow of Culloden, and hastening to make their peace with George and the English Government with the same fulsome professions of exaggerated loyalty as they had formerly used to recommend their services and to back their pretensions in a very different service. Still, admitting that the natural leaders of the Gaelic people were primarily and principally to blame, no small part of the disgrace attaches to the Gaelic commonalty itself. No doubt they were at that time, as a people dispossessed : innumerable hardships and disabilities lay upon them—hardships and disabilities of which we, nowadays, can have no adequate conception. Oppressed and sneered at on every side, deserted by their natural leaders, whose bad example in the matter of turning their coats at the dictation of faction or self-interest must have worked incalculable mischief amongst a people so impressionable and so apt to esteem the light and leading of those in authority over them as were the Gaels of Scotland, and, above all, deprived by law of the right which we find the Gaelic people of those times prizing above

all other rights, namely, the right to bear arms;* these, though they may be brought forward as extenuating circumstances, tending to mitigate the severity of that sentence which, I believe, a future generation will consider its imperative, if disagreeable, duty to pass upon the Gaels of those days, yet they cannot altogether acquit our forefathers of blame and censure for apparently so spontaneous and general an act of national folly and back-sliding. Nor can we of this generation justly accept the plausible hypothesis advanced by some who, in respect of this speedy and shabby surrender of national principle seemed desirous, in earlier times, to act the part of devil's advocate in behalf of the incriminated Gaels by affirming that they were a rude, ignorant people to whom the word of the chief or chieftain was as the law to Medes and Persians, and that, consequently, in fighting for the Stuarts, they were merely obeying a blind hereditary instinct, whose sole intelligible motive was, at all hazards and at all costs, to carry out their chief's behests. Grange's Memorials bear striking testimony, not only to the natural capacity of the Gaelic people of his day, but to their acquired qualities, and especially to their extra-

* This right was ever greatly, perhaps inordinately, esteemed by the Gael. But after the abrogation of the Gaelic system and the introduction of Feudal law, this right became doubly prized; for by the sword alone in many parts of the Gàidhealtachd was the clan-land held. The same necessity of going armed and of living, as it were, by the sword, doubtless in course of time produced that ingrained "martial ardour" of which the astute Chatham was the first to take advantage in English interests.

ordinary fondness for, and aptitude in, political discussion; and it is highly significant that whilst his testimony, which is that of a keen observer and experienced man of affairs, has the unmistakable ring of truth, he is never more careful to to support it by the opinions of competent outsiders than when he is treating of this aspect of Gaelic affairs. The *debacle*, however, of which I am now treating undoubtedly took place, and however we may choose to regard it, it is a grievous blot upon our national escutcheon. It was not, moreover, a passing obsession, but, alas! that that we should be compelled to admit it, the horrid innovation soon crystalised into a degrading and degenerating practice. Thousands of Gaels, turning their backs to all that is best and noblest in the history of their race then, and have since, subscribed to this unpatriotic fashion. And what return have they received for it? As a recent writer in these pages has justly and ably observed:—

“Anns an ochdamh linn deug, chaidh sluagh nan Gàidheal a liodart, a sgiursadh agus a chreachadh le feachdan Shasuinn, agus, mu dheireadh, chaidh an toirt fo chìs agus fo smachd. Ciamar a ghiulain iad iad fhéin an déigh na tàmailt so a thàinig orra? Amhuil mar dhroch coin a gheibheadh gu leoir de’n t-slait, agus a thionndaidh air ball a dh’ imlich nan làmh a bha buintinn cho neo-chaoimneil riu, ghabh sliochd nan sonn an Arm Shasuinn gu grad—eadhon ’an ath bhliadhna—agus theann iad air falbh a dheanamh cath às

leth Shasuinn, ri rìoghachdan a bha riamh càirdeil bàidheil ri Albainn. Thóisich iad, mar shluagh, ri sodal agus miodal a dheanamh ri'n seann nàmhaid, an Sasunnach; agus, chaill iad an spiorad uibhreach, àrdanach a bhuineadh dhaibh, ionnas nach d' thuirt iad guth mór no droch fhacal 'nuair a chaidh an cuid fearainn a thoirt uatha, agus am fàrdaichean a losgadh mu'n cluasan,—'nuair a chaidh an òrduchadh air falbh bho dhùthaich an sìnnse, agus am fuadach thar sàile mar bhàrrlach gun fheum."

This, truly, is the treatment which the Gaels received; and who shall say that their deliberate desertion of those national principles, in behalf of which their brave ancestors willingly sacrificed their lives, was not justly and appropriately punished? If ever a punishment, nicely calculated to fit at once the character and gravity of the crime, was meted by God, or designed by man, that punishment surely the Gaels of Scotland received when, returning from their buccaneering expeditions in the pay and service of England, they found their ancestral homes either in flames or otherwise ruthlessly destroyed, and their kinsmen and kinswomen driven abroad into exile. Instruments of tyranny, greed, and oppression are seldom a-wanting those who design to profit by the abject surrender of all principle on the part of their tools; but though the economy of nature would appear actually to contemplate the production of the Traitor, the Slave, and the Spy in obedience to those immutable laws of supply and

demand which govern the commercial universe, yet, happily, seldom indeed is it that the wretched instruments of oppression benefit, even materially, by reason of their greed and treachery. The Gaels of Scotland have *not* prospered since those black days in which our race began to turn their backs upon honour and national principles. On the contrary, they have steadily declined, alike in worldly prosperity, as in their moral and intellectual attainments, to say nothing of numbers and influence. They have sunk so low as nowadays to be esteemed by their Saxon conquerors and employers as only "food for powder and shot." The old "martial ardour of the Gael"—an honest ardour called forth, upon extraordinary occasions, to defend kith and kin from insult and oppression at home—has now degenerated into a vulgar and unmeaning swashbucklerism, whose only conceivable motive is supplied by the English themselves, and consists in that people's unfailing readiness to embrace all men and measures in their greedy attempts to extend their Empire abroad. At present the Gaels of Scotland are the servants and slaves of the English people: that they are so was due originally, perhaps, by right of conquest; but when a conquered people joyfully embraces its chains and fetters, and, losing all sight of self-respect, and of those national principles which formerly animated it, and which its oppressors would be the last to deny in the case of themselves, hires itself out as it were to do the dirty work of their masters and conquerors

—such a people are unspeakable, and deserve to die the death. Assuredly history teaches us that such a people—unless it speedily repent—has not long to live.

R. E.

(To be continued).

THE RECENT CRISIS IN THE GAELIC MOVEMENT.

“THE thunder,” as Lord Bolingbroke somewhere expresses it, “had long been grumbling in the air,” and when the recent storm in the Gaelic Movement broke, it cannot be said that men were wholly unprepared for the disturbance which burst upon them with all the noisy violence of a mid-summer storm. The immediate cause of this atmospheric upheaval was the Amendments to the Scottish Education Bill which Mr. Lamont proposed in the name of An Comunn Gàidhealach, and whose object was, briefly, to render the Gaelic language a compulsory subject of instruction throughout the Gàidhealtachd. Such was the immediate cause of the recent crisis in the Gaelic Movement in Scotland; but careful and well-informed observers of recent events in the Gàidhealtachd were abundantly justified in asserting

that the Amendments in question were merely the precipitating elements in a long concatenation of events which, sooner or later, were bound to result in some such upheaval. The wonder is rather, not that the storm took place at all, but that it was so long confined to the comparative seclusion and secrecy of the upper air. Rumour and innuendo had long been busy with the name of An Comunn Gàidhealach. Its public policy was generally regarded with suspicion and distrust; and, apart from the ranks of certain of the Clan and Celtic Societies in Scotland and elsewhere, it would not appear to have enjoyed any considerable measure of support. Indeed, to our thinking, the close resemblance existing between the methods pursued, at least in recent years, by An Comunn Gàidhealach, and those which find favour with the majority of these theatrical Societies has been, and continues to be, a great source of weakness to the Association in question. The people of the Gàidhealtachd are not, in general, to say the least of it, favourably disposed towards many of the Clan Societies which periodically appeal to them for support and patronage, but which do little or nothing to justify their existence as professedly Celtic associations. Many of these bodies have an apparently incurable habit of disregarding and neglecting essentials, whilst they busy themselves mightily about trifles which have either no immediate or pressing signification for the people of the Gàidhealtachd, or are related to a condition and stage of

Society that is already as extinct as the dodo. Unfortunately, it is into the incapable and unpractical hands of individuals whose notions as to the constituent elements of Scottish Nationalism do not rise above an annual Pic-nic on Loch Lomond, or a winter rout in a Glasgow assembly-hall, that the affairs of An Comunn Gàidhealach have recently largely passed. There has been a weakness, a frivolity, and an aimlessness observable in the recent conduct of the Comunn which can only be explained, when contrasted with its former policy and conduct, upon the hypothesis that it has suffered "capture" in the interests of those who, whatever their sentiments and aspirations may be, yet sadly and conspicuously lack the capacity, skill, and experience necessary to give proper effect to those principles which the Comunn was constituted to carry out. This has been the primary cause of the Comunn's failure to recommend itself to the suffrages of the vast majority of the Gaelic people. It has not taken its own mission sufficiently seriously, or, if it has, it has been conspicuously unfortunate in its choice of official instruments to give effect to its policy. For some time past now, it has, so far as the Gàidhealtachd is concerned, been almost *quelque chose pour rire*, and where its proceedings have not elicited laughter and derision, there can be no question but that they have evoked the hostility and suspicion of the public.

The Comunn Gàidhealach was originally formed for promoting the Music and Literature of the

Gàidhealtachd. It is unnecessary here to go into the subject of its early history. It had small beginnings, like most Societies of its kind, and in course of time came to mildly prosper. We cannot justly say that it was ever enthusiastically supported by the people of the Gàidhealtachd. Its mission, strictly limited by constitution as it was, was felt to be too academic to concern more than that small fringe of people which delights in aesthetics, whilst it carefully eschews the more pressing and practical problems and concerns of life. It was never a National Society, inasmuch as it always deliberately cut itself off from "Politics"—the one thing which could have made it National; for a Nation without "Politics" is as inconceivable as an ocean without water. Still, such as it was, a small and not too popular Association dabbling in Music and Literature, it enjoyed its modest successes. Some "Chiefs" patronized it in mild manner; and one or two titled people condescendingly lent it their names. Then came the time when the Comunn aspired to take unto itself wings and to fly. It altered its Constitution, added a plank or two to its not very stable (and highly circumscribed), platform, and otherwise made ready to sail—or to fly. It was about this time that the advisability of first providing the sinews of war necessary to carry out what we are tempted to describe as the "Enhanced Programme," struck into the minds and consciences of An Comunn Gàidhealach. A genius—they are evolved at such times—obligingly came forward

with the idea of a Gaelic Bazaar; and a Bazaar it was—without the qualifying adjective, we believe—as all our readers now know. That Bazaar supplied An Comunn Gàidhealach with a considerable portion at least of the funds which it deemed essential to the successful prosecution of its “Enhanced Programme”; but our own opinion is, and we fancy that not a few nowadays share our conviction, that it was a thousand pities that ever that Bazaar was held. For some time before, and certainly ever since, it has been a mill-stone round the devoted neck of An Comunn Gàidhealach, and for our parts, looking to the ever tightening pressure exercised by that unconscionable load, we should not be the least surprised if death by strangulation were the eventual fate of the “Highland Association.”

And thereby hangs a tale, whose character and purport, thanks to the revelations of “C. M. P.,” and other writers in *Alba*, are now sufficiently well known throughout the length and breadth of the Scottish Gàidhealtachd, and, unless we are greatly mistaken, in many a Gaelic centre beyond our shores. For our own parts, we have no desire to unduly press the moral to be drawn from what has already appeared in print touching the conduct of An Comunn Gàidhealach when blowing up the peats—or making ready to “spoil the Egyptians,” as C. M. P. forcibly expresses it—preparatory to the great Bazaar. The policy then, and in a lesser measure since, pursued has brought with it its own punishment in the resulting

estrangement of many Gaels, to whom the objects of the Comunn, limited in scope though they were, yet appealed, and appealed strongly, upon the highest grounds of patriotism. We have no desire, as we have said, to unduly press this point; but a due appreciation of its importance, and a proper understanding thereof, are absolutely essential to the formation of a correct opinion, touching the causes which lead to the recent crisis in the Gaelic Movement.

With regard to the Amendments themselves—the Amendments which precipitated the recent crisis—we do not know that there is now much that is new to be said. They were much discussed at the time in the public press. Theoretically, we have no cause to complain of them. Compulsory Gaelic in the schools of the Gàidhealtachd is one of those havens where all *fìor Ghàidheil* must necessarily desire to be. The compulsory teaching of Gaelic is a necessary preliminary to that “larger policy,” which wisely contemplates the removal of the old artificial barrier between “Highlands” and “Lowlands,” and the gradual resuscitation of the old Scots tongue as the national language of the whole of Scotland. So far, therefore, we are in full agreement with the spirit animating these unfortunate Amendments; but their weak points were too glaring to be overlooked even by those whose prescience and experience in educational matters need not be rated at a very high value. As Sir John Dewar pointed out in the English Parliament,

these Amendments, even if passed, must remain a dead letter, by reason of the fact that there are not nearly enough teachers in the Gàidhealtachd or elsewhere capable of imparting even elementary instruction in the national language. This constituted yet another attempt on the part of An Comunn Gàidhealach to put the cart before the horse, and, to say truth, reveals their capacity for constructive statesmanship—even for common-sense thinking—in a very unfavourable light. The second blunder, as grievous as the first, committed by the Comunn, consisted in their imagining for one moment that the people of the Gàidhealtachd would be behind them in respect of any public action which they might take upon their own initiative, or upon that of bodies and societies which they had no reason to regard with anything but suspicion and disfavour. It was upon these two rocks that the Comunn came to grief. As the *Highland News*, in one of its leading articles on the subject, justly observed—"Of course, when An Comunn allowed themselves to get out of touch with the people, nothing else was to be expected. Next time, things will have to be better managed. The friends of the Education Department, well knowing the want of sympathy between An Comunn and the Highland people, had little difficulty in capturing the School Boards and other local authorities. A march was stolen on the Comunn, who were disowned by the people for whom they pretended to speak. . . . If, therefore, the Comunn seek to provide a supply of

bi-lingual teachers for Gaelic-speaking districts, and wishes to increase the efficiency of Gaelic speakers by training them to read and write their own language, there will be few to quarrel with them. But, first of all, they must get into sympathetic touch with the people they wish to help. That is the whole moral of the present debacle."

We agree with our contemporary that the whole moral of the recent debacle is just as it, and others, have diagnosed it. We think, too, that apart from these, in the circumstances, injudicious, even injurious, Amendments, no small part of that regrettable debacle was due to the want of common-sense conduct displayed, for some years past now, by An Comunn Gàidhealach. There is scarcely a question which that Society has taken up in respect of which it has not grievously erred and strayed, and this in spite of the fact, that some of those questions are admittedly such as the Gaelic people should, and, we believe, do have at heart, and are such, moreover, as many patriotic men and women would delight in helping to solve, if only they could be sure that conduct would be united to zeal in all endeavours to secure their solution. But we must candidly confess that the individuals who have been responsible for the conduct of An Comunn Gàidhealach within recent years, and those especially with whom the fatal and dishonourable policy of "spoiling the Egyptians" originated, are *not* the persons, under any conceivable circumstances, to lead even a hope which is admittedly forlorn and discredited, much

less one which should be always uppermost in the heart of every true Gael. Let the Comunn, therefore, look to itself. Let it candidly acknowledge the errors of many of its past ways. Above all, let it pursue an honest course, and shame the devil, in the shape of the Anglicised Scot, if need be. Only by so doing can it hope to install itself firmly and enduringly in the respect and esteem of the Gaelic people. As for getting "into sympathetic touch with the people they wish to help"—to quote again the words of our contemporary the *Highland News*—something further is needed. The Comunn must cease its sectional agitation, and grasp the national emblem, not with finger and thumb, as at present, but *manu forte et in toto*—otherwise An Comunn Gàidhealach, as a national concern, is undone.

And this brings us to the second part of our present exposition, which is to show cause why the Gaelic Movement should cease to be a movement whose sole concern consists in the preservation of the Gaelic language, and those minor national possessions, in pleading for the cultivation of which no man is supposed to be taking political thought or action. In this connexion a good deal has been said and written touching the Irish Gaelic League. The Gaelic League is a body which as recently as June last, in solemn conclave assembled in Dublin, officially re-affirmed its determination not to attach itself to the fortunes of any political party. We rejoice in that decision. A society, such as the Gaelic League, which aspires to be, and, no

doubt, in some considerable measure, is indeed a national organisation, should not, obviously, be at the beck and call of any political party. But let not the friends of the Gaelic language in Scotland, and more especially such as are members of the corresponding, if greatly less influential Scottish Society, An Comunn Gáidhealach, run away with the notion that in so recording its convictions the Gaelic League is thereby rendered the less a genuine political, or rather national, Society. The vast majority of those who comprise the rank and file of the Gaelic League are animated by national sentiments—thanks, we believe, almost entirely to the preservation of that Faith, which, as a recent contributor to our pages pointed out, experience has revealed to be the best of all possible antidotes to the forces of aggressive Anglicisation. The leaders and minor officials of the Gaelic League (whether Catholic or Protestant) are similarly animated; and though instances are on record in which Anglicised Irishmen—that is to say, Irishmen styling themselves “Unionists”—have joined the League, we believe we are correct in saying that their conversion or withdrawal has in all cases speedily followed as a matter of course. Thus, whether the Gaelic League is a political body or not—and we here take leave to observe that a simple resolution not to subscribe to the tenets of any particular political party does not necessarily imply rigid abstention from “politics”—the “power behind the throne,” as it were—the *League’s whole driving force*—is derived from

sources which are essentially political: it springs from the generous fount of militant Irish nationalism; and for our part, looking to the gratifying measure of success which has already attended that propaganda, we hope that it may long continue to do so.

The Comunn Gàidhealach, however, is in a totally different position, and if it is ever to enjoy a moiety of that respect and esteem which the Irish organisation has succeeded in attaching to itself it will require to broaden its basis, and to take up some questions which Conradh na Gaidh-ilge does not, officially, at all events promote, leaving their agitation to societies and associations which, though not less inspired by national sentiments than itself, yet make the conduct of those particular questions their peculiar concern. Unlike Irish nationalism, Scottish nationalism is a plant of tender growth: it requires fostering. Our people are, in general, more Anglicised than the Irish; and in order to enlist their sympathies in behalf of the language campaign, questions must be faced by the friends of the Gaelic Movement in this country, and especially by all societies claiming to be playing a national part, which elsewhere might appropriately and safely be left to the consideration of the sectional bodies expressly called into being for the purposs of agitating those sectional issues. Now, the Land Question is a question which the Gaelic Movement in Scotland and its organised forces *must* face if they are ever to get into sympathetic touch with the people "we

are desirous to help." There are two outstanding reasons imperatively dictating the pursuit of a national policy of this kind: the first of these reasons is concerned with economics; the second is based on sentiment. The economic reason, briefly stated, amounts to this:—unless the Land Question is satisfactorily solved, the Gàidhealtachd will soon be denuded of those who speak the Gaelic language. In other words, unless the people are settled upon the land of their fathers, the Gaelic language of Scotland—to preserve which the Comunn Gàidhealach and other kindred societies have been called into existence—will die the death. Therefore, the economic necessity of settling this question can never seem to be greater than when it is approached from the point of view of the friends of the Gaelic language. Indeed, to our mind, so pressing and urgent is this question of the land that we consider ourselves justified in saying that, if the two questions of language and land could ever justly be put in competition one against the other, the question of the land should have pride of place in respect of that of the language of the people by whom the national tongue is habitually spoken. After all there is common sense in the asseveration that if you settle the Land Question you will *ipso facto* secure the preservation of the language, and though we are not by any means in favour of a *laissez faire* policy in respect of the Gaelic language, but, on the contrary, believe firmly in an aggressive and progressive attitude upon that, as upon all questions

affecting the welfare of the ancient Scottish race, yet so convinced are we of the absolute necessity of forcing the Land Question to a head that if, as we say, the question could ever arise as to which of these two problems should take precedence of the other, we should have no hesitation in saying that the people should be preserved, even, if needs be, at the expense of the language which they speak. Fortunately, however, no such dismal alternative need, or indeed can, ever arise. The Scots of the Gàidhealtachd are not going to discard their mother-tongue—the ancient national language of Alba; and, short of the incapacity and vacillation, ignorance, timidity, treachery, and bad faith displayed by certain persons who have been of late at the head of affairs in the Gaelic Movement, there is no conceivable reason why “Tìr agus Teanga” should not be now, as heretofore, the rallying cry of every leal and true-hearted Gael. Only—An Comunn Gàidhealach, and the Movement in general, must purge their official ranks. The Land Question must be faced—not timidly and half-heartedly, but boldly, honestly, and *con amore*. The people must be instructed to the effect that in fighting for the one question they are equally promoting the cause of the other. In other words, the two questions must go forward to solution hand in hand and shoulder to shoulder. Other way of interesting the people, of engaging their sympathy and enlisting their whole-hearted support, there is none. We agree with the *Highland News*: so far as the Gaelic Movement is con-

cerned, the era of academic discussion and agitation is overpast: the Comunn and all our forces must boldly come out into the open and fight the people's battle for the people, and with the assistance and loyal co-operation of the same.

There is another question of supreme national importance with which, we consider, the Gaelic Movement, through the vehicle of its accredited organisations, should officially associate itself; and that is the question of National Self-Government, or Home Rule as some prefer to style it. That the individual who enjoys personal freedom and liberty should be desirous to extend these advantages to the State or Nation to which he belongs seems to us but reasonable. All educated persons cherish and value individual freedom; and the same, by consequence, should be equally true of States, which are merely collections of individuals. The Gael, especially, should value national freedom of this kind, inasmuch as he has suffered grievously by reason of its withdrawal from the land of his birth, and inasmuch as he knows, or should know, how much his country prospered when Scotland was in possession of complete autonomy. Nationalism, therefore, without Nationalism—without Nationalism's choicest and most precious gift (which is Self-Government), is not Nationalism. It is not worthy the name. We speak of the Gaelic as our national tongue—and we are right—but if we enjoy “*Tír agus Teanga*,” and yet lack Self-Government, our Nationalism is not complete. Is Scotland a Nation or a Province, like unto an

English shire? History and latter-day aggressive Nationalism equally proclaim her Nationhood: therefore, to be true to that Nationhood, and to be mindful of the lesson of History, we must proclaim our faith in "Scotland a Nation." We hold, then, that no man who is not a Nationalist in the sense that, say, Bruce and Wallace, were Nationalists, should be permitted to hold office in An Comunn Gàidhealach, or should be reckoned a leader, if not of the ranks of that Association. For either such an one must be insincere, or his "Nationalism" must be constructed upon sand. In any event, such an individual must, for the purposes of this Movement, be accounted, if not insincere, at least ignorant, uneducated, and therefore unprofitable and dangerous; for how can any Unionist (whether Tory or Liberal) inspire confidence, or be reckoned worthy of the same, if he starts from the basis that the function of Scotland is to play a part subordinate to that of England. The thing is absurd, and would be generally recognised as being so, if our people were not blind and, for the most part, as ignorant as they are undoubtedly short-sighted. Unionism of the incorporating kind is absolutely inconsistent with the elements of the National Faith; and it should be rendered as difficult for a Unionist to take office in a society such as An Comunn Gàidhealach—we use the expression Unionist not in its narrow English party sense, but as indicating one who is not in favour of allowing the National principle unfettered exercise in the political world—as it would be for

a camel to pass through the eye of a needle. We agree with C.M.P.,* “Bu chòir do gach Gàidheal a th’ann *fior* eiseimpleir nan Eireannach a leantuinn agus an ‘Liberalism’ is an ‘Toryism’ (dé sam bith a tha sin a’ciallachadh), fhàgail air taobh am muigh an dorus, gach uair a théid iad an cinnséal gnothaich a bhuineas d’an cinneadh, d’an cànan is da’n tìr. Na measamaid Gàidheal a réir a ‘Liberalism’ no a ‘Thoryism’ ach a réir a Ghàidhealachais.” But we go farther than this. We affirm that no Gael styling himself Liberal or Tory is in the least degree worthy the confidence of the Gaelic people. Such terms—such political tenets—are not for us, whatever degree of vogue and esteem they may enjoy amongst the people with whom they originated, and to whom alone they belong. For a Gael to style himself after one or other of these foreign political soubriquets, though it may not necessarily involve treachery and bad-faith on his part, shows deplorable ignorance, which, if not as bad, is, from the national point of view, just as dangerous.

We hold, then, that the question of the Land and that of National Self-Government should be formally and officially incorporated in the programme of the Gaelic Movement. They are vital national concerns, and should be treated as far removed above all party and sectional considerations. In this regard, we should do well to take a leaf out of the political book of our neighbours the English, who wisely set apart certain questions

* *Alba*, 27th June.

and features of their political life as not being subservient to those purely party considerations which, outside the circle of such questions, govern the tactics of the rival political parties in the English State. The English Tory and the English Whig are equally attached to those principles which the latter succeeded in establishing at the Revolution of 1688. The English Conservative and the English Radical pursue an unbroken foreign policy: a change of Ministry involves no alteration in the spirit and character of England's relations and negotiations with foreign Powers. Both parties are agreed as to the necessity of the maintenance of the armed forces of the country, and their greater efficiency as a means of preserving the English power. There are other questions which we could mention as being of the number to which the laws governing English Party warfare do not apply; but we apprehend that we have mentioned sufficient to show that certain questions are in England very properly universally recognised as belonging, not to the counsels of any particular party, but to the nation as a whole. The Land Question, and that of National Self-Government should equally be esteemed by us to be questions above and infinitely beyond all party considerations and sectional interests whatsoever, partly because they are truly National questions, and partly because they are so intimately connected and dovetailed with the Language Movement that to separate them would be impossible, even if it were desirable, which, we

emphatically affirm, it is not. The Gaelic Movement has now reached a point when it must either "get into sympathetic touch with the people" it designs to help by boldly taking up these questions and forcing them to an issue—or it must be content to die the death hinted at by a recent distinguished contributor to our pages as being in store for it, should it fail to bring the whole Scottish Nation under its ægis.

THE BAGPIPE AND THE GAEL

By C. M. P.

ABOUT three years ago a series of articles on Highland Bagpipe Music appeared over the name of Dr. Charles Bannatyne in a West Highland newspaper. The superlative strain in which they were composed, and the extraordinary conclusions which were evolved in them from very doubtful premises, awakened in my mind an amount of scepticism which caused me to give some attention to the subject myself. The result of this was a rejoinder to Dr. Bannatyne's articles. The rejoinder brought on me the doctor's wrath; and his reply to my strictures led to further controversy, which had the effect of making both of the con-

troversialists look deeper into their subject of debate. The main statement which I made was : that the relations between the Bagpipe and the Gael were not the intimate ones which the doctor and others tried to make out.

Knowing that the late Dr. MacBain held the opinion that the bagpipe was a comparatively recent importation into the Highlands of Scotland, and thinking that he might be interested in conclusions drawn from premises other than those on which he himself founded, which tended to confirm his view, I sent him a copy of my first rejoinder to Dr. Bannatyne. He expressed his satisfaction with it, and later on I decided to expand the ideas which I had formulated in reply to Dr. Bannatyne into a connected whole, which might be a stepping stone to something better. But owing to the want of proper books of reference, and the requisite leisure for study, I have been unable to make it more than a suggestive essay, which, I fear, will be found dry and tiresome ; and perhaps that itself is not easy to avoid in a case where it is proposed to uproot fanciful theories by the only thing which can effectively do it : hard, dry reasoning.

That the bagpipe is not peculiar to the Highlands of Scotland needs no proof. It is well known to be a living instrument of music in many countries ; and there is good evidence that it was used in ancient times among the nations which have a historical literature.

At Sutton, in England, a goose playing on a bagpipe is depicted on a glass quarry of date about 1520.

At Altarnum, in Cornwall, a bench end has a carved representation of a bagpiper. The bag is carried under the arm, but the drone is *behind* the shoulder. There are two chanter of equal length, and of a larger size than that of the Highland bagpipe. The date is about 1525.

In Derrick's "Image of Ireland," a book published in 1581, there is an illustration of an Irish piper marching at the head of a body of men armed with battle-axes. The bag is carried in front of the belly, is large, and slung by means of a belt round the back of the neck. The instrument has two long drones, and one chanter reaching to the knee, and there is what appears to be a valve wherewith to control a hole in the chanter near to the lower end.

In Drayton's "Polyalbion," a book published in 1613, a list of musical instruments, which were in common use in England at that period, is given. Among them is the bagpipe, which is referred to thus:—

Some blew the bagpipe up
That plays the country round ;
The tabor and the pipe
Some take delight to sound.

In this stanza a distinction is made between the bagpipe and the pipe, which advocates of the

antiquity of the bagpipes in the Highlands would do well to note.

A bagpiper having an instrument with a large bag, a single large chanter and a small drone, is carved on a Cornish knife-handle of the 17th century.

A traveller, during the reigns of James II. and William III. of England, describes the dancing of milkmaids to bagpipes in England.

The Countess of Mar's household book records payments to three "Inglish piffereris" in 1641. "Piffereris" may or may not be bagpipers. The term is, however, nowadays associated with such.

A broadside, of unknown date, represents a bagpiper with an instrument whose bag is under the arm, which has one drone carried on the front of the shoulder and two chanters reaching well under the level of the knees.

In Kilbarchan, a Renfrewshire village not three miles from where I write, there is the statue of a famous bagpiper who belonged to the village and lived in the 16th century. His name is familiar to every person who has paid attention to Lowland Scottish song. I refer to Habbie Simpson—he who is mentioned in the song "Maggie Lauder":

"There's nane in Scotland plays sae weel
Sin' we lost Habbie Simpson."

From all that has been said and written about him it is clear that he was a bagpiper fulfilling exactly the same functions as the Neil Blane of

“Old Mortality” and the bagpiper of the present day. Mr. Manson devotes a paragraph to this piper and quotes his epitaph, which is well worthy of reproduction here, but being mainly in search of matter pleasing to the popular taste, he fails to draw the inferences which are forced on one enquiring for the truth.

Kilbarchan in my time had a weaving community of considerable intelligence and strong Radical political leanings. They are cannie and pawkie in their manner of speech, and their style betrays them everywhere to those who are acquainted with it. At the same time, as they themselves state it: “We’re no sae saft’s we’re saft spoken.” They are known in the surrounding district as “The Habbies.” So strong has been the impression which this sixteenth-century bagpiper, Habbie Simpson, made in his time that his name has adhered to his fellow villagers for three centuries.

Most of what is known about Habbie Simpson is concentrated in his epitaph, composed by Francis Sempill of Beltrees, a poet who lived in Habbie’s time. It is valuable and exceedingly interesting for the light it sheds on the customs of three centuries ago—and particularly on bagpiping—in the Lowlands of Scotland. The epitaph first came to my knowledge when I was a mere lad. I found it in a number of “The Paisley Repository,” a publication of about the middle of last century. It is headed as follows:—

The Epitaph of Habbie Simpson

Quha on his drone bore bonnie flags ;
 He blew his 'cheiks as reid as crimson,
 And 'bobbie quhan he blew his bags.

Written by ^s*Robert* Semple of Beltrees about the year 1600. He is allowed to have been the inventor of the stanza of this epitaph. Allan Ramsay, in corresponding with William Hamilton, refers to this measure as "Standard Habby," thereby showing that it was regarded as a finished piece.

"May I be licket wi' a bittle
 Gin of your numbers I think little ;
 Ye're never rugget, 'shan, nor 'kittle,
 But blythe and gabby,
 And hit the spirit to a tittle
 Of STANDARD HABBY.

Habbie died in the latter end of the 16th century. He lived to be an old man, as the epitaph conveys, in which case he would be in his prime about 1550.

THE EPITAPH.

Kilbarchan now may say Alace !
 For 'scho hes lost hir game and grace :
 'Bayth *Trixie* and the *Maiden-trace* ;
 Bot 'quhat 'remeid !
 For na man can supply his place :
 Hab Simpson's deid.

¹This disposes of the statement that the old Lowland bagpipe was blown by bellows.

²Moved up and down.

⁴Out of date.

⁶She. ⁷Both.

³Should be Francis, I think.

⁵Difficult.

⁸What. ⁹Remedy

Now ¹quha ²sall play *The Day it dawis*,
 Or *Hunt up* ³quhen the cock he crawis ;
 Or quha can for our kirktownis caus
 Stand us in steid ?

On bag-pypis now na body blawis
 Sin Habby's deid.

Or quha will caus our ⁴scheirers ⁵scheir ;
 Quha will bang up the ⁶brags of ⁷weir ;
 Bring in the bellis or gude play ⁸meir
 In tyme of neid ?

Hab Simpson coud. Quhat neid ⁹ze ¹⁰speir ?
 Bot now he's deid.

Sa kyndly to his ¹¹nichtbouris ¹²neist,
 At Beltane and Sanct Barchan's feast,
 He blew, and then hald up his breist
 As he war ¹³weid ;
 Bot now we neid not him ¹⁴arrest,
 For Habbie's deid.

At fairis he playit befor the speirmen,
 Al gaillie ¹⁵graithit in their ¹⁶geir, quhen
 Steill bouetis, jacks, and swordies sa cleir then
 Lyke ony beid ;
 Now quha sall play befor sic weir-men
 Sen Habbie's deid ?

At Clark-playis quhen he wont to ¹⁷cum,
 His pype playit trimlie to the drum ;

¹ Who.	² Shall.	³ When.	⁴ Shearers.	⁵ Shear.
⁶ Boastings.	⁷ War.	⁸ Mare.	⁹ Ye.	¹⁰ Ask.
¹¹ Neighbours.		¹² Next.	¹³ Demented.	¹⁴ Engage.
¹⁵ Equipped.		¹⁶ Accoutrements.		¹⁷ Come.

Lyke bykes of beis he ¹gart it bum,
 And tuneit his reid ;
 But now our pypis may a' sing dum
 Sen Habbie's deid.

Hee countit was a ²weild ³wicht man,
 And ⁴ferslie at fute-ball he ran ;
 At everie game the ⁵grie he wan
 For pith and speid ;
 The lyke of Habbie wasna then ;
 Bot now he's deid.

And then, besyde his valzieant actis,
 At bridalis he wan mony ⁶plackis ;
 He bobbit aye behind fowks bakis
 And ⁷schuke his heid ;
 Now we want mony merrie ⁸crackis
 Sen Habbie's deid.

Hee was convoyer of the bryde,
 Wi' ⁹bittock ⁹hingand at his side ;
 About the kirk he thocht a pryde
 The ring to leid ;
 Now we maun gae ¹⁰bot ony guyde,
 F'or Habbie's deid.

Sa weill's he keepit his decorum,
 And all the stotis of Quhip Meg Morum.

¹ Made.

² Strong. ³ Supple. ⁴ Fiercely. ⁵ Prize, or foremost place.

⁶ Old coin—Gaelic form : plang. ⁷ Shook. ⁸ Cracks.

⁹ Hanging. ¹⁰ Without.

* This is the word from which the Gaelic "Biodag" is derived.

Hee slew a man, and wae's me for him !
 And bare the ¹feid ;
 And ²zit the man ³wan hame befor him,
 And wasna deid.

Aye when he playit the lassis ⁴leuch
 To sie him teithless, auld, and ⁵teuch ;
 He wan his pypis besyde Bar-cleuch
 Withoutin ⁶dreid,
⁷Quhilk after wan him ⁸geir eneuch ;
 Bot now he's deid.

Aye quhan he plaid the ⁹gaitlings ¹⁰gedderit ;
 And quhan he spak the ¹¹carill ¹²bledderit ;
 On Sabbath dayis his cape was ¹³fedderit ;
 A seimlie weid ;
 In the kirkyaird his meir stude ¹⁴tedderit
 Quhar he lyis deid.

Alace! for him my heart is sair ;
 For of his ¹⁵spryngis I got a ¹⁶skair ;
 At everie play, race, feist, and fair,
 Bot ¹⁷gyle or ¹⁸greid ;
 We neid not luke for pyping mair
 Sen Habbie's deid.

The following explanatory notes, partly the writer's, and partly drawn from "The Paisley Repository's" article, may be of interest :—

- ¹ Feud. ² Yet. ³ Got. ⁴ Laughed. ⁵ Tough. ⁶ Doubt.
⁷ Which. ⁸ Money or wealth. ⁹ Loafers, hangers about.
¹⁰ Gathered. ¹¹ Carle. ¹² Became talkative. ¹³ Feathered.
¹⁴ Tethered. ¹⁵ Dance tunes. ¹⁶ Share. ¹⁷ Guile.
¹⁸ Greed.

Game.—Refers to football contests between parishes (similar to the shinty matches still held in the Highlands on New Year's Day), which are always graced by the presence of the local pipers.

Trixie.—Refers to an old song of Reformation times, with the refrain : "Hey trix, tryme go trix, under the green-wood tree."

Maiden-trace.—It was customary for the bride and her maidens, led on by the piper, to perform the circuit of the church. The piper on these occasions played a certain air, called "The Maiden trace."

The day now dawis.—This is the name of an old song and tune, the words of which are often quoted. The rhyme and alliteration are after the Irish Gaelic models of olden times.

Hey, now the day dawis,
The jolly cock crawis,
Now shrouds the shawis,
Through nature anon.
The thrissle cock cry is,
On lovers wha lyis,
Now skales the skyis,
The night is near gone.

Hunt up.—This was the name of a song, said—but with what warrant I know not—to refer to the wolf-hunt, which was ordained by Statute in the reign of James I. of Scotland, to take place four times a year in every barony. Tenants were compelled to take part in these wolf-hunts under

pain of "ane wedder ilk man not rising with the barony."

Quha will caus our scheirers scheir.—It was customary to hire a piper to play to shearers in Habbie Simpson's day; and the custom was not dead in this county of Renfrew a century ago. I have spoken to an old woman who testified to the fact.

Brag of Weir—"or Pibrochs played at wapon schawings," says the Editor of "The Paisley Repository."

Bring in the bellis or gude play meir.—The bells are associated with horse races still held in Paisley on St. James' Day every year; but no piper now plays at the leading in of the successful mare.

Clark-plays.—Plays probably of the kind to which those of Sir David Lindsay of the Mount belonged. His "Satyre of the Three Estates" was acted at Cupar and Linlithgow, 1535 and 1539.

Futeball.—The Editor of "The Paisley Repository" makes the remark—"This game has long been an amusement of the active sons of Caledonia, though it is now superseded by the game of shinty in Renfrewshire." This was written from forty to sixty years ago. The reverse is true now; for shinty is superseded by football in Renfrewshire and the Lowlands generally.

Bittock.—The Editor of "The Paisley Repository" says—This is an Earse word for the dirk or dagger. Dr. MacBain told a different story. *Biodag* is but the Gaelic form of "bittock."

Stotis means musical notes.

Bagpiping must have been in a flourishing condition during the latter half of the sixteenth century, in the west of Lowland Scotland at any rate, for we can safely infer from the words of the preceding epitaph that there were bagpipe competitions. "He wan his pypis beside Bar-cleuch" sufficiently proves this.

Bagpipe playing can hardly be said to have become, at any time since then, extinct in Lowland Scotland. No doubt it languished on occasions. But it was not dead when Highland bagpiping began to recover from the backset it received after the "'45." At present it is exceedingly lively in these quarters. The following item of information, which was sent by Provost MacFarlan, Dumbarton, to Mr. Henry Whyte not long ago, proves what I say. The quotation is from a lease of 1772 applicable to the village of Eaglesham, in Renfrewshire, which lies on the borders of Ayrshire, near a former Covenanting district:—Item—In regard the said Earl of Eglington obliges himself and his foresaids to keep a piper properly clothed with proper bagpipes for the use of the inhabitants of the said town of Eaglesham, to play through the town morning and evening every lawful day, the said tenant obliges himself and his foresaids to make payment to the said Earl and his foresaids of the sum of 1s sterling, and that yearly, along with the rent, in order to defray the expenses of keeping the said piper.

Bearing also on this point is the following quotation from Joseph MacDonald's *Treatise on the Theory, &c., of Bagpipe playing*:—"In the low countries of Scotland, where all their pipe music consists in imitating the music of other instruments, as violins, &c., they endeavour to diversify the semi-breve by shakes, &c., which, carrying off the swell, and being no way natural to the instrument, has a very poor effect."

Further, he says, "As we will have occasion to speak of the Low Country pipe, it shall be referred to its proper place; their music being different."

This Joseph MacDonald went to the East Indies in 1760.

In England, bagpiping must have been fairly lively a century ago; for we learn from Mackay's pibroch book that MacDonald, an Edinburgh maker of bagpipes, 100 years ago, introduced improvements into the Northumbrian bagpipe. This particular kind of bagpipe is not unlike the Highland type; but is on a smaller scale, and differently fingered. It survived up till recent years.



The preceding evidences—a mere fraction of a large array which could be adduced—prove that the bagpipe was in use in the British Isles from 1300 onwards to the present day, in divers forms, and that it was not confined to any particular locality.

It is plain also that it had its ups and downs in popularity, both among the gentry and the com-

monalty. The causes of its decay in England and Lowland Scotland were, probably, the Puritan spirit, and the rise of higher class music. Its rise to popularity in the Highlands was due, most likely, to opposite causes: the decay of a higher-class music, and the absence of the Puritan spirit. When the connection between Ireland and the Highlands of Scotland began to grow weaker, owing principally to the misfortunes of Ireland, and partly to the growing power of the Central Authority in Edinburgh, the source from which the Highlands derived the fine arts ceased to be available. Ireland was the source of Gaelic culture; and when it decayed under stress of circumstances, such musical culture as there was in the Highlands suffered a relapse, and the door was opened to the musical culture which was advancing from the South.

The bagpipe, as we have seen, has been admitted to the company of higher class instruments; but, then, probably only as a drone accompaniment. But an instrument of the type now in vogue, has generally been looked askance at by cultured musicians and their following. The pictorial and carved pigs and geese playing on the instrument, go a good way towards proving this. In literature, English and Gaelic, a strong feeling of contempt occasionally finds expression. Not to mention what Shakespeare has written, which most people already know, we have in English literature the following taken from *Hudibras*, written in the second half of the 17th century:—

“ This light inspires and plays upon the nose
Of saint, like bagpipe drones,
And speaks through hollow empty soul
As through a trunk or whispering hole.”

And again—

“ Then bagpipes of the loudest drones,
With snuffling broken-winded tones,
Whose blasts of air, in pockets shut,
Sound filthier than from the gut,
And make a viler noise than swine
In windy weather, when they whine.”

Niall Mac Mhuirich, who was of the old school of Gaelic Bards, outdoes the author of Hudibras in his expressions of contempt for the bagpipe, as witnesseth the following :—

SEANACHAS SLOINNIDH NA PIOBA O THUS.

Aotroman muice, ho hó !
Air a shéideadh gu h-an-mhòr
A' cheud mhàla nach robh binn
Thàinig o thùs na di-linn.

Bha seal ri aotromain mhuc,
'Gan lìonadh suas as gach pluic ;
Craiceann seana-mhuilt 'na dhéigh sin
Ri searbhadas agus ri dùrdail.

Cha robh an uair sin anns a' phìob
Ach seannsair agus aon lìop ;
Agus maide chumadh nam fonn
D'am b' ainm an sùmaire.

Tamull 'na dhéigh sin fhuair as-innleachd
innleachd

Agus chinnich na trì croinn innt :
Fear dhiubh fada, leobhar, garbh
Ri dùrdan reamhar ro shearbh.

Air faighinn an dùrdain soirbh
Agus a' ghortaich gu loma léir,
Chraobh-sgaoil a' chrannaghail mar sin
Ri searbhadas agus ri rùchdail.

.

Dò-cheol a bha 'n ifrinn ìochdraich,
Foghar phìoban nan dos cruaidh ;
Culaidh a dhùsgadh nan deamhan,
Liùgail de mheòir reamhar, ruadh.

Air feasgar an earraich mhìn,
Mar gheum mairt caoilidh teachd gu tlus,
Thig sgreadail a' chroinn riabhaich
Mar bhraim tòine 'n diabhuill duibh.

Chuir Vénus a bha seal an Ifrinn
Mar dhearbhadh, sgeul gu fir an domhain :
Gur e corranach bhan is pìob-ghleadhair
Dà leannan ciùil cluas nan deamhan.

These are hardly the words which a Gaelic bard would apply to an instrument which was held in esteem by his class. We can readily fancy them being applied to an aggressive novelty in art by a jealous artist of the school being ousted, or to a decaying art by a disciple of the new school. But

we know that Niall Mac Mhuirich was of the old school, and the bagpipe must have belonged to the new school.

Mr. Manson puts Niall Mac Mhuirich back as far as 1411. The Niall who made the satire on the bagpipe is known to have been living in 1715. This error takes over one hundred and fifty years off the authentic antiquity of the bagpipe in the Highlands as set forth in Mr. Manson's book.



There is nothing to indicate that the bagpipe had any vogue in the Highlands of Scotland in the fifteenth century; and there is suggestive evidence that in Lowland Scotland, in the same century, it was accounted as deserving of little notice—by the upper classes at least. The Scottish records of the fifteenth century show payments made by Royalty to “Ersche Clarsochars,” to Lowland and “Inglis harpers,” and to “Inglis pyparis;” but we have no record of ane Hielan or Ersche pypar having received money for playing before Royalty.

Over a year ago, Mr. William Mackenzie, of the Crofters Commission, read a paper to the Gaelic Society of Glasgow, on Strathfillan. Among other matters, he referred to a visit made by King James IV. to that strath. His Majesty was entertained by the religious fraternity in the strath, and treated to music in the evenings, evidently. The records show gratuities given to seanachies, harpers, clarsochars, and a fiddler. I asked Mr. Mackenzie if there was any mention

made of a bagpipe in the records referring to the King's visit. "None whatever" was his reply. This goes to prove that bagpiping had not reached Strathfillan in 1500, or was of low repute. But as "Inglis pyparis" were considered worthy of a King's notice, the inference is that there was no bagpiping peculiar to the Highlands at that time.

In the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries the case was different. The large towns by that time had their public-pipers. Even the small kirktown of Kilbarchan, as we have seen, had its own piper.

On the other hand, the first record of a piper with a Gaelic name appears late in the sixteenth century, according to Dr. MacBain. And this record refers to the shire of Perth, which is on the Lowland border.



That the music of the bagpipe, as we now know it, did not develop wholly in the Highlands is proved by the large proportion of bagpipe tunes which have their English names. Out of two hundred and twenty tunes in Gunn's book of bagpipe music, consisting of reels, strathspeys, jigs, and marches, and one solitary hornpipe, but no pibroch, nearly one-third of the whole have the names of English and Scots-English songs of one kind or another attached to them. In contrast to this, there are only a few which I can recognise as the tunes of Gaelic songs. The compiler of the music calls two out of the two hundred and twenty "Gaelic airs," namely: the "Duke of Perth's Reel" and "Prince Albert's Lament." He does not,

however, tell the names of these two Gaelic airs in Gaelic. What he regarded the remaining tunes as is not apparent; but it is clear that in his mind bagpipe music and Gaelic airs were things apart.

That most of these bagpipe tunes had Gaelic words there can be no doubt; otherwise they would hardly have the names which they bear, over and above their fancy or complimentary names. But in very very few cases do these words rise above the level of *port a beul*—which is always mere jingling doggerel. Even those which have English names, and which there is reason for thinking were genuine English tunes, have got their Gaelic *puirt a beul*.

I append a list of tunes having English names, with remarks when there is occasion for such:—

Tail toddle—Calum Mac a Phì. Long ago in the Lowlands.

Keep the country, bonnie lassie. No Gaelic name.

Captain Keeler—An obair nodha Shasunnach.

The Cameleon—Nighean nan Gamhnach.

The brisk young lad—Fear an Dùin-mhóir. Siubhail nan Garbhlach.

I ha'e got a wife o' my ain—Chaidh mi do bhanais mo ghaoil.

Comely Garden—Tha car an earball stìodain.

Willie wi his tartan trews—Horo mo Mhaili bheag ruadh.

Willie made a waddin o't—Tormad a bh'air a' ghille.

I'll gang nae mair to yon toun—Cha téid mi féin a chéilidh.

The piper's whim—Magaid a' phìobair.

John the piper's son—Iain Mac a' phìobair. As boys, we had a rhyme: "John, John, the piper's son, stole a scone and off he ran."

The short apron—Crò nan gobhar.

Merry may the keel row—A bhalgain, a bhalgain.

Claimed as a north of England tune.

Jenny Nettles—Nighean buidhe an tailleur. $\frac{3}{4}$ Long ago in the Lowlands.

Trippers—'S e mo chas chrùbach.

Speed the plough—Suas an crann.

Greig's pipes—Chaidh an cuthach 'sa bhanarach.

Burns made a song to this tune: My lady's gown.

Merry maid's wedding—Sud mar chaidh an càl a dholaidh.

Willie Davy—Nighean bàl a' mhuilleir.

I wadna gie my Sandy lad—'S e mo ghaol an gille dubh.

Lady Weems's jig—Gilleam an Stàbuill.

Portpatrick—'S ann agam tha'm bodach is mios th'air an t-saoghal.

Molasses and Brose—Cursti mhor is currac oirre.
In England long ago.

Brig o' Perth—Thog iad orm gu'n robh mi mire.

Mary Gray—Cailleach Uilleam.

The bride in her shift—Cnocan a' choilich.

John Paterson's mare—Làir Iain 'ic Phadruig.
The name of a border song.

Pease strae—Na'm biodh agam trudair bodaich.
"Pease strae" is a well-known Lowland song—old.

Sweet Molly—(Colonel Eachann Munro).

Athole Cummers—Bog an lochain. Hogg has a Jacobite song to this tune.

Rattlin' roarin' Willie—Am port crom. Burns made a song to this tune.

The Mason's apron—Is coma leam do bhean an taighe.

Carle an' the King come—Thearlaich, na'n tigeadh tu.

Hech how, Johnnie lad—Ceannaichidh mise gùn do Chaitir. Tannahill made a song to this tune.

Jockey Latin—Cuir do chuid air fire faire. This is an old tune in the Lowlands, which Burns refers to in his musical correspondence. Indeed, it is claimed as English.

Dunse dings a'.—Có sin th' air do chlochan geala. Dunse is a border town.

Bugle Horn quickstep—No Gaelic.

Jenny's bawbee—Fierannach is bonaid air. A Lowland song to this air and a popular rhyme: Jenny put the kettle on.

Bundle and go—Crodh laoigh nam bodach. Also, "The wee, wee man." Burns refers to this air and uses it.

Kenmuir's on and awa—Tha bonaid bheag bhiorach air Alastair Garbh.

The Campbells are coming—Bha mi air banais am Bail Ionbhar-Aora.

Protestant boys—No Gaelic.

Highland Harry—A' bhonaid ghorm. Burns uses this tune.

The Roses blaw—No Gaelic name.

The pride o' Caledonia—No Gaelic name.

Rutherglen Brig—No Gaelic name.

How auld are ye, my bonnie lass—No Gaelic name.

Nora Crìona—Known in the south as "Hay for Biddy, the basket woman." The tune is claimed as Irish and Moore has a song to it.

The Tournament—No Gaelic name.

74th Highlanders' March—This is, "My lodging is on the cold ground," and "I lo'e na a laddie but ane." The tune is claimed by Ireland and England.

Reid's fancy—This is "Guid nicht and joy be wi' ye a'." No Gaelic name.

Hielan' laddie—Also known as "Lass o' Livingstone." Claimed as an English air.

As I was kissed yestreen—Mar phògadh mi 'n raoir. An old Lowland song to this tune.

Braes of Bushbie—Duke of Sutherland's March. No Gaelic name.

Peggie's Wedding—Banais Mhargaid. Very Irish like.

Three good fellows beyont the glen—Old Lowland song. No Gaelic name.

Yankee—An American air. No Gaelic name.

Briton's glory—No Gaelic name.

Bannocks o' Bearmeal—Bonnaich mhin eòrna. Also known as "A lad and a lass lay in a killogie." Old Lowland song.

O'er the hills and far awa'—Fad as thar nam beann. Lowland song to this tune.

Because he was a bonnie lad—Toir nan gobach as an tràigh.

The Laird o' Cockpen—No Gaelic name. The tune known as “A' Cheapach 'na fàsach” has the same basis—see Fraser of Knockie's Book.

The bride is a bonnie thing—No Gaelic name.

Johnnie Cope—No Gaelic name.

Lass an' ye lo'e me—No Gaelic name. An old Lowland song.

(*To be continued*).

DOMHNUL DUBH TIGHEARN NAN EILEANAN.

LE IAIN MACDOMHNUL.

II.

Bha na h-Eileanaich an daingeann-an-ceart an guailnean a chéile agus cha b'ann le aon tulgadh treun a b'urrainn do fheachdan an Rìgh an ceann-achadh. Bha anabarr fearainn ri 'shiubhal, agus iomadh ceap-tuislidh ri 'chur às an rathad. B'éiginn do'n luchd-fòirnidh tilleadh dhachaidh gun mhóran busaidh a chosnadh.

An ath-bhliadhn air so, chaidh ionnsuidh a thoirt às ùr air na h-Eileanan. Theann an Rìgh fhéin a mach air ceann an fheachd a bha 'g coibreachadh bho'n deas, agus b'e Huntli bu

chomanndair air a' bhuidhinn a bha tighinn bho'n tuath. Bha barrachd soirbheachaidh le oidhirpean nan Rìoghalach air an turas so; agus b'e thàinig às an iomairt gu'n deachaidh a' chomh-bhoinn a bha am measg nan Eileanach a bhriseadh agus a chur às a chéile. Thug mòran de na cinn-chinnidh a staigh an ùmhlachd do'n Rìgh. B'e Mac'Illeathain Dhubhairt a' cheud fhear a rinn an nì so; agus chaidh an eisimpleir aige a leantainn gu grad le Fear Locha-buidhe agus feadhainn eile.

Ged a ghéill càch, cha do ghéill MacLeoid Leoidhais. Chunnaic e nach robh ann ach tuiteamas caol gu'n rachadh saor-mhaitheanas a thoirt dhàsan, agus air an aobhar sin gu'n robh cho math dha seasamh a mach gus a' chuid a b'fhaide. Dh' éiginnich giulan an Leodaich an Rìgh gus an treasamh feachd a chur a mach do na h-Eileanan. Chaidh Torcull a ghairm 'n a reubalach leis a' Phàrlamaid air son nach d' thàinig e agus nach do sheas e deuchainn air son ceannairc; agus, le ùghdarras agus òrdugh an ceatharnach foghainteach a ghlacadh agus a luchd-leanmhainn a sgapadh agus a liodairt, thriall Huntli aon uair eile do na h-Eileanan tuathach. Chuir e séisd ri Caisteal Leodhais, ghéill an daingneach dhà, agus thug e an t-eilean gu léir fo cheannsal. Dh' fhairtlich air, co dhiubh, Tighearn Leodhais a ghlacadh; agus, cha'n 'eil fios ra chinnteach 'dé bu dol do'n cheann-chinnidh sin an déigh an driod-fhortain so. Am measg na cuideachd a bha le Huntli air an sgrìob so, bha Frisealaich Shrath-nathair; agus thugadh dhaibh-san mar dhuais air son an saothair fearainn

Asainn agus na Cógich, a bhuineadh thuige sud do'n Leodach.

Chaidh casgadh a chur air an ar-a-mach, ach dh' fhairtlich gu buileach air an Ard Uachdaranachd na seann mhuinntirich fhògairt a mach á tighearnas nan Eileanan, agus "daoine cearta" shuidheachadh 'n an àite. Dh' fhan fineachan nan Eileanan agus na h-Airde n-Iar an seilbh air a fhearann a bhuineadh dhaibh o shìnnreachd. So rinn iad gun taing do rìgh no do lagh. Chaidh Dòmhnul Dubh, a bheir amharc air mar oighre nan Eileanan, agus às leth an d' fhuiling na triathan Gàidhealach cho liutha ainneart agus sàruchadh—chaidh esan a rithisd a dheanamh 'n a phrìosanach agus a ghiulan air falbh de Chaisteal Dhuin-éideann. Thachair so anns a' bhliadhna 1506; agus, ré dha fhichead bliadhna, chaidh Dòmhnul bochd a ghleidheadh gu cùramach agus gu tearuinte fo ghlais agus fo iuchair. Cha'n 'eil iomradh dìongmhalt againn ciamar a fhuair e briseadh a mach agus teicheadh aig an deireadh thall. Mur e còmhnaidh Dhé a dh' fhosgail bealach dha, tha sàr fhios againn nach e deagh-ghean na h-Ard Uachdaranachd a rinn e. Ach, coma co dhiubh, b'ann m'a sgaoil e bha e.

Cha robh an t-àm sona no sealbhach air son Iarl' Earraghàidheal agus Iarla Huntli fhuadach a mach às na h-earrannan a ghlac iad de thighearnas nan Eileanan. Ged a chaidh gabhail ri Dòmhnul le carantas agus mór bhàigh am measg a chàirdean san Airde n-Iar, bha móran de na triathan a bu dìlse dha ann am prìosan aig a' cheart àm ud; agus,

air an aobhar sin, dh' aontaich e gu togarrach ri cùmhnantan sìth bhi air an socrachadh eadar e fhéin agus Iarl' Earraghàidheal—cùmhnantan a bha ri mairsinn gu Bealltain, 1543.

Mu na h-àmaibh so, chaochail Rìgh Seumas V., agus bha'n dùthaich fo riaghladh Iarl' Arainn a bha air a thaghadh 'n a Fhear-ionadh rìgh gus an tigeadh Bàin-rìgh Màiri gu aois. Air son an cuilbheartan fhéin a chuideachadh air an aghaidh, chuir càirdean Shasuinn ìmpidh chruidh air an Fhear-ionaid e a leigeadh nan ceann-cinnidh Gàidhealach a mach às a' phrìosan, 'an dòchas gu'n toireadh iad deannal air Earraghàidheal agus air Huntli a bha 'n an naimhdean do Shasunn. Ghabh Arainn a' chomhairle thugadh air; agus, an ceann ùine ghoirid, bha na h-uaislean tuathach air an ais an tìr an fhraoich agus am meadhoin an luchd-cinnidh.

Nuair a fhuair Dòmhnall Dubh a chàirdean m'a thimchioll, chruinnich e gun dàil oohd-ceud-deug de threun-fhir ghasda, agus thog e air gu crìochan Earraghàidheal. Thug e a' mhór-chuid de luchd-àiteachaidh nan cearnachan sin mar chobhartach do'n chlàidheamh; agus thug e leis dhachaidh àireamh mhór de spréidh maille ris na h-uiread de chreic eile. Bho'n àm so, bhuaic na h-Eilean-aich ann a bhi gabhail pàirt Cruin Shasuinn an aghaidh Crùn Albainn. Chuir so dragh agus trioblaid nach bu bheag air Iarl' Arainn, air dha a chùl a thoirt gu h-obann air Sasunn; agus, b' aithreach leis gu'n do leig e na triathan Gàidhealach a mach á prìosan. Ach, bha sin seachad, agus cha ghabhadh e leasachadh.

Ghnàthaich Iarla Lennocs agus feadhainn eile de chàirdean Shasuinn gach meadhoin a bha 'n an comas chum na h-Eileanaich a neartachadh agus a dhaingneachadh anns an rùn gu an daimh agus an dilseachd a thoirt bho Chrùn Albainn agus a nasgadh gu dìoghmhalta do Chrùn Shasuinn. Bha na cuilbheartan so air an giulan air an aghaidh gu diomhaireach, sàmhach, seolta, gidheadh, cha do sheachainn iad ra fhada cluas agus aire na h-Ard Uachdaranachd. Anns an Og-mhios, 1545, chaidh rabhadh a chur a mach le Fear-ionaid an rìgh agus a' Chomhairle Dhlomhair an aghaidh "Dhòmhnuill, a their ris fhéin Tighearn nan Eileanan, agus an aghaidh Ghàidheal eile a tha 'gabhail a phàirt." Bha'n rabhadh a' cur an céill gu'n deachaidh casaidean a chur gu tric dh' ionnsuidh na Comhairle 'thaobh creachadh, spùinneadh agus ciorraman eile a bh' air an deanamh le Dòmhnall agus a luchd-leanmhainn an aghaidh ìochdarain na Bànrigh, araon anns na h-Eileanan agus air tìr-mór. Bha e air a thuigsinn gu math nach b'ann le cumhachd nan Eileanach a mhàin a bha na drochbheartan so air an cur an gnìomh, ach le cuideachadh agus còmhnaidh Rìgh Shasuinn, ris an robh iad ann an dlùth dhaimh. Leis an dol-a-mach a bh' aca, bha e làn shoillear gu'n robh iad a' toirt a h-uile h-oidhirp air na h-Eileanan uile agus na h-uiread de thìr-mór a thoirt bho cheannsal do Rìgh Shasuinn agus a dhealachadh bho Chrùn Albainn. Bha rabhadh, uime sin, air a thoirt do Dhòmhnull nan Eileanan, agus dhaibh-san uile bha 'g éiridh leis, iad a thréigsinn an slighean, fiara

agus ceannairceach ; agus, nam b'e 's gu'n diultadh iad géill a thoirt do'n àithne so, bha bagairt agus maoidheadh air an deanamh gu'n rachadh an sgrios gun tròcair, agus gu'n cuirte mach 'n an aghaidh " feachd Albainn gu h-ìomlan, maille ri cuideachadh a bh' air tighinn bho cheann ùine ghoirid às an Fhraing."

M'a ghabh na h-Eileanaich an t-suim bu lugha de'n rabhadh so, b'ann a mhàin ann an rathad a bhi air am brosnachadh gun mhoille dheanamh ann a bhi 'g an ceangal fhéin na bu dlùithe agus na bu chinntiche ri Sasunn.

Chaidh gach modh agus meadhoin a chleachdadh leis an Ard Uachdaranachd—leis a' chabhaig a b'fhearr a cheadaichheadh riaghailtean na Pàrlamaid—air son an reubalaich a b'àird' inbhe thoirt fo chis agus fo smachd. Cho fhad 's a bha na gnothaichean so 'g an cur an òrdugh, thug Dòmhnul Dubh ùghdarras sgrìobhta seachad, le comhairle agus aonta a chuid bharan, do dhà fhear-gnothaich air son iad a dhol, le seoladh Iarla Lennox, an ceann cùmhnant ri Rìgh Shasuinn. Tha'm paipear, a bh'air a sgrìobhadh air an 28mh de'n Iuchar, 1545, fhathasd ri bonn, agus, is iad na h-ainmean a tha ris—Eachann Mac' Illeathain Dhubhairt; Iain MacAlasdair Tighearn Chloinn Raonail; Ruairidh MacLeoid Leodhais; Alasdair MacLeoid Dhuinbheagain; Murchadh Mac' Illeathain Locha-buidhe; Aonghas MacDòmhnul; Ailean Mac' Illeathain Thorr-loisgte; Gilleasbuig MacDhòmhnul, ceannard Chloinn Uisdean; Alasdair MacIain Aird'-namurchann; Iain Mac' Illeathain Chola; MacNèill

Bharaidh ; Eoghann MacFhionghain ; Iain Mac-Ghuair Ulbha ; Iain Mac' Illeathain Aird'-ghobhar ; Alasdair MacRonaill Ghlinne-garradh ; Aonghas MacRaonaill Chnòideart, agus Dòmhnul Mac' Illeathain Chinn-ghearrloch. De na seachd barain dheug so, tha e neonach ri innseadh nach robh eadhoin a h-aon comasach air ainm fhéin a sgrìobhadh. M'a sgaoil Calum Cille agus a chuid mhanach eolas agus foghlum air feadh na h-Airde n-Iar, air chinnt cho do dhrùigh iad móran air na cinnchinnidh ud !

Air a' 5mh de'n Lùnasdal, bha tighearnan agus barain nan Eileanan aig Cnoc-fhearghais, an Eirinn, le ceithir mìle de luchd-cath agus naoi fichead de bhìrlinnean. An sin bhóidich iad gu sòluimte a bhi dileas do Rìgh Shasuinn, "aig iarrtas agus facal Iarla Lennocs."

Tha iomradh air an fheachd a lean Tighearn nan Eileanan air an turus so air a ghleidheadh am measg seann sgrìobhaidhnean Comhairle Dhìomhair na h-Eireann ; agus tha sinn a' leughadh gu'n robh "trì mìle dhiubh anabarrach àrd, dìreach, eireachdail ; gu'n robh iad air an éideadh, air son na cuid bu mhò, le lùirichean-màillich, agus gu'n robh iad air an armachadh le claidhmhna fada, boghanna fada, agus beagan ghunnacha. Bha mìle eile dhiubh 'n am maraichean àrda, breagha, a bha 'g iomramh ann am bìrlinn-ean." Chaidh uiread eile de ghaigich fhàgail aig an taigh gu grabadh a chur air cleasachd Iarlachan Huntli agus Earraghàidheal. Bha so a' deanamh a suas ochd mìle fear a bha nis

air éiridh le ceann-feadhna a chaith a chuid bu mhò de 'bheatha am prìosan, gun chothrom, gun chomas air cumhachd no ùghdarras a ghlacadh. Cha'n faodar a chur an teagamh nach b'e an spéis a bh' aca dha fhéin agus do'n teaghlach mòrchuiseach do'm buineadh e a thug air mòran de na h-Eileanaich éiridh cho toileach leis. Bha iad mar an ceudna, air am brosnachadh leis an fhuath gun choimeas a bha iad a ghnàth ag altrum do Chaimbeulaich Earraghàidheal. Tha e soillear gu leoir, air an làimh eile, gu'n robh iad gu mór air an ceangal agus air an tàthadh ri chéile le òr Shasuinn, a bh'air a thaomadh a mach gu pailt 'n am measg. Gabhaidh so creidsinn. Nach b'e òr nan Sasunnach a dh' fhoghainn riamh do'r dùthaich agus do'n t-sluagh a bha 'g a h-àiteach? Bho latha Dhòmhnuill Duibh eadhoin gus an latha diugh, bha an t-òr ud air a dhòrtadh a mach 'n a chaochan siubhlach, bras a dh' ionnsuidh nan slaoightirean bradach, foilleil a bha deas aig àm sam bith, cha'n e mhàin gu an dùthaich agus a còirichean, ach mar an ceudna an cuid fhéin de ghlòir agus de Phàrras, a reic air son aon slaim airgid. B' ann am measg thighearnan, maithean agus uaislean Albainn a gheibhte daonnan na brathadairean sanntach so. Bha clann na tuath agus na ceatharna na bu ghloine agus na b'àrdanaiche 'n an spiorad, agus cha b'fhiu leo gu'n reiceadh iad an cinneadh no'n càirdean air son buannachd shalaich. Nochd iad sin gu follaiseach nuair a bha Prionns' Tearlach 'n a fhògrach 'n am measg, agus duais shomalt air a tairgse do neach sam bith a bhrathadh e thairis do shliochd

na Gearmailt. Am measg an t-sluaigh chumanta, cha d'fhuair aon Iudas. Ach, bha a' cheatharna socharach, ailleil ri linn thighearnan nan Eileanan, agus dh' fhuiling iad do na cinn-chinnidh deanamh mar a chitheadh iad iomchuidh. Tha iad socharach, ailleil air an latha diugh; agus, aig iarrtas " luchd-iuil " shanntach, fhéin-spéiseil, reicidh iad an còir-bhreth, agus taghaidh iad an seann naimhdean, na Sasunnaich, gu 'bhi 'n an luchd-ionaid aca air ùrlar Taigh na Pàrlamaid agus anns gach cathair àird eile.

Bho Chnoc-fhearghais, dh' fhalbh dà fhear-ghnothaich nan Eileanach gu Cùirt Shasuinn, a' giulan litrichean-molaidh bho'm maighstir araon dh' ionnsuidh an Rìgh agus na Comhairle Dhìomhair. Bho thé de na litrichean so tha e soillear gu'n d'fhuair Dòmhnall, cheana, mìle crùn bho Rìgh Eanruig, agus gealladh air dà mhìle sa bhliadhna cho fhad 's bu bheo e. An déigh do na fir-ghnothaich biód na dìlseachd a thairgse, chaidh cùmhnantan sònruichte tharruing am mach eadar iad fhéin agus a' Chomhairle Dhìomhair. Chaidh a ghealltainn às ùr agus a sheulachadh gu'm faigh-eadh Tighearn nan Eileanan dà mhìle crùn sa bhliadhna; agus chuir Eanruig e fhéin fo fhiachaibh gu'm biodh am moraire agus a luchd-leanmhainn air an tarruing a staigh, air am faighneachd agus air an aideach ann an aon chùmhnantan a bhiodh air an deanamh aig àm sam bith 'n a dhéigh sud eadar Sasunn agus Albainn. Air an taobh eile, ghabh Tighearn nan Eileanan os làimh, air a shon fhéin agus a luchd-leanmhainn,

seirbhis fhirinneach agus dhileas a dheanamh do Rìgh Shasuinn, agus gach dragh agus campar a bha 'n an comas a chur air Fear-ionaid an rìgh an Albainn agus air a chàirdean. Gheall e, mar an ceudna, nach rachadh e 'an ceann-gnothaich ri Huntli, ri Earraghàidheal, no ri Albannach sam bith gun fhios mu'n chùis a thoirt an toiseach do Eanruig.

Chaidh uidheamachadh a dheanamh, aig a' cheart àm, air son ionnsuidh thàbhachdach a thoirt air Albainn a cheannsachadh. Bha Eanruig an geall air cùmhnantan pòsaidh a bhi air an tarruing a mach às leth Bànn-rìgh Albainn (nach robh ach na pàisde) agus a mhac Iomhar. Cha robh na h-Albannaich a' faicinn sùil ri sùil ri Rìgh Shasuinn m'a dhéighinn an nì so; agus, b'ann air an aobhar sin a bha esan, a nis, deonach gu teannadh a mach an aghaidh nan tuathach. Chaidh a shocrachadh gu'n cuireadh Lennocs e fhéin air ceann dà mhìle Eireannach; agus, le cuideachadh Dhòmhnuill Dhuibh agus ochd mìle Eileanach, gu'm buaileadh e air Albainn bho n-iar. Cho fhad 's a bhiodh Lennocs ann an dùthaich nan Caimbeulach, bha na h-ochd mìle fear ud ri bhi gu h-iomlan fo 'fhacal agus fo 'chomannda. Nan tigeadh air triall do chearn sam bith eile de'n rìoghachd—agus bha 'n a bheachd Struibhleadh a thoirt a mach—cha robh aige ri thoirt leis ach sea mìle de na h-Eileanaich, agus bha 'n dà mhìle eile ri fuireach a chumail cònsachaidh ri Iarl' Earraghàidheal. Bha trì mìle de mhuinntir Dhòmhnuill ri tuarasdail fhreagarach fhaotainn ré dhà mhìos.

Chaidh dà mhìle fear a thogail an Eirinn gun dàil, agus bha gach deasachadh agus ullachadh feumail eile air an deanamh leis gach cabhaig a bha comasach. B' ann aig an àm so a chuir Iarla Hertford—a bha deanamh air Albainn le feachd làidir bho'n Chrìch Shasunnaich—fios gu Lennocs gu'n robh fìor thoil aig fhaicinn, agus gu'm feumadh e tighinn gu grad chum a chàmp-san. Dh' fhalbh Lennocs an deannaibh nam bonn; agus, dh' aobh-araich an turus so dàil a bhi air a cur ann an triall nan Eireannach agus nan Eileanach. Tha e air a ràdh an rud 's an téid dàil gu'n téid dearmad; agus, bha so anabarrach fìor ann am fiosrachadh nam feachdan ud. Bha Dòmhnul Dubh ag amharc bho latha gu latha air son ath-thilleadh Lennocs; agus, nuair a chaidh mòran ùine seachad gun an t-Iarla thighinn, dh' fhàs Dòmhnul car iomaguineach m'a thimchioll cor agus suidheachadh a chuid ìoch-daran a dh' fhàg e 'n a dhéigh anns na h-Eileanan. B' éiginn dha m'a dheireadh falbh dhachaidh le 'chuid dhaoine do Albainn. Aig a' cheart àm, thàinig long á Sasunn le mòran airgid air son an cogadh a ghiulan air aghaidh, agus dh' acraich i ann am Muile. Nuair a chaidh teannadh ris an òr a roinn am measg nam baran agus nan ceann-feadhna, cha b'ann réidh a bha na fearaibh. Bha cònsachadh nach bu bheag mu thimchioll na suim a bha ri tighinn air na trì mìle gaisgeach a bha ri tuarasdail fhaighinn fad dà mhìos, agus còrdadh no sìth cha ghabhadh deanamh. B' e deireadh na cluich gu'n do bhris am feachd a suas, agus gu'n do thàrr na cinn-chinnidh às, gach aon d' a chaisteal fhéin.

Ba mhór bròn agus mì-ghèan Lennocs aair a thill e air ais a dh' Eirinn agus a fhuair e an an nead air a creach agus na h-Eileanaich air falbh. Ged nach robh mórán dòchais no earbs' aige gu'n éireadh iadsan leis tuillidh, thog e air an aghaidh Albainn air ceann a chuid Eireannach. Thug e ionnsuidh dhlon, ghramail air seilbh fhaotainn air Caisteal Dhuin-breatunn; ach, bha Huntli agus Earraghaidheal air thoiseach air, agus chaidh acasan air fear-gleidhidh na daingnich a mbealladh agus a bhreugadh gus an do liubhair e an t-àite thairis dhaibh. Cha robh do Lennocs agus d'a chuid dhaoine—am feachd bu treise dh' fhàg còrsaichean Eirinn riamh roimhe—cha robh dhaibh ach tilleadh an taobh a thàinig iad, gun bhian, gun sealg.

Tha e air a ràdh, air tilleadh do Lennocs a dh' Eirinn, gu'n d' fhalbh Dòmhnul Dubh 'n a chuideachd, agus miann air feachd ùr a thogail anns an rìoghachd sin. Mar a bha e air a rathad gu Bail'-ath-cliaith, agus aig àite ris an abrar Droghada, chaidh a bhualadh le fiabhrus; agus, an déigh a bhi an tinneas trom ré beagan laithean, shiubhail e. Chaidh adhlacadh le mór urram agus ghreadhnachas; agus, de'n chosdas a bhuineadh do'n tìodhlacadh, sheas Rìgh Shasuinn ceithir cheud gini.

Cha d' fhàg Dòmhnul mac no nighean, agus chaidh tighearnas nan Eileanan gu meur eile de Chloinn Dòmhnul.

GUTH NA BLIADHNA (THE VOICE OF THE YEAR)

BEING NOTES ON THE GAELIC CALENDAR

II.

As already stated, the Celtic year began in November rather than in January, and was called *bliadhna*, Irish *bliadhain*, Old Irish *bliadain*, Manx *blein*. The word is a puzzle to philologists, and as yet has not been satisfactorily answered.

THE SEASONS.

The Gaelic year consisted of two periods—summer and winter, or, perhaps, the order should be reversed, and say winter and summer, for it is more than likely the Gaelic year began on the first of November, *Latha Samhna*, or the day succeeding *Oidhche Shamhna*, or Hallowe'en. We learn that in the Isle of Man the Mummerys went round on the first of November singing,

“To-night is New Year's night.”

The two periods were designated *gam* and *sam* (in Welsh it is still *gam*), extended afterwards to

geamhradh and *samhradh* ; Irish, *geimreadh* ; early Irish, *gemred* ; old Irish, *gaimred* ; Manx, *geurey*—winter. Gaelic, *samhradh* ; Irish, *samhradh* ; early Irish, *samrad*. (Sanskrit, *sama*—year.) Manx, *sourey*—summer. The termination *ra* or *radh* was equal to the *er* of summer and winter, and probably meant hood or tide, summertide, a period or season.

The late Dr. Alexander MacBain, Inverness, in his *Celtic Mythology*, page 95, says—"The Celtic, or rather Gaelic, Festivals of a distinctive kind are three in number: *Bealltuinn* (1st May), *Lunasduinn* (1st August), and *Samhuinn* (1st November). Why these festivals should be a month later than the solar periods in each case is doubtful, but it is clear that these periods suit the climatic changes of the seasons in the north better than the earlier, though truer, solar periods." With reference to this, Professor Rhys, in his "Herbert Lectures," 1886, page 419, says—"The Celtic year was more thermometric than astronomical, and the Lughnassad was, so to say, its summer solstice, whereas the longest day was, as far as I have been able to discover, of no special importance."

In considering those Festivals which divided the Celtic year into two, it may be well to remind you of the Gaelic saying—*Thig an oidhche roimh 'n latha h-uile latha ach Latha Inid* (the night, or eve, precedes the day, except Shrove Tuesday). That is, Xmas eve is 24th December. The vigil precedes the Feast. The exception to the rule we shall deal with when we come to consider Shrovetide.

SAMHUINN—HALLOWE'EN.

Gaelic, *Samhuinn*; Irish, *Samhain*; Manx, *Sauin*. It means summer-end, old Irish, *Samh-fhuin*—summer-end, *fuin* being a word for ending or setting. *Oidhche Shamhna* (31st October), or Hallowe'en is therefore the great festival which celebrated the end of the Gaelic year, for *An t-Samhuinn* (1st November) was New Year's Day.

Hallowmas, like the great festival *Bealltuinn* or Beltane, was sacred to the gods of light and of earth. And so we find bonfires blazing on the height, while round the hearth a plentiful supply of cakes as well as nuts and apples are discussed. The various forms of divination connected with this festival must be more or less familiar to Celts, and therefore we need not describe them in detail. In crofter communities where hill-grazings are held in common, *Samhuinn* or Hallowmas is an important date, as at this time each tenant's "souming" is adjusted. In confirmation of this, we cannot do better than quote from Mr. Alexander Carmichael's interesting paper, entitled, "Grazings and Agrestic Customs in the Outer Hebrides," which appeared in the Appendix of the Report of the Highlands and Islands Commission, 1881:—"The young of most animals are changed to the new name on the first day of winter. The foal becomes *loth* or *lothag*—filly; the lamb becomes *othaisg*. For these things, and for most, if not, indeed, for all things of this nature, 'the old people' had rhymes to assist the memory.

These rhymes are invariably expressive and pithy, although now becoming obsolete. The calf changes to a stirk—

*‘Oidhche Shamhna theirear gamhna ris na laigh,
Là 'Ill-eathain theirear aighean riu 'na dhéigh.’*

‘At Hallowe’en the calf is called a stirk aye,
At St. John’s the stirk becomes a quey.’

The young are separated from their mothers, and the new name is applied to them at Hallowmas—Gaelic, *Samhuinn*.”

The following Gaelic proverbs and sayings are associated with *Samhuinn* :—

*An sneachd tig mu Shamhuinn
Thigh e gu reamhar mu Fhéill-Brìghde.*

The snow that comes not at Hallowmas
Will come thick at Candlemas.

*Seachd seachdainean reamhra
Bho Shamhuinn gu Nollaig,
Oidhch agus geàrr-mhios
Bho Shamhuinn gu Féill Anndrais.*

Seven fat weeks from Hallowe’en to Christmas
A night and a short month from Hallowe’en to St.
Andrews-day.

It was considered very unlucky for Hallowmas
to fall on a Wednesday—

*An uair is Ciadaonach an t-Samhuinn,
Is iargaineach fir an domhain.*

**When Hallowmas falls on Wednesday
All men are uneasy.**

This was supposed to portend a severe winter.

There were many curious customs associated with the due observance of Hallowe'en, for an interesting description of these the reader is referred to that attractive work "Witchcraft and Second Sight in the Scottish Highlands," by the late Rev. John G. Campbell.

BEALLTUINN—MAY-DAY.

The second festival in the Gaelic year was called in Gaelic *Bealltuinn*—1st May; Irish, *Béalteine*, early Irish *Beltane*, *Belltaine*; Manx *Boaltinn* or *Baaltinn*. The word has long been a puzzle to philologists. Its origin was usually associated with *Bell* or *Baal* and *teine* a fire, but the most recent derivation is that it is from *belo-tenia*—bright-fire, allied to English or Anglo-Saxon *bale* in *bale fire*. *Bale-fire*—Anglo-Saxon *bael* fire, *flame*—a *signal fire*.

The late Dr. MacBain, in his "Celtic Mythology and Religion," says:—

"The great festival of *Beltane* occurred on May-day. Cormac's reference to this pagan festival is the first and most important. '*Belltaine, bil tene*, a goodly fire, *i.e.*, two fires which Druids used to make through incantations (or with great incantations), and they used to bring the cattle to those fires as a preservative against diseases of each year.' Here we have to note that the fire

was made by Druidic incantation, which means no more than that it was made by the *tinegin*, or need-fire method, and that it was a preservative against diseases in cattle. Cormac's derivation has the misfortune of making a wrong division of the syllables of the word, which are *beallt-uinn* or *belt-ane*, not *bel-tane*. We must reject any derivation that so divides the word, and hold that the latter part of the word has nothing to do with *teine*, fire, but is probably the -n termination of most words of time. Hence derivations which connect the word with the fire of Baal or Bel are out of place, granting that such a god as Bel is Celtic and not invented for the occasion. Belinus is the Celtic Apollo. Mr. Fitzgerald's derivation of Beltane from the *bile-tineadd* (fir-tree) is to be rejected on the ground of wrong division of the word, and his instances adduced of the existence in Ireland of usages pointing to a belief in a world tree of the Norse type appear to be too slight and too little founded on general Celtic, especially Scottish, traditions in regard to the Beltane festival. The world-tree and consequent Maypole are not distinctively, if at all, Celtic in this connection. The 1st of May, says M. d'Arbois de Jubainville, was consecrated to Beltene, one of the names of the god of death, the god who gave and took away life, the root in this case being the prehistoric infinitive *beltin*, to die. Why the festival at the beginning of summer, the outburst of nature and the conquest of death and winter powers should be sacred, not to the god of life and light, but to

his opposite, is what this derivation and theory cannot account for. The November feast might well be one where the loss of the sun-god and victory of the god of death were commemorated, but the first of summer is far from appropriate for this. Both in Welsh and Gaelic myth the victory of the light-gods is indicated on the first of May. Gwyn fights for Cordelia and the Tuath de Danann overcame the Firbolg, the earth-powers, on that day. Grimm hesitatingly hints what appears to be the true derivative. The Norse Sun-God is called Balder, and he suggests that this is connected with Lithuanian *baltas* (white). The connection of Beltane with these two words is confirmed by the Gaelic saying of *la buidhe Bealltainn* (yellow May-day), which may be a reminiscence of the primary meaning of Beltane."

We may take the account of the minister of Callander in describing the May-Day festivities in his parish as typical; it appears in that valuable work, "Sinclair's Statistical Account of Scotland, 1794." We see on the first day of May all the boys in the township or village assembling or meeting together on the moors. They dig a trench in the green sod of sufficient roundness to enable the whole company to sit in the enclosure. They kindle a fire with the eager delight characteristic of their age, and on it they cook a feast of eggs and milk of the consistency of a custard. They bake a bannock of oatmeal and toast it on a stone against the embers. This, so soon as the custard has been eaten, they divide up into little bits as

nearly similar as possible, and every one gets a piece. One of the portions is daubed all over with charcoal until it is perfectly black. Then they put all these pieces into a bonnet, and every one being blindfolded, a portion is drawn out. The holder of the bonnet gets the last bit—the only piece left if the division has been accurate. Whoever draws the black bit is the devoted person who is to be sacrificed to Baal, whose favour they implore in rendering the year productive of the sustenance of man and beast. “There is little doubt,” adds the minister of Callander, “that these inhuman sacrifices were once offered in this country, as well as in the East, although they now pass from the act of sacrificing and only compel the *devoted* person to leap three times through the flames; with which the ceremonies of the festival are closed.”

Most authorities seem to agree with Cormac that there were two fires, through which the cattle and even the children were passed. Criminals, it is said, were made to stand between the two fires. And a proverb in reference to one in extreme danger has it, “He is between two Beltane fires.”

Another minister writing an account in the same authority, and Pennant, the author of the well-known “Tour,” both agree in saying that the festivities of May-Day were chiefly observed by “herdsmen,” and the latter tells us that pieces of the cake were offered to beasts and birds of prey, such as the fox, the eagle and the hoodie crow, which were enjoined to leave the cattle alone.

According to Pennant, after some candle-grease had been spilled by way of oblation, every one took a cake of oatmeal upon which were raised nine square knobs, each one dedicated to some particular animal. Each person then turned his face to the fire, broke off a knob and, flinging it over his shoulders said, "This I give to thee, preserve thou my horses; this to thee, preserve thou my sheep," and so on. After this, they used the same ceremony to the noxious animals, "This I give to thee, O fox! spare thou my lambs; this to thee, O hooded crow; this to thee, O eagle."—(Tour in Scotland, 1771).

It was customary in some parts of the country to burn a *sop seilbhe*, or "Possession wisp" on land, which was to be taken possession of at Whitsunday. The burning of this heather, or fodder, insured possession—*bha e ceangailte aige tuille*.

In the Isle of Man it was customary on May day for the young people of different districts to form themselves into two parties, called the Summer and the Winter (*Sourey as Geurey*), and having appointed a place of meeting, a mock-engagement took place, when the Winter party gradually receded before the Summer, and at last quitted the field. There was an appropriate song sung, the burden of which was—*Hug eh am fainey Sourey guinn*. (*Thug e 'm fainne Samhraidh dhuinn*)—He gave us the Summer ring.

May day is known in the Highlands as *Là buidhe Bealltuinn*—Yellow Beltane day.

Having referred to the two leading festivals which marked the Gaelic year—dividing it into two great divisions of summer and winter—this may be a suitable place for introducing the various Gaelic rhymes and sayings which are associated with these two sections :—

Bi gu subhach geanmnaidh, moch-thrathach as t-Samhradh ;

Bi gu curraiceach brògach, brochanach 'sa Gheamhradh.

In summer time be cheerful, chaste, and early out of bed ;

In winter be well-capped, well-shod, and well on porridge fed.

Dean cnuasachd 'san t-Samhradh, a ni an Geamhradh a chur seachad—Gather in summer what will serve in winter.

Dorcha, doirionnta dubh 'cheud trì laithean de'n Gheamhradh,

Ce b'e bheir do'n spréidh, cha tugainn fhein gu Samhradh.

Dark, sullen, and black the first three days of Winter.

Whoever depends on the cattle I would not till Summer.

Foghar gu Nollaig, is Geamhradh gu Féill Padruig, Earrach gu Féill Peadair, Samhradh gu Féill-Martainn.

Autumn to Christmas (25th December), Winter to St. Patrick's Day (17th March).
Spring to St. Peter's Day (29th June), Summer to Martinmas (11th November).

*Gaoth o'n rionnaig Earraich, teas o'n rionnaig Shamhraidh ;
Uisg' o'n rionnaig Fhoghair ; reothadh o'n rionnaig Gheamhraidh.*

Wind from the Spring Star, heat from the Summer Star,
Rain from the Autumn Star, frost from the Winter Star.

Geamhradh reodhtanach, Earrach ceothanach, Samhradh breac riabhach, is Foghar geal grianach, cha d'fhàg gorta riamh an Alba—Frosty Winter, misty Spring, chequered Summer, and sunny Autumn never left dearth in Scotland.

Cha dean aon smèdrach Samhradh—One mavis makes not summer. The Irish say, *Cha dean an aon àilleog Samhradh*—One swallow does not make a Summer. The Manx say, *Cha dean aon ghollan-geaye Sourey, ny un chellagh-yeylley Geurey.*

LUNASDAL—LAMMAS.

Another great Celtic Festival was celebrated on the first of August—Lammas-day. It is called in Gaelic, *Lùnasduinn* or *Lùnasdal* ; in early Irish, *Lugnasad*—the Festival of Lùg, the Gaelic Sun-god ; Manx, *Lhuauys*.

The legend says that Luga of the Long Arms, the Tuath De Danann King, instituted this fair in honour of his foster-mother Tailtin, Queen of the Firbolgs. Hence the place where it was held was called Tailtin after her, and is the modern Teltown. The fair was held, however, in all the capitals of ancient Ireland on that day. Games and manly sports characterised the assemblies. Luga, it may be noted, is the Sun-god who thus instituted the festival (Rhys' Herbert Lectures, 1886). In England the festival is called Lammas, or *Hlaf-mass*—loaf mass, from the fact that a loaf of bread was presented as an offering at the church. Thus the word Hlafmass was contracted to Lammas.

FIONN.



GUTH NA BLIADHNA

LEABHAR V.]

AM FOGHAIR, 1908.

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A IRREAMH 4

MÒD NA SÀCRAMAIDE

LEIS ATHAIR GILLEASBUIG CAIMBEUIL, S.I.

BHA 'n sud cruinn am baile-mòr Lunnainn am Mios Meadhonach an Fhoghair cruinneachadh chò mòr agus cho measail sa b'urrainn a bhi ann. Bha iad as gach ceàrn de domhain ann. Bha seachdnar Chardanal, agus Fear-ionaid a' Phàpa air an ceann. Bha Ard-Easbuigean agus leth-cheud Easbuigean ann. Bha Abachan ann, agus Priomh-airean agus Ard-Cheannardan Thaighean-Crabbhaidh. Bha còrr agus mìle de'n chléir a làthair. Bha chléir agus an neo-chléir as a h-uile ceàrn de Roinn-Eòrpa cruinn combhlann an eaglais mhòr Chaitliceach an Lunnainn. Bha an talla is farsaingean an Lunnain loma-làn a h-uile h-oichdhe fad agus a mhair am Mòd. Ged a tha'm Mòd so a' tachairt an àit no àit-eginn air feadh bhailtean mòra na Roinn-Eorpa h-uile bliadhna, cha fhacas a leithid so riamh roimhe, seadh, anns a' bhaile so

anns an deachaidh na ceudan a chur gu bàs air son a' Chreidimh Chaitliceaich. Ciod is crìoch do'n Mhòd so? Ciod is cuspair dha? Tha moladh agus cliù, onair agus gràdh a nochadh do dh' Iosa Criosta tha fo riochd arain agus fion an Sàcramaid Uile-Naoimh na h-Altrach.

Gus an 16mh linn-deug b'e so creideamh gach aoin o cheann gu ceann de'n dùthaich—cha'n e mhàin an Sasunn ach an Albainn cuideachd. B'e an creideamh so a bhrosnaich, agus a chuir na cridheachan leithid de dh' Eaglaisean briagha a thogail anns gach ceàrn. Bha iad a' creidsinn an Làthaireachd Chriost air an Altair. "Thug iad gaol do sgiamhachd a thaighe." Bha e daonnan mu choinneamh an sùl, agus rùn an cridhe, gur ann do Dhia bha iad a' togail taighe agus nach b' ann do dhaoine.

Nuair a chaill an rioghachd an creideamh an Làthaireachd Chriost air an Altair, chaill i mar aon dèidh air Eaglaisean briagha thogail. An àite sin, thog iad saibhlean; "Cruinnichibh an cruithneachd do'm shabhal." Agus is duaichnidh na h-aitreibh a thog iad, an coimeas ris na h-Eaglaisean a chaidh a thogail ri linn a' chreidimh.

Ach, gu dé am barrantas a tha aig na Caitlicich air an teagaisg so? Tha, ughdaras Eaglais Dé a tha teagaisg dhuinn gu'm bheil Iosa Criosta eadar a Dhiadhachd agus a Dhaonnachd, eadar Anam agus Chorp, eadar Fhuil agus Fheoil fo riochd arain an Sacramaid Naoimh na h-Altarach. Gu'm bheil e ann cho firinneach sa bha e fad nan Naoi Miosan a bha e an com a Mhathar Bheannaichte :

cho fireannach sa bha e fad nan tri-bliadhna-deug-air-fhicead a bha e air thalamh: cho firinneach sa tha e an diugh am flathanas. Cha'n 'eil teagaisg o bhrod gu brod de'n Bhiobul cho soilleir, cho tuigsinneach ris an teagaisg so. Cha'n 'eil sinn an ion a bhi dearbhadh gu'm bheil comas aig Dia miarailtean a dheanamh, oir ciod a' mhiarailt bu mhotha na gu'n gabhadh esan, a tha gun tùs, gun mhuthadh, gun chrìoch, column daonna air fhein tre 'n ghaoil a thuge do'n chinne-dhaonna? Agus nuair a bha e fàgail an t-saoghail, bu mhiann leis a ghaol a nochadh mar so do'n t-saoghal gu lèir. Is ann mar so, mata, tha e mar gu b'eadh, a' deanamh deas anamnan dhaoine gus an teagaisg so chreidsinn, nuair tha an Soisgeul a dh' innse dhuinn anns an VI. Cab: de Nh: Eoin, nuair a labhair Iosa agus a thuirt e. Bha na h-Iudhaich ag ràdh, dìreach mar tha cuid de shluagh an la'n diugh, "cià mar is urrainn do'n duine so fheoil a thoirt dhuinn gus a h-ithe?" Ach labhair Iosa agus thuirt e. "Gu firinneach, firinneach, tha mi ag ràdh ruibh: mur ith sibh feoil Mhic-an-duine 's mur ol sibh fhuil, cha bhi a bheath' agaibh unnaibh." . . . uime sin, thuirt mòran dhe dheisciopuil, 's iad a' cluinntinn so: 'Is cruaidh am facal so, có is urrainn éisdeachd ris?' " Ghabh iad sgainneil à briathran Chriosta, agus "cha d' imich iad tuille comhla ris." Nach ann mar sin a tha roinn mhòr Chriosdaidhean an la'n diugh? Cha chreid iad an teagaisg an t-Slànaire! Thuile air so, tha triuir de na Soisgeulaichean toirt cunn-tais dhuinn mar a ghiùlain ar Tighearna Beann-

aichte e fhéin an oichdhe mu'n d'fhuilig e. Cha mhòr nach anns na ceart bhriathran tha iad ag ràdh gu'n do ghlachd Iosa an t-aran agus gun d' thuirt e. "Se so mo chorpса, a tha air a thoirt seachad air ur son: deanaibh so mar chuimhneachan ormsa. Sa chailis, mar an ceudna, ag ràdh. 'Si so m' fhuilsa a théid a dhoirtear air ur son-sa, agus air son mhòran gu mathanas pheacanan.'"

Tha 'n t-Ostal Pòl gun teagamh mu'n chùis so. "Fhuair mi bho'n Tighearna (ars esan), na liubhair mi mar an ceudna dhuibhse, gu'n do ghlac an Tighearna Iosa, air a' cheart oidhche san deach a bhràth, aran, is toirt tainge, bhrìst e e, is thuirt e. 'Gabhaibh agus ithibh: 's e so mo chorpса. a théid a liubhairt air ur son: deanaibh so mar chuimhneachan ormsa.' Mar an ceudna a' chailis, an deigh na suipreach, ag ràdh: Si a' chailis so tiomnadh nuadh am fhuilse: deanaibh so cho tric sa dh'olas sibh mar chuimhneachan ormsa. Oir chó tric sa dh'itheas sibh an t-aran so, sa dh'olas sibh a' chailis, taisbeanaidh sibh bàs an Tighearna gu sa tig e. Air an aobhar sin, có sa bith a dh'itheas an t-aran so, no dh'olas cailis an Tighearna gu mi-ionchuidh, bithidh e ciontach an corp 's am fuil an Tighearna. Ach, dearbhadh duine e fhein; agus an sin itheadh e de'n aran so agus oladh e de'n chailis. Oir có sa bith a dh'itheas sa dh'olas gu mi-ionchuidh, tha e 'g ithe sa 'g ol diteadh dha fhein, le cion aire a thoirt do chorp an Tighearna."

Cia mar, dh'fhaodamaid fhaighneachd, is urrain do h-aon sam bith a bhi ciontach anns an pheac-

adh so, mur a bheil ann ach aran agus fion ? An àit eile, tha 'n t-ostal Pòl ag ràdh “ Cupan a bheannachadh tha sinn a' beannachadh nach e comain Fala Chrìost e ? An t-aran a tha sinn a' bristeadh, nach e comain Chuirp Chrìost e ? ”

So agad teagaisg na h-Eaglaise bho thùs. So agad teagaisg Comhairlean Mòra na h-Eaglais o'n toiseach. A bharrachd, se so teagaisg nan Ath-rachaibh Naomha o'n chiad linn. Tha Nh. Ignatius, deisciobul nan Ostal ; tha Nh. Justin am Martair ; tha Nh. Ciprian a' toirt fianuis air firinn a' chreidimh so nuair tha iad ag ràdh, “ air do'n aran a thug Criosta d'a dheisciobuil a bhi air atharrachadh, cha'n ann an cumadh no'n dreach, ach an nàdur no'm brìgh tré uile-chumhachd an Fhacail, tha e air dheanadh 'na fheol fhéin.”

Annas an treas linn, tha Origen, agus Tertulian deas-bhriatharach mu'n chuis, a h-uile air Nh. Ciril Easbuig Jerusalem, mar tha iad ag ràdh : “ Uime sin, o'n thuirt Criosta mu'n Aran : se so mo Chorpse, có aig a bhios a dhanadas na briathran so a chur an teagamh ? Esan a dh'atharraich uisge gu fìor fhion an Cana Galilea, nach 'eil e cho furasda dha fion a thionnadh gu fhuil phreiseil fhein.’ Tha Nh. Ambrose agus Nh. Gregair Nanziansen, Nh. Crisostom, agus Nh. Uisten a' labhairt anns na ceart bhriathran.

Seadh ! agus Lùthair e fhein. Bheireadh e rud a chunnaic riamh nam b'urrainn am pong so de'n chreideamh aicheadh los gu'n cuireadh e barrachd mi-thlachd air a' Phàpa. Tha e mianachadh 's a mollachadh Suingliuis agus Chalmhin a chionn

agus gu'n robh iad ag aicheadh Corp agus Fuil Chriosta a bhi làthair an Sàcramaid Naoimh na h-Altrach. Tha Melancthon de'n bheachd cheudna ri Luthair anns a' chùis so.

Sin agad teagaisg Eaglais Naomh Dhé mu'n t-Sàcramaid so. Se so a chuir cruinn na bha as gach àite an Lunnainn aig an àm ud. Seadh, an gaol a nochadh do'n Tighearna an Sacramaid a ghràidh.

Fad thri cheud bliadhna, chuir Sasunn agus Alba air chùl an gaol so, air alt 's gu'n do bhac Ard Mhinisteir a' chruinn cead a thoirt an t-Sàcramaid a ghiùlan gu follaisach mu'n cuairt air Eaglais Mhor an Aird-Easbuig an Westminster.

Bha sinn an duil gus a so gu'n robh sinn mar Chaitlicich cho saor ri muinntir na dùthcha gu lèir. Nach sinn a bha air ar mealladh! So agad fuigh-leach nan laghannan nach mor nach do chuir gu bàs an Creideamh Catliceach roimhe so anns na duthcannan anns am bheil sinn. Rinn geatachan ifrinn mar a b'fhearr a b' urrainn daibh, ach geill iad. Nach faoin iadsan tha'm beachd gu'n d'thig crìoch air obair Chriosta 'na Eaglais. Tha eachdraidh ag innseadh dhaibh nach e obair dhaoine, ach obair Dhé tha'n so. Cha'n 'eil, 's cha robh agus bhi gu brath obair cho buan ri Eaglais Naomh Dhé. Mar a thuirt mi cheana, thàinig Criosdaidhean as gach àite a nochadh an gaol do Dhia nan gràs an Sàcramaid Naoimh na h-Altrach. Bha sonas agus solas, toil-inntinn agus gàirdeachas an cridheachan nam miltean sluaigh an Lunnainn fad na trì làithean ud. Nochd Lunnainn, gun teag-

amh, aoidheachd gun choimeas do na miltean a thàinig a dh' aon obair a thoirt onair do'n t-Sàcramaid Bheannaichte, ged a bha ann feadhainn a bha air an gonadh chionn is gu'n robh a leithid de shealleadh briagha Caitliceach anns a' Bhaile-Mhor: agus iad so a riarachadh bhac Ard-Mhinisteir a' Chruinn gu'n imeachadh iad mach air an dorus. Is tric tha eachdraidh a' tighinn thairis air a' cheart ni. Is ann dìreach mar so a thachair o chionn da mhille bliadhna. Bha Pilait cinnteach gu'n robh Iosa Chrìosta neo-chiontach, ach ged a bha, ghlaodh a' ghraisg "cur gu bàs e!" agus thug e mach a bhinn. Aig an àm so dh' éigh a' ghraisg "na leig leis na Caitlicich Iosa Crìosta a ghùlan a mach air an t-straigh!" agus ghabh an t-Ard-Mhinisteir an comhairle. Cò dha tha'n call? Bithidh cuimhne air Mòd-na-Sacramaide bha'n Lunnainn anns a' bhliadhna 1908; ach leigear air dichuimhe Ard-Mhinisteir a' Chruinn, agus, comhla ri, esan a bha air a chùl.

GILLEASBUIG MAC DÒMHNUILL IC EÓGHAIN.

FORMER GAELIC MOVEMENTS

VII.

WHEN the Gaels of Scotland began to forsake the principles on which they had acted for so many years, and to turn their backs to Nationalism, it

cannot justly be said that retribution did speedily overtake them. No sooner had they been caught in the snare laid for them by the English Crown, than the Landlords at home proceeded to discover a lively interest in the economic evils of "over-crowding." The "loyal Highlanders," tied and bound by the very chain of their mis-placed loyalty to the English Crown, were powerless to prevent the barbarous confiscations and burnings which, under the odious name of the "clearances," now took the deluded "Highlanders" in flank. A great deal has been written, in Gaelic and in English, in denunciation of these same "clearances"; and though, no doubt, the motives which inspired them, as the wretched agents who carried them out, were equally deserving of condemnation, yet it is impossible to avoid the reflection that the unhappy victims of this unconscionable policy were themselves greatly to blame. Their shabby desertion of National Principles was bound, sooner or later, to encounter the chastisement which it provoked. Individual back-sliding may long go unpunished—it may even remain indefinitely unchastised, so far as this world is concerned; but when a whole people deliberately turns its back to all that is best and noblest in their history, it does not require professional prophets to foretell the eventual humiliation of that people. The "clearances" comprised the iron that entered into the soul of the Gaelic people early in the nineteenth century; but that cup of exceeding bitterness has

not even yet been drained to the dregs. The economic ills and disabilities which followed quickly in the wake of that disastrous policy are still, in great measure, with us. The present depressed state of the "Highlands" is largely the result of those "clearances"; whilst the falling away of our people from those principles which formerly obtained amongst them is to be equally ascribed to that unhappy surrender which alone rendered the latter possible.

If the Gaelic people had not so apostatized, what would have been the general results of their adherence to original principles? The English would probably have gained a few victories the less: their unwieldy Empire had probably been less unwieldy than it is to-day, and, as a nation, they would certainly have been spared the expense of rewarding with the workhouse and the pauper's grave many of those who best assisted to extend their territories. Such, in respect of the Saxon, may, I think, be safely regarded as highly probable consequences of the hypothetical attitude adumbrated above; but what of the Gael? On the negative side, his continued adherence to National Principles would, at least, have spared him many valuable lives—a gain of no small importance to him, inasmuch as their loss in the battle-field has resulted in no material benefit whatsoever to himself or his country. On the positive side, on the other hand, we have to consider, first, the immense moral effect wrought upon any people by their steadfast adherence to National Principles, especi-

ally under grave social and political disabilities, and in the face of oppression. Secondly, it is only reasonable to suppose that the many valuable lives thrown away in fighting for the English would have been conserved to the race, and would have materially assisted to improve the worldly status of our people. Thirdly, by becoming denationalised, the Gaels of Scotland have surrendered into the hands of their enemies their most effectual and potent political weapon. Apart altogether from the movement Army-wards and Navy-wards, there is this to consider, namely, that denationalisation alone renders the pursuit of English politics possible in the *Gàidhealtachd*. If our people had remained true to Nationalism, they would not now be doing as, alas! they are doing all over what was at one time good Scottish soil—styling themselves Liberals and Conservatives after the manner of the Saxon, and cleaving to one or other of his political parties.

There, surely, could not be more clear and unmistakable proof of our racial degradation—of our shabby (and suicidal) desertion of National Principles than is to be found in the present status of the Land Question. This is, admittedly, the question of all questions in the “Highlands” to-day; but how are we approaching it? As *Gaels*, with a nationality (and all that it comprises, save independence) of our own? Not at all: we approach it, for the most part, as *Liberals*—as units of that great English political party which has crossed the Border, not for our own good (if for our votes), but

for our sins. And those of our race who do not subscribe to Liberal principles, and who do not range themselves under that political banner, are Conservatives, and follow the tuck of the Unionist drum. Could degradation go farther, surrender be more abject, or folly be more pronounced? Although we know, unless we are totally blind, and have ceased, as a people, to exercise the power to reason and think, that the Land Question in the *Gàidhealtachd* is to English Liberalism as the fly is to the wheel, yet numbers of us go on looking for political salvation from that untrustworthy quarter, and this in spite of the fact that English Liberalism does nothing to help us, is a declining political force even in England, and could not assist us, even though it should have the will and the inclination to move mountains in our behalf. What chance we had of its promoting our cause we lost when the Liberals, under Mr. Asquith, declined to take up the question of the House of Lords; and, from the point of view of the *Gàidhealtachd*, the English Conservatives are every whit as bad. *Their* record in the *Gàidhealtachd* is well known, and is so largely characterised by ineptitude, selfishness, and class-indifference to the crying needs of our people, that it would require a slave or a blockhead to utter so much as a word in their favour. English Conservatism or Unionism is certainly a spent force in the "Highlands." Never at any time strong amongst us, Mr. Balfour's Administration effectually killed it; and even though the rest of the country should,

in the future, show a predominating inclination to embrace Toryism, its resurrection in the *Gàidhe-altachd* is hardly within the bounds of political possibilities.

So much for our present condition and prospects under English party influences; but what would probably have happened had the Gaels of Scotland preserved their allegiance to National Principles, and refused to follow the tuck of the English party drums? At the worst, their condition and prospects would, at least, be as bright as those of their fellow Gaels of Ireland, who, by refusing to accept the Saxon's political shilling, have extorted, by the simple device of playing off one English party against the other, concession after concession from the common enemy. I do not say that the Irish Gaels have retained their political independence and their devotion for National Principles in that measure and to that extent which they might easily have secured; but they have done much by means of adherence to National Principles*; and, compared with their Scottish kinsfolk, they deserve to be hailed as heroes of Nationalism. Since the death of Mr. Parnell, National Principles have tended to go down in Ireland; and the unfortunate alliance of the Nationalist Members of Parliament with the English Whigs bodes not good, but ill, for the

* Compare the present state of the Land and Language Questions in Ireland with that of the corresponding problems in Scotland. In both respects, the volume of achievement, as the extent and quality of the prospects, reveal the immense superiority of Irish methods.

cause of true Nationalism in that country. Fortunately, however, Parliamentaryism in Ireland is, like Whiggism (to which it is synthetically allied), in England, a decaying force. The younger generation of Irish Gaels no longer worship, at that political shrine, at least to the extent to which it formerly did when the prospects of Parliamentaryism were infinitely brighter than they are at present, and when men of genius, of acumen and experience, and of great political light and leading, were at the head of affairs. The younger generation of Irishmen is, fortunately, more inclined to "revert to first principles," and to trust to Ireland and their fellow Gaels, rather than to English Tory, Whig, or Socialist, to achieve the end which true Nationalism has always in view—the unfettered exercise of the National Principle.

Nevertheless, in spite of the latter-day backslidings of Irish Parliamentaryism and its declining powers, it was a notable instrument in its time, and, besides its legislative achievements, must be reckoned as gain to it, that even its partial adherence to the National Principle, brought it, at one time, within an ace of success. That attempt, under the late Mr. Parnell, failed, as all the world knows; but it cannot be denied that Irish Parliamentaryism, mistaken, and, in a measure, antiquated, as we may nowadays believe it to be, enormously assisted to prepare the way for the recent general reversion to true National Principles—to those principles advocated, on the one hand, by the Gaelic League, and, on the other,

by the successful organisation known as *Sinn Féin*. Thanks, therefore, to Parliamentaryism, and thanks, now, to the Gaelic League and *Sinn Féin*, Ireland, in a few years' time, will infallibly be in a position to re-assert her claim to complete Nationhood, and to enjoy all the national benefits and emoluments which that status necessarily involves, in the case of a God-fearing, industrious, and go-a-head people.*

By the simple device, therefore, of comparing the present condition of prospects of our fellow Gaels in Ireland with those of our people at home, it must be patent to the meanest intelligence how great a blight English Parliamentaryism in the *Gàidhealtachd* has been, and what tremendous visitations our base and time-serving surrender to anti-national principles have involved us in. Our shabby betrayal of all that is best and noblest in our history has, however, not only resulted in our own material undoing, and in our social and political discomfiture, but it has also injuriously affected the rest of the country. It has contributed enormously to the decline of national sentiment all over Scotland: for who can doubt but that, had the Gaels, as a race, remained firm and true to those principles which they inherited from the men who provided them, and from whom they were descended, non-Celtic Scotland would have benefited, morally and materially, by reason

* Humanly speaking, there is nothing now to prevent Ireland from rising, Phoenix-like, from the ashes of her glorious past, provided that she can persuade her people to stay at home.

of their steadfastness? After all, the preponderance of power in Scotland is to the Gael. He is the natural leader and exemplar of her composite people. It is from us, and not from the stranger within our gates, that she derives her very name. The names of her mountains and rivers, her lochs, her glens, and her plains, are they not ours? Who peopled her and governed her in the early dawn of that history whose end is not yet, if not the Gael? Are not the early Kings of Scotland ours, and the blood that has flown upon a thousand fields? By turning, therefore, their backs to history, and by deliberately and wilfully suppressing all that was best in their name and in their race, the Gaels of Scotland not only ruined and stultified themselves, but by so doing a glorious object-lesson of steadfastness and devotion to principle has been lost to us and posterity.

R. A.

(To be continued.)

BARDACHD AN LATHA 'N DIUGH

LE C. M. P.

NUAIR a sgrìobh Dòmhnall Mac Fhionghain mu dheighinn “Litreachas nan Gaidheal” mu dheich air fhichead bliadhna roimhe so, bu bheachd leis gu

'm bu ghnothach cunnartach beantainn ri obair nam bàrd. So agaibh a dhearbhadh fhacail—"Na labhair mu na beothaibh math no olc. Bha ar n-athraichean a' creidsinn gu 'n d' thugadh spiorad nam marbh dìoladh a mach. Tha dearbhadh gun taing cho làidir againne nach ni faoin a bhi 'n eismeil teangadh nam beò. Cha'n 'eil mi 'dol a dh'atharrachadh na cleachdainn so. An uair a théid thusa agus mise a ghiùlan do 'n tigh a tha air òrdachadh do na h-uile beò, feudar barail neo-chlaon a thoirt air sgrìobhaidhean ar latha-ne; agus cha'n 'eil mi gun amharus nach e breith an dream a thig 'nar déigh, cia air bith co torach 's a tha an linn so an ranntachd, nach eil a' bhàrdachd ach tearc."

Is trom am buille sin do na bàird bhochda. Ma's ceart mo bheachd air na sgrìobh an saoi foghlumte so, tha e ag aideachadh gu'n robh bàrdachd ann anns an àm a dh' fhalbh, agus tha e a' cur an céill a bharail féin air cuid dith an Gàidhlig sgairteil a tha 'na culaidh fharmaid dòmh-sa. Cha'n 'eil teagamh agam nach i brìgh nam briathran a sgrìobh e gu'm bheil beagan bàrdachd 'ga bhreth an diugh cuideachd, ach nach bu mhath leis a' bharail air a' bhàrdachd air fad a thaisbeanadh.

Nis, cha'n 'eil eagal orm-sa roimh na mairbh. Ni mò dh'fhaodas mi bhi geillteach roimh na beòthan. Gidheadh, tha mi cinnteach, cia b'e air bith a their mi mu obair nam bàrd, bitheadh iad beò mo marbh, gu 'm bi cuideigin a' dol 'nam bhad. 'S e bhi cothromach is miann leam, agus tha mi coma co-dhiùbh is e gean no mi-ghean a thig 'na lorg.

Thubhairt neach éiginn gur e a th' am bàrdachd blàithean a bhios a' fàs air cainnt an duine. 'S i bàrdachd cainnt a tha taitneach do 'n inntinn a thaobh a smaoin agus taitneach do 'n chluais a thaobh a fuaim; agus mur 'eil an dà nì so aice, cha bhàrdachd i. Tha bàrdachd a' taitinn ris a' chluais a chionn gu 'm bheil i air a dealbh gu rianail—a comh-fhreagairt 'na sreathan, 'na lidean, 's 'na buillean. Tha i a' taitinn ris an inntinn a chionn gu 'm bheil i a' gintinn smaointean agus fhaireachdainnean ùra, gùn dragh do 'n inntinn, no a' dùsgadh seana smaointean agus fhaireachduinnean a a bha 'nan cadal an dìomhaireachd na h-inntinn; no theagamb nach robh riamh beò annainn féin ach, math dh' fhaoidteadh, an càileachd ar sinnsir. Tha mòran nithean an daimh ri bàrdachd nach urrainn dòmh-sa a chur an céill, ach faodaidh mi a ràdh m' a timchioll mar a thubhairt an t-òranaiche mu 'n uisge-bheatha—ged nach b' aithne dhà ciamar a bha e ag oibreachadh 'sa chorp agus 'san eanchainn, bha fhios aige gu'n robh buaidh air—

Tha buaidh air an uisge-bheath',
Tha buaidh air nach fhaod a chleith,
Tha buaidh air an uisge-bheath',
Is ramhath teth is fuar e.

Tha buaidh air a' bhàrdachd nach gabh a chleith, ach a mhaireas a choidhche a dh' aindeoin beucaich luchd nam beachd cumhann “a suas anns na crannagan”—agus tha tuilleadh 's a chòir dhiubh 'sa Ghaidhealtachd againne.

Ach ciamar a dh' aithnichear deagh bhàrdachd o dhroch bhàrdachd? Is duilich a ràdh. Tha cuid ag ràdh gu 'm bheil bàrdachd math ma ghabhas an sluagh rithe. Tha sin glé mhàth. Ach is iomadh òran agus dàn ris an do ghabh an sluagh an dé nach 'eil measail leò an diugh; agus tha iomadh rann math ann nach deachaidh riamh fa chomhair an t-sluaigh; agus tha bàrdachd mhath ann, cuideachd, a tha os cionn beachd an t-sluaigh a chionn gu 'm bheil i tuilleadh 's ionnsaichte air an son. A ris, tha cuid a' toirt spéis do na dàin fhada mu aobhair àrda nuair a tha feadhainn eile a' faighinn tlachd na's mò anns na h-òrain ghoirid a dh' fhàs an ùmhlaichd 's an uaigneas, gun fhios, gu tric, air có leis a rinneadh iad. Chithear, mar sin, gu 'm bheil caochladh beachd air ciod i fìor-bhàrdachd cho math ri caochladh barail air có i a' bhàrdachd is feàrr.

Tha buaidh mhór aig an fhasan ann a bhi 'g aomadh bheachdan gu taobh, agus is minic a gheibhear gnàthas a tha air a mheas ceart gu leòr an diugh a bhitheas an suarrachas am màireach. Mar sin mu bhàrdachd: cha'n 'eil barail sheasmhach oirre.

A' cur barail an aghaidh barail agus 'gan tomhas ri chéile, tha mise a' tighinn gus a' chomh-dhùnadh so—gur i a' bhàrdachd is feàrr ann, a' bhàrdachd is feàrr leam-sa. Ach cha leòr sin a chum comh-chòrdadh a shuidheachadh eadar an leughadair agus mi féin, agus feumaidh mi seòrsa aobhair a thoirt air son na h-aidmheil a th' agam, agus eiseimpleir no dhà mar chùl-taice ris.

Ann a bhi toirt breith air bàrdachd air bith, tha e cumanta a coimeas ri bàrdachd iomraitich air choireiginn air am bheil an sluagh a' cur miadh; agus cha'n 'eil mi cinnteach nach i sin an dòigh i's fèarr a th' againn air fiosrachadh c' àite 'm bheil bàrdachd an lath 'n diugh a' seasamh. Ach ann a bhi coimeas bàrdachd ùir ri seana bhàrdachd, ma's math leinn ar beachd a bhi cothromach, feumaidh sinn sealltainn a stigh anns a' mheas a tha air an t-seana bhàrdachd a dh'fheuchainn co-dhiùbh is i cumhachd na bàrdachd no aois na bàrdachd is aobhar do 'n urram.

Chaidh a' cheist so—"Am bheil bàird idir ann an diugh"—a dheasbair eachd le comunn àraidh de oileanaich aon uair, agus thàinig iad gus a' chomhdhùnadh gu'n robh. Ach bha móran eadar-bharail 'sa chuideachd, oir cha robh ach aon ghuth air taobh nam bàrd ùra a thuilleadh air na bha air taobh nan seana bhàrd. Tha so a' taisbeanadh gu 'm bheil an t-urram aig na seana-bhàird, cia b'e air bith an t-aobhar.

Cha'n e uile gu leir, faodaidh sibh a bhi cinnteach, buaidh na bàrdachd i féin is aobhar do 'n t-sluagh a bhi 'g àrdachadh na seana bhàrdachd os cionn na bàrdachd ùire. Tha sinn uile buailteach do urram a thoirt do'n aois, agus tha sinn, mar sin, an cunnart a bhi riarachadh gu h-ana-cothromach ar n-urraim eadar nithean seana agus nithean nodha. Tha e air ainmeachadh air na Gaidheil, gu h-àraidh, gu 'm bheil iadsan tuilleadh 's ullamh ri bhi sealltainn air an ais do na làithean a dh'fhalbh air son cùisean-molaidh agus ri bhi dol seachad air

na gnothaichean a tha 'n làthair. Is eagal leam gu 'm bheil sin fìor, agus mar dhearbhadh air, cha'n 'eil agam ach gnàthas gach comuinn Ghaidhealaich a th'ann, a thoirt fainear. Mu choinnimeh gach fìr a labhras no a sgrìobhas mu nithean nodha, tha deichnear a' luaidh air nithean aosda.

Tha euchdan ar sinnsir air an cur fa'r comhair air uairean a chum ar n-eud a neartachadh; agus is ni math sin. Ach le cuid cha'n urrainn an ginealach so tighinn suas ris na daoine o'n d'fhàinig iad an gnìomh—no am bàrdachd am measg a' chòrr. Ardaichidh iad gach ni aosda os cionn gach ni ùir, agus cha dean e mùthadh 'sam bith ged tha iad dall-aineolach air an dà sheòrsa. Cha dean sealltainn air ais a ghnàth an gnothach. Feumaidh sinn bhi 'sealltainn air ais's air aghaidh agus mu'n cuairt air a h-uile taobh dhinn. Cha'n 'eil àird no àite as nach toirear eòlas nuadh a bhios feumail agus taitneach, ma bhitheas sinn toinisgeil, ionnsuichte. Nach faod e bhi le bhi sealltainn tuilleadh 's tric air ar n-ais gu 'm bheil sinn a' leigeil seachad iomadh cothrom air taitneas fhaotainn dlùth aig laimh?—agus tha fiughair agam gu'n aidich cuid gaibh sin mu 'n tig crìoch air mo sgeul.

Is feàrr gu mòr bhì 'g amharc air seana bhàrdachd agus ùr-bhàrdachd mar nithean a dh'altruim Nàdur, agus a dh'altruimeas i neo-ar-thaing dhuinne, anns am faighear an còmhnuidh nithean matha agus nithean coirbeach, nithean garbha agus nith-ean mìne, nithean siùbhlach is nithean bacach, nithean àillidh is nithean breuna.

Is anns an spiorad sin, a dh'fheuch mi a nochdadh dhuibh anns na briathran roimh-ràidhte, a bu mhath leam gu 'm beachdamaid air Bàrdachd an latha 'n diugh.

Ach co iad bàird an latha 'n diugh ? Ma ta, cha téid mi fada ceàrr, tha mi a' meas, ma thrusas mi a stigh fo 'n ainm so iadsan a bha beò 'nam linn fhéin. Cha'n 'eil e 'nam chomas bruidhinn air obair gach bàird a bhuineas do 'n àm sin ; ach leugh mi mòran de bhàrdachd—no de ranntachd ma 's àille leis an leughadair an t-ainm—na's leòr, tha mi a' creidsinn, a chum barantas a thoirt domh a bhruidhinn m'a thimchioll mar bhàrdachd an latha 'n diugh.

Beachdaicheamaid air meud na bàrdachd, no na ranntachd so. Leugh mi fhèin a' chuid is mò de obair còig fichead fear agus ban. Thàinig os cionn fichead leabhar-bàrdachd fo m' shùil, anns an robh leth-cheud mìle sreath ; agus tha agam mu fhichead mìle sreath eile a gheàrr mi as na paipearan naidheachd.

Nis, a thaobh luach na bàrdachd, no na rannachd so. Tha mòran ag ràdh gu'n robh Donnachadh Bàn agus Mac Mhaighstir Alasdair 'nam bàird mhatha, agus mòran tuilleadh ag ràdh gu'n robh Rob donn 'na bhàrd math ? Glé mhath ma tà. Tha mise cinnteach gu'n robh anns an aimsir a dh' ainmich mi, os cionn fichead bàrd a rinn dàn no òran air a h-uile dòigh cho math ri aon ni a rinn Rob donn ; agus tha earann mhòr de 'n bhàrdachd so a' taitinn rium féin na 's feàrr na a' chuid mhòr de na rinn na seòid eile.

Air a' chuid is mò de bhàrdachd an latha 'n diugh aithnichear gu'n robh na bàird eòlach air bàrdachd nan Gall agus nan Sasunnach; agus cha mhisid iad sin. Cha 'n fhaodar a shaoilsinn gu'n robh na trì bàird a dh' ainmich mi, a bha beò roimh "an latha 'n diugh," gun bheachd a ghabhail air bàrdachd nan Gall. 'S iad nach robh. Bu toigh leo na fuinn Ghallda a bha fasanta 'nan linn, agus lean iad fasan nan Gall uidhe nach robh beag, a thaobh brìgh na bàrdachd. Cha 'n urrainn domh a ràdh gu 'n d' rinn bàird "an latha 'n dé" feum a b' fheàrr de na bh' aca de eòlas air bàrdachd nan Gall, na tha bàird an latha 'n diugh a' deanamh.

Thugam iomradh an toiseach air

EOGHANN MAC COLLA.

'S ann air obair Eòghainn Mhic Colla is mò a mhothaichear gu 'n d' òl e à tobar nan Gall. Cha mhòr nach léir a' bhuil air gach dàn is òran a rinn e. Mar bhàrd Gaidhealach tha e a' seasamh air leth o chàch. Tha a bhriathran a' tighinn á inntinn mhisneachail agus tha e a' deanamh a ghnothaich le sgairt. Tha e a' cleachdadh samhlaidhean a tha àraidh, a bheir air an inntinn briosgadh le iongnadh còrr uair. A réir an riaghailt Ghaidhealaich theirteadh, theagamh, gu 'n robh iad dol thar tomhas air uairean; ach ma choimeasar iad ri samhlaidhean nam bàrd Eirionnach is Cuimreach cha 'n urrainnear sin a ràdh. Chithear an ni a tha mi a' ciallachadh, air an dàn so, a rinneadh leis a' bhàrd air bàs nighinn òig a chaochail air dhith bhi dà bhliadhna dh' aois.

BAS MAIRI.

Chaochail i—mar neultan ruiteach
Bhios 'san ear mu bhriseadh faire ;
B' fharmaid leis a' ghréin am bòidhchead,
Dh' éirich i 'na glòir 'chur sgàil orr ?

Chaochail i—mar phlathadh gréine,
'S am faileas 'na réis an tòir air ;
Chaochail i—mar bhogh' nan speuran ;
Shil an fhras is thréig a ghloir e.

Chaochail i—mar shneachd a luigheas
Anns an tràigh ri cois na fairge ;
Dh' aom an làn gun iochd air aghaidh—
'Ghile, O ! cha b' fhada shealbhaich.

Chaochail i—mar ghuth na clàrsaich
Nuair is druightiche 's is mills' e ;
Chaochail i—mar sgeulachd àluinn
Mu 'n gann thòisichear r'a h-innseadh.

Chaochail i—mar bhoillsgeadh geallaich,
'S am maraiche fo eagal 'san dorcha ;
Chaochail i—mar bhruadar milis,
'S an cadlaiche duilich gu 'n d' fhalbh e.

Chaochail i an tùs a h-àilleachd ;
Cha sheachnadh Pàras as féin i ;
Chaochail i—O ! chaochail Màiri
Mar gu 'm bàithte 'ghrian ag éirigh.

Cuiridh mi nis dàn eile fa chomhair an leughad-
air ; ach mu 'n téid e air aghaidh g'a leughadh, bu
mhath leam gu'n smaoinicheadh e air "Coire

cheathaich,” no air “ Allt-an-t-siùcair.” An déigh sin leughadh e na rainn a leanas. Cò de na trì dàin anns am bheil a’ bhàrdachd is àirde? Tha Donnchadh Bàn agus Mac Mhaighstir Alasdair a’ nochdadh gu’n robh iad mion-eòlach air cuid de obair Nàduir agus gu’n robh anabarr bhriathran aca a’ feitheamh air feum nan rann. Ciod tuilleadh a tha iad a’ nochdadh? Fuaim—taitneach, gun teagamh. A leughadair chòir, nach ’eil tuilleadh na sin ri ’fhaotainn anns an dàn eile? Innis an fhìrinn. Nach eil an dàn air Loch Duthaich a’ taitinn riut mòran na ’s feàrr na an dà dhàn eile? Tha e a’ taitinn riumsa, co dhiùbh, mòran na’s feàrr na iad.

LOCH DUTHAICH.

Fàilt’ ort, a Loch Duthaich, Fàilt’ ort :

Na ’m bu bhàrd a réir mo dhùrachd
Mise ’n diugh, gu fonnmhor, sàr-ghrinn
Fhlòr Loch-àluinn, bheirinn cliù ort.

Mar naoidhean gu ciùineil ’na chadal

An taic uchd dhubhaich a mhàthar ;
’S tric aghaidh na mara-mach gruamach
Is tusa ’nad shuain-chadal sàmhach,

A’ bhirlinn a’ teicheadh o ’n doireann,
Cha ’n ainmig ’nad rathad-sa ’stiùradh,
’S tu tabhairt di-beatha gle chàirdeil
Gu fasgadh do bhàghannan ciùine.

’S beag ionghnadh gach beinn tha mu ’n cuairt duit
Bhi sealltainn a nuas ort gle spòrsail ;
Cha mhinig chi stuadhan cho àluinn
Iad féin ann an sgàthan cho òirdhearc.

O! gu bhi trath oidhehe 'gan coimhead
'Nan seasamh an rathad nan reultan;
No le uail togail suas an ceann òrbhuidh,
Nuair tha ghrian 'san ear ròsach ag éirigh.

A bhuachaille bhig air an raon ud,
Leig dhìot a bhi tearnadh na's dlùithe;
An fheudail ud chi thu fo'n aigeann,
Cha robh iad riamh agad fo d' chùram.

A' trusadh nan dearc air a' bhruthaich,
Eisd! éisd cìod is bruidhinn do 'n phàisd ud—
“Tha coille an ìochdar Loch-Duthaich;
A bhràthair, bheil cnuthan a' fàs innt'?”

A Dhùin ud—seann lùchairt Clann Choinnich—
Dh' fhàg aois iomadh sgar ann ad chliathaich:
A thanais nan làithean a thréig sinn,
Cha 'n ionghnadh nan déigh thu bhi cianail.

'S tu 'n sin ann ad aonar 'nad sheasamh,
“Mar Oisean an déigh na Féinne”—
Tim bheag 's bidh do cheann anns an t-sàile;
A dhùin, tha làmh làidir an Eig ort.

Cha tearc ann ad fhochair, ma's fìor dha,
Chi 'n t-iasgair a' dìreadh o'n fhairge
Cruth maighdinn fo shoillse na geallaich,
'Si'seinn—'n e Dhùin-Donnain, do mharbhrann?

Tha claiستهd glé gheur aig an iasgair—
'Na bheachd-san 's e iargain a h-òrain
A leannan bhi uimpe fàs suarach,
'S té eile, gu guanach, 'ga phògadh.

O, alltan is sunndaiche siubhal
 Ri leathad nan leitrichean uain ud,
 Cha 'n ionghnadh leam idir le 'r crònan
 Loch Duthaich bhi 'n còmhnuidh 'san t-suain so.

An so sibh gu borbhanach sèimheil
 A' gluasad measg fraoich agus fàs-choill ;
 An siod sibh, mar bhoillsgeannan gréine,
 Geal-steallach, borb-leum feadh nan àrd-chrea g

Sgùr-Orain ! Cha 'n ionghnadh an iolair
 Bhi 'n déigh air bhi 'g itealaich dlùth ort ;
 Siod shuas thu, le d' cheann anns an iarmailt,
 'S gach beinn 'n ear 's an iar toirt dhuit
 ùmhlachd.

Feuch farum na seilge 'nad choire !
 Tha 'n làn-damh 'na shiubhal tre 'n mhòintich,
 'S mac-talla 'ga fhàgail féin bodhar
 A' freagairt nan gadhar 'san tòrachd.

Ciod e ged tha chàileachd-san fallan ?
 Ciod e ged mar dhealan a luathas ?
 'S e siùbhlaiche 'n fhirich a ghéilleas—
 'S e foill, a laoiach thréin, a thug buaidh ort.

Loch maiseach nan gorm-chrìoch, do 'n luaithe
 'San earrach thig cuach agus smedrach ?
 Loch bradanach, sgadanach, ciùineil,
 Co'n teagadh bheir cliù mar is còir ort ?

Loch suaimhneach nam bruach, far am minig
 Ceòl pìoba nan ribheidean sàr-ghrinn,
 'S cliù bhàrd air òighean caoin-chruthach—
 Slàn leat, a Loch-Duthaich, nis, slàn leat ?

Cha 'n e uile gu léir a chum cliù bhàrd an latha 'n diugh àrdachadh a tha mi a' sgrìobhadh. Tha mi coma co dhiùbh sheasas an cliù àrd no ìosal ma bhios na dàin aca air an leughadh agus an òrain air an seinn. Tha mi fìor-chinnteach á so : nach dean an duine a leughas no a sheinneas obair nan seana bhàrd agus a sheachnas obair bhàrd an latha 'n diugh mòran math a chum litreachas nan Gaidheal a chur am feabhas. Tha sgoil aig a' chuid is mò de'n t-sluagh air an latha 'n diugh nach robh aig ar sinnsear, agus eadar na tha iad a' cluinntinn agus a' leughadh tha mùthadh mòr air tighinn air gnè nan smaintean a bhios iad a' clèachdadh. Feumaidh an neach a tha cur roimhe bhi ealanta air a' Ghàidhlig a sgrìobhadh no a bhruidhinn, tòiseachadh le bàird an latha 'n diugh agus dol air ais a dh' ionnsuidh nan seana bhàrd. Mar sin a mhàin gheibh e fìor-ghreim air seòl-labhairt nan seana-bhàrd agus comas air a chur gu feum ann a bhi dealbhadh smaintean an latha 'n diugh. A thaobh luchd-seinn, tha e gu tric a' cur ionghnaidh orm cho beag suim 's a tha iad a' cur air facail nan òran a bhios iad a' seinn. Is coma leò co dhiùbh a tha no nach 'eil brìgh sheadhail annta ma bhios iad air fuinn shiùbhlach. Tabhair dhaibh sin agus bithidh iad sona : cha 'n fhada bhitheas tusa ; oir cha chluinn thu dad eile bhuapa ach an t-aon òran uair an déigh uair gus am bi thu seachd sgìth dheth. Nis, cha'n 'eil leisgeul air bith air son so, agus cha bu chòir e a bhi ann. Tha mòran òran agus fhonn a tha math ann, agus àireamh nach beag dhiubh an "Clàrsach nam beann," leabhar

Eóghainn Mhic Colla. Tha cuid dhiubh fìor-ghrinn agus ri fuinn a tha taitneach; agus mholainn iad do gach neach a tha 'cur roimhe bhi 'na òranaiche measail.

Facal a nis air

AN LIGHICHE MAC LACHAINN.

Tha mi ag aideachadh—agus cha nàir leam aideachadh—na 'm b' éiginn domh dealachadh ri bàrdachd Dhonnachaidh Bhàin, bàrdachd Mac Mhaighstir Alasdair agus bàrdachd Rob dhuinn air an dàrna làimh is ri bàrdachd an Lighiche Mac Lachainn air an làimh eile, 's ann ri obair na ceud fheadhnach a chuirinn cùl. Cha'n 'eil am measg nam bàrd Gaidhealach fear aig am bheil briathran cho ceòlmhor, binn ri a chuid bhriathran-san. Cha 'n e h-uile duine d'an urrainn ciall a chur ri ceòl, ach rinn an Lighiche Mac Lachainn e. Nach freagarrach ceòlmhor an rann so?

Cluinnidh mi 'n fhairge ri borbhan

Co-fhreagairt ri torman nan dos;

Cluinnidh mi braighlich nan aimhnean

Co-fhreagairt ri raoicich nan eas.

Ged nach d' rinn am bàrd moran bàrdachd tha na rinn e fìor fhileanta agus leanaidh e ri meomhair gach neach a leughas e. Ged a tha Eòghann Mac Colla ealanta mar bhàrd, cha'n 'eil e idir a' tighinn suas ris an Lighiche am binneas agus an réidheachd nam facal. Tha ri fhaicinn air bàrdachd Mhic Colla gur duine bha bunailteach aig a' ghnothach e agus do nach bu dual géilleachd no

caoidh. Air an làimh eile, tha bàrdachd Mhic Lachainn a' taisbeanadh, ar leam, gu 'n robh an t-ùghdair 'na dhuine do nach b' urrainn éirigh os cionn mi-shealbh agus dosguinnean an t-saoghail; agus gheibhear, mar sin, na 's trice tùrsadh na sonas 'na bhàrdachd. Ach, ged tha, cha 'n fhaod mi a ràdh nach 'eil an seòrsa caoidh a th' aig Bard Ra-Thuaidhe taitneach ri mo spiorad féin. Feuch mar a tha e a' caoidh fàsachadh nan gleann 'san dàn so.

A GHLINN UD SHIOS !

A ghlinn ud shìos, a ghlinn ud shìos,

Gur trom an diugh mo shùil

A' dearcadh air do lagain àigh

Mar b' àbhaist doibh o thùs.

Tha do choilltean fathast dosrach, àrd,

'S gach sìthean àillidh, uain ;

'S tha fuaim an lùb-uillt nuas o d' fhrìth

'Na shuain-cheòl sìth a'm chluais.

Tha 'n spréidh ag ionaltradh air do mhàgh ;

Na caoraich air an raon ;

Tha churra 'g iasgach air do thràigh

'S an fhaoileann air a' chaol.

Tha guth na cuthaig air do stùc,

An smùdan air do ghéig ;

Os cionn do lòn tha 'n uiseag ghrinn

Ri ceilear binn 'san speur.

Tha suaimhneas anns gach luibh fo bhlàth,

Bàigh air gach creig is cluain,

A' toirt a'm chuimhne mar a bhà
'Sna làithean thàrladh uainn.

Fuaim do chaochain, fead na gaoith'
Is luasgan àrd nan geug
'G ath-nuadhachadh le còmhradh tlàth
Nan làithean àigh a thréig.

Ach chì mi t' fhàrdaich air dol sìos
'Nan làraich fhalamh, fhuar ;
Cha 'n fhaic fear-siubhail far nan stùc
Na smùidean 'g éirigh suas.

Do ghàradh fiadhaich fàs gun dreach,
Gun neach g'a chur air seòl ;
Le fliodh is foghnain ann a' fàs,
'S an fheanntag 'n àite 'n ròis.

O ! c' àite am bheil gach caraid gaoil
Bu chaomh leam air do learg,
A chuireadh fàiltean orm a' teachd
Is beannachd leam a' falbh ?

Tha chuid is mò dhiubh anns an ùir
'S an t-iarmad fada bhuainn,
Dh' fhàg mis' a'm aonaran an so,
'Nam choigreach nochdte, truagh.

'Nam choigreach nochdte truagh, gun taic,
'S an acaid ann am chliabh—
An acaid chlaoidhteach sin nach caisg—
'Gam shlaid a chum mo chrìch.

'Gam shlaid a chum mo chrìch le bròn—
Ach thugam glòir do 'n Tì :

Cha d' thug e dhòmhsa ach mo chòir—
Ri 'òrdugh bitheam strìochdt'.

Tha lòchran dealrach, dait' nan speur
Air teurnadh sìos do 'n chuan,
Is tonnan uain na h-àirde-'n-iar
Ag iadhadh air mu 'n cuairt.

Sgaoil an oidhch' a cleòc mu 'n cuairt ;
Cha chluinn mi fuaim 'sa ghleann
Ach an ceàrdabhan, le siubhal fiar,
Ri ceòl is tiamhaidh srann.

A ghlinn ud shìos, a ghlinn ud shìos,
A ghlinn is ciataich dreach !
A' tionndadh uait dhol thar do shliabh,
Mo bheannachd shìorruidh leat !

Tha aon ni comharraichte air bàrdachd an Lìghiche Mac Lachainn, agus tha e 'san dàn roimh-sgrìobhte. 'S e sin mar a tha an dorchadas a' tighinn a nuas, agus an oidhche a' dùnadh mu 'n cuairt air, 's a' toirt crìch air a dhàn mar a ni e air ceilear nan eun 'san anamoch. Is ceart mar sin a dhùn oidhche na h-aoise mu 'n cuairt air a bheatha féin aig a' cheann mu dheireadh. Bha Mac Lachainn 'na fhìor Ghaidheal 'na ghnè, aig an robh aigne subhach no dubhach a réir mar a bha cùisean a' dol gu soirbheas no gu doirbheas. Bu bhinn a chaoidh 'nuair a bha 'aigne trom, ach b' éibhinn mar a dh' éireadh e air an dàn 'nuair a bha e suilbhir, ait. Tha sin ri fhaicinn air dàn no dha a rinneadh leis, ach gu sònruichte air an òran so :

NIS O 'N CHAIDH AN SGOATH 'NA H-UIDHEAM.

Nis o'n chaidh an sgoth 'na h-uidheam,
 Suidheam air a h-ùrlar ;
 Cuiribh òigear seòlta, sgairteil
 De chloinn Airt g' a stiùradh.
 Nall am botul ; lìon an copan ;
 Olamaid le dùrachd
 Slàinte do gach creutair bochd tha'n
 Diugh fo sprochd 'san dùthaich.

Siùdaibh illean, càiribh rithe ;
 Bithibh cridheil, sunndach ;
 Thugaibh làmh gu h-ealamh dàn
 Air cur an àrd a siùil rith' ;
 Na biodh cùram oirbh, no eagal ;
 Seasamaid ar cùrsa ;
 Ruigidh sinn gu cala sàbhailt'
 Ged is dàn an ionnsuidh.

Chaidh sinn seachad air a' Ghràtair
 Ged a b' àrd a bhùirich ;
 Ged a bhà 'm Bun-dubh cho gàbhaidh,
 Ràinig sinn a nunn air ;
 Dol seachad Sòì, Rì ! bu mhòr
 An crònna bh' aig na sùighean—
 'S e mo ghràdh an stiùradh grinn
 Nach leigeadh mill g' ar n-ionnsuidh.

Nunn do Mhuile, nunn do Mhuile,
 Nunn do Mhuile théid i ;
 Nunn do Mhuile air bàrr tuinne
 Ged robh muir a' beucaich.

'S mi tha sunndach air a h-ùrlar,
 Air bàrr sùigh ag éirigh—
 Mo ghràdh an iùbhrach làidir, dhùbailt'
 'S na fir lùthmhor ghleusda.

C' àite am measg nan òran gaoil am faighear fear
 cho fìor ghrinn ris an òran so? Cha 'n e goileam gun
 seadh air “mala chaol,” “beul tana,” “slios mar an
 fhaoileann,” “sùil mar an dearcag,” “gruaidh mar
 an ròs” a tha 'n so, ach smaointean grinn am briath-
 ran binn.

So 'NAM SHINEADH AIR AN T-SLIABH.

So 'nam shìneadh air an t-sliabh,
 'S mi ri iargain na bheil uam ;
 'S tric mo shùil a' sealltainn siar
 Far an luigh a' ghrian 'sa chuan.

Chi mi thall a h-aiteal caomh,
 Deàrrsadh caoin ri taobh na tràigh ;
 'S truagh nach robh mi air an raon
 Far an deach i claon 'san àillt.

'S truagh nach robh mi féin an tràths'
 Air an tràigh is àirde stuadh,
 'G éisdeachd ris a' chòmhraidh thlàth
 Th' aig an òigh is àillidh snuadh.

Aig an òigh is àillidh dreach,
 Is gile cneas 's is caoine gruaidh ;
 Mala shìobhalt, mìn-rosg réidh
 Air nach éireadh bréin no gruaim.

O! nach innis thu ghaoth 'n iar,
 Nuair a thriallass tu thar sàil,
 Ciod an dòigh a th' air mo ghaol—
 Bheil i smaointinn orms' an tràths'?

Nuair a shìn mi dhuit mo làmh
 Air an tràigh a' fàgail tìr',
 'S ann air éiginn rinn mi ràdh
 "Soraidh leat, a ghràidh mo chrìdh'."

'S nuair a thug mi riut mo chùl,
 Chunnaic mi thu brùchdadh dheur,
 'S ged a shuidh mi aig an stiùir,
 'S ann a bha mo shùil a'm dhéigh.

Chaidh a' ghrian fo stuaidh 'san iar;
 Dh' fhàg i fiamh air nial a' chuain—
 'S éiginn domh o 'n àird bhi triall;
 Sguir an ianlaith féin d' an duan.

Mìle beannachd leat an nochd;
 Cadal dhuit gun sprochd, gun ghruaim;
 Slàn gun acaid feadh do chléibh,
 Anns a' mhaduinn 'g éirigh suas.

Bha 'n Lighiche Mac Lachainn 'na dhuine aig
 an robh beachd farsuinn; agus bha e 'faicinn—mar
 is math is léir do gach neach nach 'eil a' cur tuill-
 eadh 's a chòir earbsa am beul-aithris nan athraich-
 ean—nach e an seòrsa aidmheil no cràbhaidh a tha
 aig duine a tha toirt air a bhi math no olc; ach
 gur e an cridhe glan gun chearb a tha 'ga thogail
 os cionn chàich. So searmoin a bu chòir a

shearmonachadh anns na crannagan gach ath Dhi-
dòmhnach, an àite na sìor-labhairt a tha dol air
aghaidh, air aobhair mheanbh gu bhonn gun
stéidh.

IS BEAG IS MO LEAMSA CIOD A THEIR AD.

Tha triallairean Alba ri aimhreit an tràths',
Ach 's beag is mò leamsa ciod a their àd;
A' siubhal gach dùthcha, 'gan dùsgadh gu fearg,
Ach 's beag is mò leamsa ciod a their àd.

Fadadh-cruaidh air an gruaidh shuas anns na crann-
agan,
Sùil chlaon air gach taobh 's glaothaich gu faramach,
“Mur aontaich sibh leinne bidh sibh sgrioste gun dàil,”
Ach 's beag is mò leamsa ciod a their àd.

Aig an Athair tha brath air an aidmheil is feàrr,
Ged is beag is mò leamsa ciod a their àd :
Co 'n t-aon a tha ceart no có e tha ceàrr,
Ged is beag is mò leamsa ciod a their àd.

'S ann their luchd-aidmheil ri chéile “Cha'n 'eil stéidh
ann ad theagasg ;
Tha sgriobtur 'sa Bhiobull ag innseadh gun teagamh
Gur mise tha ceart agus thusa tha ceàrr ;”
Ach 's beag is mò leam-sa ciod a their àd.

'S e m' athchuing 'sa mhaduinn ri Athair nan gràs,
Ged is beag is mò leamsa ciod a their àd,
E chumail mo chridhe gun smal air gu bràth,
Ged is beag is mò leamsa ciod a their àd.

Le seirc is truas, iochd do 'n t-sluagh 's a bhi gun uail
spioradail,

Dùilean breid a tha fo león fheóraich 'nan trioblaid ;
Ged theireadh gach fear dhiubh gu 'n robh mi gun
ghràs,

Is beag is mò leamsa ciod a their àd. ~

Air leam gu 'm bheil beagan de 'n spiorad so a
tha air a thaisbeanadh anns na facail “Is beag is
mò leamsa ciod a their àd,” feumail do'n neach a
bheireadh seachad a bheachd air bàrdachd an
latha 'n diugh.

Mar is cubhaidh do mhuinntir a tha an déigh
searmoin a chluinntinn, seinneamaid laoidh—laoidh
anns am bheil bàrdachd is àirde agus gliocas is
luachmhoire na tha ri fhaotainn anns a' chuid is
mò de shalmaibh Dhaibhidh an Israelach, agus a
drùigheas oirnn le cumhachd is treise. Tha 'n
laoidh so air fonn air an robh, anns na linntean
a chaidh seachad, a réir coltais, miadh agus
meas mòr, oir gheibhear e an caochladh riochd
agus fo chaochladh ainm an Eirinn, 'sa Ghalltachd
agus 'nar crìochan féin.

NA LAITHEAN A DH' AOM.

Tha na siantan air caochladh ;

Tha'n saoghal fo sprochd ;

Chuir an doineann fhuar,

Fhiadhaich an ianlaidh 'nan tosd.

Tha sneachdadh trom dòmhail

A' còmhachd nam beann.

A' lìonadh nan glacan

'S a' tacadh nan allt ;
'S mise feitheamh an aisig
Aig carraig a' chaoil,
Ri smaointean air àbhachd
Nan làithean a dh' aom ;

Ann an làithean ar n-òige,
Dol an còmh dhail an t-sluaigh,
Cha sheall sinn ach faoin
Air mar dh' aomas iad uainn ;
Cha tig e 'nar smaointean
Cho goirid 's tha 'n dàil
Gus am brùchd oirnn gach leòn
Ni ar lùbadh gu làr,
Gun chùram, gun éislan,
Aig teumadh air taobh,
Ar làithean a' snàg uainn
Gun àireamh air aon.

Nuair a luigheas an aois oirnn
'S a dh' aognas ar snuadh,
Ar ciabh dol an tainead
Agus smal air ar gruaidh,
Bidh teugmhail 'nan còmhlan
A' còmhradh gu truagh,
Agus càirdean ar n-òige
Air sòmhlaidh 'san uaigh ;
'S ann an sin bhios ar cridhe
Làn mulaid is gaoid,
Ri smaointean air àbhachd
Nan làithean a dh' aom.

O ! Ard-rìgh na cruinne,
 Ceann uidhe ar dùil,
 Air an t-sneachdadh fhliuch, fhionnar
 Dhuit a lùbas mi glùn,
 'S guidheam gu 'n òrduich
 Thu dhòmhsa gu glic
 Bhi cuimhneachadh t' òrduigh
 Gu h-umhal 's gu tric,
 Chum nuair chrìochnaicheas m' astar
 An glacaibh an Aoig,
 Nach cuimhnich thu m' fhàilinn
 'Sna làithean a dh' aom.

(R'a leantuinn.)

THE GAEL IN CANADA

THE conductors of this periodical, which, as our Scottish readers probably know, circulates also in Canada, have necessarily an extensive correspondence with Gaels in that country. We take this opportunity of tendering our thanks to all those (and their name is legion) who have been kind enough to address us on the subject of the present status of Scottish Gaels, Catholic as well as Protestant, in Canada. Much valuable information has been kindly vouchsafed us, from time to time, by our esteemed Canadian correspondents; and after carefully sifting all the valuable evidence,

and collating one statement with the other, we feel that now, after five years of successful existence, we are more or less in a position to form an opinion as to the status and prospects of the Gael, as Gael, in Canada.

The burden of most of our Canadian correspondents' letters has been that the Gaels of Canada are slowly—some say very rapidly—but surely parting with their distinctive nationality, and becoming Anglicised. There would appear to be some difference of opinion as to the rate of progress which this species of degeneration is making amongst them. Some think that it is proceeding with almost lightning-like rapidity; whilst others are convinced that the decay we speak of, if sure, yet is slow. All agree, however, in thinking that the Gael, as Gael, is, in Canada, doomed to that most distressing and humiliating form of national extinction, namely, absorption; and though some of our correspondents are of opinion that Father Campbell's recent Mission to the Gaelic-speaking parts of Canada may serve temporarily to retard, if not to arrest, the progress of that fatal malady, whose name is Anglicisation, yet all are in substantial agreement upon this point, that unless the Canadian Gaels bestir themselves their eventual absorption is certain.

This, it must be allowed, is a most melancholy prospect, whether we consider it from the point of view of Religion, or from that of Politics. From the religious point of view, no worse fate than that of Anglicisation could well befall our kindred and

co-religionists in Canada. History proves that the stepping-stone to Protestantism is, in the case of the Gael at all events, Anglicisation; whilst looking at the matter from a broader point of view, we fancy that few will be inclined to dispute with us the substantial truth of the axiom, that a people which parts with its language cannot be trusted to preserve its religion.

We should have thought that the bright example set by French Canadians in this respect would have stirred up the Clergy and Laity of the Gaelic-speaking districts of Canada to emulate their glorious example. But it would seem that the Frenchman's clearer perception of the value of Language in respect of the preservation of Religion is not a gift which we must expect to find, at all events to any great extent, amongst our kinsfolk and co-religionists in Canada. That there are far-seeing and patriotic Priests and laymen in Gaelic Canada we do not, of course, dispute. God forbid! But, unfortunately, the opinions of such do not prevail; nor do they appear to have the slightest effect in stemming the rising tide of Anglicisation and Irreligion. The tendency away from the Gaelic, and in the direction of the English language and all that it implies, seems to be almost universal. Our correspondents are emphatic upon this point, and though it obviously distresses them to be obliged to acknowledge it; yet, as sensible men, they wisely recognise that it is better to look facts in the face—however disagreeable they may be—than to live

in a fool's paradise, or willingly to suffer their friends or well-wishers to do so.

We could profitably dwell further upon this aspect of the case did but space, and our natural desire not to appear interfering or impertinent, permit us to do so. We cannot help adding, however, that at a time when the Church all over the world is rightly attaching more and more importance to national languages as aids to the preservation of Faith, it is indeed surprising that the Canadian Catholic Gaels should be turning their backs upon theirs, and this in spite of the fact that they have at their very door, as it were, a people whose applied devotion to their national language is largely founded upon their just perception of its value as an aid to the preservation of Religion.

Let us now briefly consider the matter from a political point of view. A correspondent assures us that "Canada is fast approaching the status of a great nation." We are delighted to hear it. The English connexion is, from our point of view, a nuisance, inasmuch as it tends to foster a regrettable Jingo spirit amongst our own people; and the sooner that "painter" is cut the better we shall be pleased. We can quite understand, and make all due allowances for the somewhat boisterous "loyalty" of many Canadians—especially Scots Canadians—to the "Mother-Country"—to England, that is to say. This, as every one knows, is largely inspired by fear of America and American political methods; but whilst prepared to

excuse its less blatant manifestations, and, to inscribing them to their true source and origin, to discount their violence, yet they are, in more ways than one, highly inconvenient to us. We hope, therefore, that Canada will soon realize her obvious great destiny, and set up house on her own account. The flag-waving she has done in the Highlands of Scotland, through the agency of her paid land-emissaries, who swarm everywhere, has established a drain upon our already too slender resources in population, which we, in this time of gloom and depression, can ill afford to bear. But apart altogether from interested motives, we wish the cause of "Canada a Nation" well. The point we have to consider, however, is the political status of the Canadian Gael under that coming dispensation.

The same correspondent, from whose letter we quote above, observes that, "although the population (of Canada) is quite diversified as to nationality, yet there is much evidence of a welding process, as it were, which is making us all Canadians, with the English language for a national tongue." It seems to us, however, that this vision of Canada a Nation (attired in the linguistic livery of John Bull), scarcely takes adequate account of the French Canadians. What is going to be done with them?—a prickly people to touch where Faith and Language are concerned, according to all accounts; and are the Canadian Gaels (especially those of the Household of the Faith) going to join hands with the semi-barbarous,

semi-pagan hordes—the scum of her slums and the sweepings of her streets—which the devoted “Mother-country” is now dumping upon the shores of her loyal and dutiful daughter, Canada, to help to Anglicise the French Canadians, and to attack Catholicism? If they are, then the least we can say is, that they will, some day or other, bitterly repent it.

It seems to us that the time has now come when the Canadian Gael should seriously consider the consequences of his voluntary efforts to denationalize himself. The idea of “Canada a Nation” is, surely, one which must recommend itself to every sensible and patriotic Canadian, whatever his creed or race; but we fail to see that the realisation of this desirable end need conflict in the least degree with continued adherence to national tongues. The world is rapidly becoming not only, in respect of some countries, bilingual; but, generally, multi-lingual; and for the Gaels of Canada to turn their backs, at this the eleventh hour, as it were, upon the splendid linguistic inheritance bequeathed them by their ancestors would, indeed, be, from every point of view, melancholy and regrettable. Why do not the Canadian Catholic Gaels seek the friendly assistance and co-operation of their French-speaking Canadian co-religionists in seeking to conserve Faith and Tongue; for are not both brothers and co-sharers in these respects? Have not both reason to dread the triumph of Anglicisation? Let the Catholic Gaels of Canada show the world

what stuff they are made of, and set an abiding example to Canadian Gaels of all creeds and "isms," by forthwith putting the language of their forefathers into those school, where control has been placed in their hands.

AIMSIREAN NA BLIADHNA

Los gu'm faigheadh barail gach aoin de na h-ughd-airean a b' urras domh làn fhoillseachadh agus coimeas ri 'chéile, tharruing mi a mach Clàr Geamhraidh (mar gu'm b'ann airson 1908 's 1909), agus gu seachd àraidh, Clàr Earraich, agus gur ann air mion-roinnean an Earraich, is mó a thàinig a nuas oirnn a dh'eòlas seach nan ràidhean eile. Meud na h-uidhreachd a chuir na Gaidheil air an Earrach, is coireach, is docha.

Agus o'n is fada mu'm b'e an aon sian a gheabh-teadh anns a h-uile sràth 'us gleann aig an aon àm, ach sian-bhreacadh a h-uile àite a réir cur na dùthcha 's nam beanntaichean mu'n cuairt, agus gach aimsir 'ga suidheachadh 'sa' bhliadhna 'ga reir sin a rithisd (agus ged a b'e'n aon àite e, gur fada mu'm b'ann mu'n aon taic de'n dà bhliadhna a thigeadh na h-aimsirean mu seach), is beag an t-iongnadh ged a bhiodh suidheachadh a thartain fhéin aig a h-uile àite air a h-uile aimsir. (Droch chomharradh sin oirne mar shluagh

dreamach, muinntir bhorb gun eireachdas, gun aithne, a deir luchd-eagal-na-Beurla. Biodh aca. Cha bhi mi riù. Leam-sa, cha bu chròn ach bòidhchead, an caochladh chur a fhuair mi ann an clò a' Chaluim so: ged nach b'fhios domh, 'na uaireannan, gu de b'fhìor chlò Chaluim ann.) Agus chuireadh an t-atharrachadh cunntais a thainig anns a'bhliadhna 1752 car eile anns a'chlò mar nach biodh a leòir riabhachais ann a cheana féin. Bhiodh, ge ta, teachd nan aimsirean luath no mall, agus am buanas fada no gearr, a réir na bliadhna bhiodh ann, a reir cur na dùthcha agus a réir an iomrall, beag no mòr, a chuir an t-atharrachadh ann. 'Fhianuis sin air na seanfhaclan. "Luath no mall ge'n tig am Màigh, thig a'chuthag" (bha 'Bhealltuinn fhéin tràth 's fadalach 'na uaireannan, Mac Talla III., Aireamh 45, td 1.) "Is e'n Geamhradh luath an Geamhradh buan": "An Gearran Gearr": "Cha tig Geamhradh gu cùl Calluinn," ged a tha fios gur ann air chùl na Samhna a thig e: (ach bheir sinn an corr dhiùbh fa'n ear mar a thig iad oirnn mu seach:) cha teic na thubhradh, gu'm bu bhliadhna nan siantan i; 's cha bu bhliadhna a reir cuairt na grèine no nan reultan. Agus ruigeadh a'ghrian fhéin a taighean-ràidhe mios roimh gach aon de na Féilltean mòra, i., a'Bhealltuinn, an Liùnasdail, an t-Samhuinn, agus Là Fhéill Brìghde bàine. Agus gur ann aig na Féilltean so a thig na tionndaidhean-aimsir. Nach glan a dh' fhàg an seanfhacal againn e! "Mios roimh gach ràidhe, a choltas." Agus chan ann a thaobh ràidhean a mhàin a tha e fìor. Oir is ann a

tha “Là na Gobaige” barrachd ’us mios roimh “Sheachduinn na Gobaig.” Tha “Là na Cuthaige” mios roimh “Là Buidhe Bealltuinn,” là dileas na Cuthaige. “Ceitein na h-Oinnsich” aimsir a bha ’ruith làimh ris a’Ghiblein (a réir J. G. Campbell, agus air am bheil anns “a’Ghaidheal,” III., s. 75, dearbhadh eile bho pheann “Abraich”:) bha Ceitein so na h-Oinnsich an déidh leth-mhios a thoirt mu’n robh tòiseach na fìor Cheitein Earrach ann. Bha “Earrach Beag nam Faochag” a’ toiseachadh air Dec. 25 (J. G. Campbell), i., barrachd ’s mios roimh ’n Earrach riaghailteach.

Atharrachadh eile dheth. Mar a thachair do’n t-seann Ghreig o chian, bha na seann diathan bréige agus na ban-diathan, agus ’ionad-aoraidh féin agus ’àm-aoraidh féin aig cuid’ dhiùbh: mar a bha, i, “Cruimm-Dubain,” seann dia-breige: oir is e DiDomhnuich Crum Dubh is ainm do DhiDomhnuich Càisg ann an Lochabar: ach ann an Antrum, is e ceud DiDomhnuich Liùnasdail air am bheil DiDomhnuich Crum-Dubh. Agus an uair a thigeadh an creideamh Criosduidh air lòn, agus gu’m biodh sgeul mu bhan-dia ann am beul an dara seanachaidh, agus sgeul mu bhan-naomh aig an t-seanachaidh eile, is furasda r’a thuigsinn mar a rachadh an da sgeul iomrall air feadh a chéile do’n fhear-éisdeachd, gus an cailleadh ban-dia agus ban-naomh an aithneachadh. Sin mar a thachair do “Bhrìghde,” ainm bàn-naoimh agus ainm seann-bhan-dia e. Mur b’eadh, cha b’e “Dalta Brìghde” a bhiodh aig an t-sluagh air Criosd agus “Dalta Moire” air Eòin.

B’ ann air Lug, seann-dia, a dh’ ainmicheadh an Lughnasadh, ainm Eireannach air Liùnasdail. Bhiodh e duilich fios an Lughnasaidh a sgaoileadh

air feadh na dùthcha ann an àm (dh' aithnich Mìcheil Scott e, an turus a ràinig e'n Roimh ag iarraidh fios na h-Inid:); bhiodh cuid de na h-àitean iargculach, iomallach; is ann fada an déidh cháich a chumadh iadsan féill. Bhiodh, mar so, Fèill a Liùnasdail fhéin aig gach fine. Bheirear aire do gach atharrach no caochladh mar a thig a'chuairt orra.

O nach fhiach ògeul gun urrainn, is so agad na h-ùghdairean a bha 'nan urrainn domh, as an tug mi na h-iasadan. An Siorram Mac Neacail. ùghdair "Nicholson's Gaelic Proverbs." N. G. P. no Mac Neacail, an giorrachadh a th' agam air. An t-Urramach I. G. Caimbeul, ùghdair "Witchcraft and Second Sight in the Highlands and Islands of Scotland." "Argathalian"—cha'n 'eil fhios cò a b'e'n duine so, ach fhuair mi moran fiosrachaidh á litir a sgrìobh e do'n "Ghaidheal," paipear-naigh-eachd a theasd o chionn 32 bliadhna. Gheabhar an litir anns a' "Ghaidheal," Iomleabhar III., slios 55, 56. Na giorrachaidh a th' agam air an dithis so (i), J. G. C., agus Arg. Alastair Mac Gille Mhìcheil, ùghdair "Carmina Gadelica," moroghainn de shar-leabhraichean an da leabhar sin, air am bheil Car. Gad. agam. An t-Ollamh A. MacBain nach maireann, bho nach d' fhuair mi de eòlas-aimsirean ach gu'n cuireadh e mios Gearrain anns an rann so a fhuair Mac Neacail:—

Mios Faoiltich, seachduinn Feadaig,
Ceithir là deug Gearrain, seachduinn Caillich,
Trì là Sguabaig—suas e'n t-Earrach.

A réir an Ollaimh, tha'n "Gearran" ceart a dha uiread ri "Gearran" an rainn, agus tha "a' Chaill-each," agus an "Sguabag" ceithir la deug ni's faid' a mach 'san Earrach na leigeadh an rann leò. Celtic Review, Faclair Armstrong, Faclair Mhic

Dhomhnuill, Leabhar a' Chamshronaich—"Gaelic names of plants," Feillire Eireannach, Faclair Eireannach, cuid de na h-ùghdairean eile.

Tha fear is fear aca 'ga àicheadh féin. Is ann air eigin a fhuair mi am baralachadh ri 'cheile. Ach càil bheag bhuidheach de'n socair—gheabh mi gu tric an dara fear a' toirt a mach na dh'fhàg am fear eile uireasach. Fhuair iad uile moran duilgheadais rompa an àm teannadh ris an obair; agus tha cuid ag aideach nach'eil a'chuis air dòigh aca, ged a chleachd iad gach dìchioll, 's cha neònach, 's gur gann a fhuair iad aon dithis ris a robh iad a' foighneachd, a'co-chordadh mu'n aon aimsir.

Far an e an Seann Chùnntas e, rinn mi a tharruing gus a' Chùnntas Ur, mar m' ailghìos.

A bharrachd air fìor-earrannan na bliadhna, bha frith-aimsirean a bhiodh gobhlach mu'n fheadhainn eile. Mar a bha "Ceitein na h-Oinnsich," "Màrt na curachd," "Glasadh na Cuthaige" agus "Seachduinn an t-Sionnaich," a gheabhtheadh làimh ris a' Chéitein Earraich, aimsir is fìor-earrann de'n bhliadhna i.

An earalas nach gabhteadh an iomrall mi, chuir mi feum, air uairibh, air ainmeannan Beurla nan aimsirean.

A' Bhliadhna.

Gheabh sinn fìor bhlàs na Gàidhlig air na seanfhaclan a leanas do'n ciall "fad na bliadhna,"

A h-uile latha deug 'sa' bhliadhna.

Bliadhna fhada, dhìreach.

"Eadar Nollaig 's Féill Roid,

Eadar Féill Roid 's Féill Brian."

(Leabhar ainmhidhean an Fhoirbeisich, fo "neas.")

Gheabhar blàs briagha orra so, cuideachd:—

Is buaine bliadhna na Nollaig.

Is fada slìos na bliadhna.

(Cuir 'na choimeas mu dheireadh sud, am facal)

Fàgamaid slìos na h-aimsir ballach le ar n-euchdan.

Na Ràidhean.

“Gobhlach mu'n ràidhe.” Cha bu rathal bainn-phòsaidh 'éigheach 'san dara mìos agus pòsadh 'san àth-mhios. J. G. C.

Ceud Diluain an ràidh—là rathail.

Mios roimh gach ràidhe—a choltas. N. G. P.

Thainig ceathrar a nall,

Gun bhàta, gun lòn,

Fear buidhe, fionn, (= Earrach).

Fear slatagach, donn, (= Samhradh).

Fear a bhualadh na sùisde, (= Foghar).

'S fear a rùsgadh nan crann. (= Geamhradh).

J. G. C.

Foghar gu Nollaig, (Dud. 25. no Faoilt. 1).

'S Geamhradh gu Féill-Pàdruig, (March 17).

Earrach gu Féill-Peadair, (Og-Mhios 29).

Samhradh gu Féill-Martuinn. (Samhuinn 11).

N. G. P. 186.

Cha tig Geamhradh gu cùl Calluinn,

No Earrach gu cùl Fhéill-Pàdruig.

N. G. P. 132.

Samhradh breac-riabhach, 'us Foghar geal, grianach,
Geamhradh réodhtanach, Earrach ceòthanach,

Cha d'fhàg gorta riamh an Alba.

Per Contra.—Foghar an àigh—ial 'us fras.

N. G. P.

Ni Samhradh breac-riabhach fogharadh geal, grianach.

J. G. C.

Cèd Foghair, sneachd Earraich.

Is e'n cèd Geamhraidh a ni'n cathadh Earraich.

Gaoth	o'n rionnaig	Earraich ;
Teas	o'n rionnaig	Shamhraidh ;
Uisg'	o'n rionnaig	Fhoghair ;
Reòthadh	o'n rionnaig	Gheamhraidh.

An àm tighinn air na ràidhean mu seach, agus a' fiachainn cò an ràidh do'm bu choltaiche urram ràidhe thòisich na bliadhna, cuireamaid barailean luchd-ealain agus ollamh mu choinneamh a cheile, agus cuimhnicheamaid gur e "tòiseach bliadhna," a réir Whitley Stokes, a th' againn anns an Earrach, barail leis an cuidich faclair Eireannach O'Connell, aig am bheil "fuighleach na bliadhna" air "Faoilteach." Dh' fhàgadh sin tòiseach na bliadhna agus tòiseach an Earraich còmhla, ann an meadhon an leth Gheamhraidh de'n bhliadhna. Is neonach leamsa aimsir sam bith a thoisicheadh 'na meadhon féin, agus nach ann aig toiseach an dara leth dhi. Gu ruig 1752, bha 'bhliadhna Shasunnach a'toiseachadh air "March" 25, agus tha tòiseach an Earraich Shasunnaich fhathas air March 20. Bha, mar so, tòiseach na bliadhna Sasunnaich agus tòiseach an Earraich Shasunnaich mar uidhe còig la dh'a cheile.

Barail eile a chunnaic mi, cha'n 'eil cuimhne c'àite, gur e "earr" no "earball" bliadhna a tha anns an Earrach. Chuireadh a' bharail sin tòiseach na bliadhna mu'n a' Bhealltuinn, àm is e is tòiseach do'n leth Shamhraidh, a réir riaghailt: ach tha Bealltuinn trath 's Bealltuinn fhadalach ann. (Mac Talla, III. Àir 45., Slìos 1.) Is cinnteach gu'm biodh toiseach na bliadhna gun a bhi corrach, gun a bhi luath no mall mar a tha'm Maigh, ach riaghailteach.

Ach is ann air an t-seann ràdh "eadar dha Shamhuinn" a gheabhainn féin fianuis. "Rugadh mi eadar dha Shamhuinn." Nach e is ciall da so

“Rugadh mi eadar dha cheann bliadhna”? Cha lughaid gur fìor dhomh 'nam bhàrail ged a fhuair mi “eadar dha Nollaig,” oir am fear aig an d'fhuair mi e, is cinnteach gur e “eadar dha cheann bliadhna” a bu chiall da-san, agus nach do thach-air dad dha ach gu'n do chuir e féin no a shinnsir-ean an Nollaig (no a'Challuinn) 'na deireadh bliadhna, agus an seann nos Gaidhealach a leigeil a mugha mar nach bu chòir. Is ann mu'n t-Samhuinn is mó a tha de ghreadhnachas air mhaireann an diugh, seach nam Féilltean eile. Cia mar nach b' i a bu deireadh agus tòiseach bliadhna? Is deireadh no crìoch Samhraidh an t-Samhuinn, cò dhiubh. (Guth na Bliadhna, v. 287.) Ged nach 'eil còir agam dol dian 'sa' chùis, 's gun annamsa ach fear de na gillean trusairneis no trùs-bhàrailean ma's àill leibh.

Agus is fianuis leam an naigheachd a thug “Fionn” seachad (Guth na Bliadhna, v. 285) mu òran Luchd na Samhna anns an Eilean Mhanainn-each: do'm bu dàn-bùrdain gu'm b'i oidhche Shamhna oidhche na bliadhn' ùire. Is ann air an alt so a leiginn treise na droma.

Is i'n Fhéill Anndrais, 30mh de'n t-Samhuinn, a riaghlas tòiseach agus deireadh na bliadhna do'n chleir. N. G. P. 131.

An Leth Geamhraidh.

AN RAIDH GEAMHRAIDH, na trì mìosan marbh, ràidh marbh na bliadhna. N. G. P.

An mìos dubh = mìos na Samhna. J.G.C. N.G.P.
Am mìos marbh = Dudlachd gu Faoilteach.
J. G. C.

Am marbh mhiòs = Faoilteach. J. G. C.

Is e'n Geamhradh luath an Geamhradh buan.

Is e'n ceò Geamhraidh a ni'n cathadh Earraich.

An sneachd nach tig mu Shamhuinn,

thig gu reamhar mu'n Fhéill Brìghde.

DEIR EADH LETH SAMH RAIDH	RAIDH GEAMHRAIDH	
	Raidh	Marbh
RAIDH FOGH AIR	An t-Samhuinn : An Dudlaic	
	Samhradh gu Féill Martuinn	Foghar gu Nollaig.
Samhuinn	Oldhche agus gearr-mhios o Shamhuinn gu Féill Anndrais	
	Arg.	
	Seachd seachduinnean reamhra o Shamhuinn gu Nollaig.	
	Samhradh gach sion go Nodlaig.	

LA NA NOLLAIG MOIRE

Mar chloich a'ruith le gleann, fèaggar faun Foghair. N.G.P.

31 Oldhche Shamhna

1 An t-Samhuinn An t-
An uair a's Ciadaolneach an t-Samhuinn is laruineach fir an domhain N.G.P.
Marbh na cruinne gu coitcheann. Rel. Celticae I. 146.
Dorchta, doirionnata, dubh,
'Chlad tri laithean de'n Gheamhradh,
Ge b'e bheir géill do'n spréidh,
Cha tugailin fhéin gu Samhradh. N.G.P.

11 An Fhéill Martuinn
Is ionann aithreasas-criche
's a bhí 'cur sil mu'n Fh. M. N.G.P.
Is faide gu Nollaig na gu F.M. N.G.P.

23mh. 1908 { Sud agallb a'ghealach úr—Rìgh nan Dul 'gar beannachadh. J.G.O.
A' cheud ghealach de'n Gheamhradh=Gealach a ruadhain. J.G.O.
A' mhic an rath dhorchta! (=a' dhroch dhúine gun fheum gun chiall!) N.G.P.
Gob sollse, gob na gealache (=tòiseach fàs na gealache). J.G.O.
Eòin an fhás (fhàis) = clann a rugadh re'n fhàis (bith leat cneadhach). J.G.O.
—30 An Fh. Anndrais. Cha tig an Fh. Anndrais gu ceann bliadhna tulleadh oirnn. N.G.P.

12mh. <— { Fhéill Fionan. "This day is now fixed as the 12th Dec, but in the Highlands
it is the shortest day in the year, whatever day of the calendar that may fall
upon."—J.G.O. "St. Finan's eve is the longest night in the year and hence
it is said of a very stupid person, 'Tha e cho dorch a ri oldhche Fhéill Fionnain,
's tha'n oldhche sin g'le dhorchta.' J.G.O.
"Latha nan tri suiprean. (Duthaich 'Ic Aoidh.)"
"Fhéill Fionnain nam fheadh 's oldhche Nollaig na mòr bhlaith."
"Tha'n t-uisge 'na fhlion 's na clachan nan càise," oldhche Fh. Fionnain. } J.G.O.

24mh. Nollaig mu na dòrnaibh. Gleasadh na Nollaig.
25mh. Oldhche nam Bannagan. J.G.O. Oldhche Choinne. J.G.O. Is og an Nollaig a'cheud oldhche.
LA NA NOLLAIG MOIRE. Theirtheadh gu'n robh 'fad colaisean collich' de shneadh suns

Gaoth bhog

nan Duld-

GEAMHRAIDH

RAIDH GEAMHRAIDH na bliadhna		RAIDH EARRAICH
h d	Am Faoilteach	Mios nam Feadagan
Geamhradh gu Féill Pádrúig. N.G.P. 186		
Cha tig Geamhradh gu cúl Calluinn. N.G.P. 132.		

NA NOLLAGE MOIRE

1908 1909

EARRACH BEAG NAM FAOCHAG. J.G.C.
Nollaig (Bheag?) gu Féill Brighde—míos 's tri lá. J.G.C.

agus putoga dubha na bliadhna o Nollaig go Féill Brighde

FAOILTEACH
do'n toiseach an Aoine
roimh thri seachduinnean
roimh 'n Fhéill Brighde:
"DihAoine a thig,

AN FHEILL BRIGHDE.

LEODHASACH
do'n deireadh am Mart
an deidh thri seachd'n'n
an deidh na Féill Brighde:
"Di Mairt a dh' fhalbhas."

8

DiMairt

Gobagan e.
gu Féill Pádrúig. N.G.P. 413.

Gobaige? Celt. Rev. v. 67.

FAOILTEACH
BARRACH
Fhaoiltich, 15 lá
de'n Fh. Brighde.

SEACHD
UINN
FEADAIG

25mh. LA NA NOLLAGE MOIRE. an lá so. Bhíodh nine alg an eun coiseachd gu dunan coimhearsnaich, galm tri uainean agus pillcadh thachaidh. J.G.C.

28. Diluain Bannaig. Is maing a rachadh air a' bhannaig 's a theann-shluai aige féin. LA COINLE. Argathailan.

31. OIDRICH CHALLUINN (AN TEACHD GA'LEACH). OIDRICH NA NOLLAGE MOIRE. AN NOLLAGE EARRACH.

1. LA COINLE (AN T. G.) LA NA CALLUINN MOIRE. A' CHALLUINN MOIRE. New Year's day ois hour longer than shortest day. This extra hour = "uair a ghille chomaidh." J.G.C.

4. DILUAIN RAINNSIL. 1909. DILUAIN TRAOSDA, agus an eileann. J.G.C.

6. "Uair gu leih ri latha Coinle—though Oidriche Choinle is now a name given to Xmas night, there is a probability it originally denoted the feast of Epiphany." J.G.C.

12. OIDRICH NA SEANN-CHALLUINN.

16. LA NA GOBAIGE. O.G. ii. 276. "Gobag, Gobag, máthair Faoiltich fhúair." LA NA GOBAIGE.

Feadagan 'us
tuilleadh
Aimsir na
FAOILTEACH
GRAMHRAIDH
Is i uine an
air gach taobh

31. Oidriche Fh. Brighde. "Suipair is solaise, Oidriche Fhéill Brighde."

1. AN FHEILL BRIGHDE

An uair a leumas e'n Fhéill Brighde.
chiancirt an slonnach earball rle an déigh.
Ri feuchad Féill Brighde, fognaidh clisheairt (éio eithiann).

Mar mhart ceol s'úghinn gu baile,
the cabhanach na maidne Earraich. N.G.P.
Mar chloich a' dol an eghaidh bruthaich, feasegar righinn Earraich. N.G.P.

Mar 16 } Iuidhe is solaise, Oidriche Fhéill Pádrúig.
Is co fad oidriche 's la, La na Féill Pádrúig.

Da la dheug na Nollaig, am aithneachadh side 12 mhios na bliadhna	S. Coinle ?	S. Sainneil ?	Arg.
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-achd | Gaoth fhuar nam Faoilteach. Car. Gad.

Tha air a'chlàr Gheamhraidh, caochladh sean-fhaclan mu dheibhinn giorrachadh agus sìneadh laithean na bliadhna ; mu dheibhinn na Samhna, na Féill Màrtuinn, agus nam Féilltean Anndrais, Fionan, Brìghde agus Pàdrùig : agus mu dheibhinn Nollaig, Calluinn agus Gobaig, agus a h-uile seanfhacal ri taobh a latha féin. An rann so a leanas, a dheachd Mac Mhaighstir Alasdair, is ann air giorrachadh agus sìneadh a thig e. Rann tòiseach “ Òran a' Gheamhraidh ” e.

Tharruing grian, rìgh nan planet 's nan réul,
 Gu sign Chancer, Diciadaoin, gu beachd,
 A riaghlas cothrom mu'n crìochnaich e 'thriall,
 Dà mhìos déug na bliadhna mu seach ;
 Ach gur h-e'n dara Disathurn 'na dhéidh,
 A' ghrian-stad-shamhraidh, aon-déug, an là's fhaid' ;
 'S an sin tionnda'idh e 'chùrsa gu séimh,
 Gu seasghrian a'gheamhraidh gun stad.

Tha “ 'ghrian-stad-shamhraidh, aon-deug, an là's fhaid' ” dìreach mu choinneamh na Féill Fionan, (Dudlachd 10 ? 12 ?) = “ seasghrian a'gheamhraidh,” air an taobh eile de'n bhliadhna.

Na Dudlachdan = mìos na Samhna, 's mìos na Dudlachd. (Car. Gad. I. 173.) Is e “ Duldachan ” a gheabhar anns an leabhar so.

A' tighinn a nìs air meanbh-roinnean a' Gheamhraidh mu seach, chì sinn gu'm bheil an t-Samhuinn, an Fhéill Anndrais, agus Nollaig, agus seanfhachan a' sònrachadh nan uidhean a tha eatorra.

Nollaig. Nollaig Mhòr, là na h-iasgachd 's na deirce. (Car. Gad.)

Gearroga (= làithean goirid) dubha na Nodlaig
(Eireannach).

Is òg an Nollaig a' cheud oidhche.

Nollaig mu na dòrnaibh (= faisg oirnn).

Is buaine bliadhna na Nollaig.

Is i'n Nollaig dhubh a dh' fhàgas an cladh miath.

Am fear nach dean Nollaig shunndach, ni e Casg gu
tùrsach, deurach.

Am fear nach dean Nollaig d'a dheòin, ni e Casg a
dh' aindeoin.

Nollaig an diùgh 's Bealltuinn a maireach.

(Cha'n 'eil so fìor anns a'bhliadhna-leum.)

Is i 'n "Nollaig Bheag" an t-ainm a tha aig
Mac Ailpein air "Là Cullaig" = A'Challuinn Mhòr
(Car. Gad. I. 156). Gu'm bheil Nollaig Bheag eile
ann, Nodlaig nam Bàn a h-ainm ann an Eirinn.
(Faolt. 6.) Cha'n 'eil fhios nach robh Calluinn
Bheag ann cuideachd: cò dhiubh, b'i'n oidhche mu
dheireadh de'n bhliadhna "Oidhche nan Calluinn-
ean." (J. G. C.) Is i "Oidhche Choinnle" a tha
aig a' Chaimbeulach air an là mu dheireadh de'n
bhliadhna: caillidh e cuimhne air a sin a rithisd,
agus bheir e seachad oidhche Dudlachd 24, no
Oidhche Nollaig, mar Oidhche Choinnle, ag radh
aig an aon àm gur coltach gur ann air an Epiphan
(an seann Epiphan?) a bha'n t-ainm roimhe.
B'eadh: bu choltach: tha'n da sheanfhacl

"uair ri latha na Nollaige Bìge,"*
agus "uair gu leth ri Latha Coinnle,"

* "Ploc air an teine, a'ghille chonnaidh, bidh uair air do latha-na
a maireach." (B'e' maireach a'Challuinn.) Sgeulaiche nan Caol,
slios 163.

a tha e féin a'toirt seachad, a' filleadh, gu'n tig Latha Coinnle tacan math an déidh na Nollaige Bige, mar a thig an seann Epiphan. Is ann air Dùdlachd 29 a tha La Coinnle aig "Argathalian." (Gaidheal III. slios 56.), mar is faide ghabhas e tuigsinn domh. An e gu'n robh aimsir na Nollaige, no na Coinnle, no nan Calluinnean mar a bha aimsir na Gobaige, aimsir a bha 'tòiseachadh air an la roimh'n Fhaoilteach Gheamhraidh, agus a'leantuinn gu Féill Pàdrui,ig,

“ Feadagan 'us Gobagan e, tuilleadh gu Féill
Pàdrui,ig ”

air alt 's gu'm b'e Gobag no Feadag a bheirteadh air gach dara seachduinn? An e a leithid eile sud a thachair do na "Calluinnean"? Nò an e a th' againn iomrall-là a thòisich ri linn an atharrachadh cunntais, 1752, an uair a chuireadh a'bhliadhna dà là dheug ni's tràithe, atharrachadh a chuireadh fear air an t-Seann Chùnntas agus fear air a' Chùnntas Ùr?

“ Oidhche Challuinn, bu mhath cuillionn agus calltuinn a bhi 'bualadh a chéile,” agus bha dùil, gur i a' ghaoth a dh' fhàgadh a'Challuinn againn a'ghaoth bu trice shéideadh re'n ath bhliadhna, 'us bhiodh breithneachadh-bliadhna air gaoth na h-aon oidhche sin.

Gaoth á Deas, teas 'us toradh ;
Gaoth á Niar, iasg 'us bainne ;
Gaoth á Tuath, fuachd 'us gaillionn (no, feannadh);
Gaoth á Near, meas air chrannaibh.

(No, mil air chrannaibh, no, tart us crannadh.)

N. G. P. 191.

“Dàir na coille.” Theirteadh so ri ceud oidhche na bliadhn’ ùire, nam b’ann as an iar a thigeadh i. (Armstrong.)

La Coille, an t-ainm Eireannach air a’ Challuinn.

Seachduinn Nollaig, Seachduinn Coinnle, Seachduinn Sainnseil. Fhuair mi na trì so aig Argathalian: ach cha’n ’eil fhios an ann an déidh a chéile no gobhlach mu’n chéile a dh’fhàgadh e iad.

Diluain Sainnseil, an ceud Luain de’n bhliadhn’ ùir. Is e DiLuain Traosda a tha aig na Sgiathan-aich air. Roinn de urram na Nollaig aca air an là sin, oir is e is ceud là dhaibh de’n dà dheug air an aithnich iad sìde dà mhios dheug na bliadhna ri teachd: ’s gur e dà là dheug na Nollaig is àm faisneachd do aiteachan eile.

Samhradh gach sion gu Nodlaig

agus putóga dubha na bliadhna o N. gu F.
Bhrìghde.†

Bìonn dha cheann air an tràithnìn

idir Nodlaig agus Féile Bhrìghde.*

“Earrach Beag nam Faochag” eadar N. agus F.
Brìghde. J. G. C.

Mios agus trì là eadar N. agus F. Brìghde. J. G. C.

* Ann an Eirinn, bidh ainm naoimh mar is trice air a shéideadh an déidh “Féill.” Ach is ann fìor ainneamh a shéidear iad ann an Albainn bheadarraich.

An e Nollaig Bheag (i, a'Challuinn) agus F. B. is ciall da ?

O'n is tric a ghabhar Nollaig is Calluinn ann an ciall a chéile, tha e soilleir gu'm bheil an dà shean-fhacal a leanas air an aon fhianuis, 's gur a h-iad na h-aon làithean-iomall a th' aca air Geamhradh agus air tòiseach an Earraich, beairt a dh'fhàgas an dà ràidh coltach ris na ràidhean Sàsunnach.*

Foghar gu Nollaig, Dudl. 25. no Faoilt. 1.
'S Geamhradh gu Fhéill Pàdruig, March Sas'nach 17.
Earrach gu Fhéill Peadair, Ogmhios 30.
Samhradh gu Fhéill Martuinn, Samhuinn 14.

Cha tig Geamhradh gu cùl Calluinn,
No Earrach gu cùl Fhéill Pàdruig.

Ach is i'n t-Samhuinn is tòiseach ceart do'n Gheamhradh, 's cha b'i'n Nollaig no a'Challuinn. Agus is e "ceud mhios a' Gheamhraidh" a gheabhar air Mios na Samhna, agus àireamh d'a réir sin air an dà mhios 'na dhéidh.

AN RAIDHE EARRACH.

Agus is e Là Fhéill Brìghde is tòiseach ceart do'n Earrach, 's chan e Là Fhéill Pàdruig.

La Fhéill Brìghde, breith an Earraich.

(Car. Gad.)

* Geamhradh Eireannach	=	Dudlachd	22	gu	"March"	10.
„ Sasunnach	=	„	21	gu	„	24.
Earrach Eireannach	=	"March"	21	gu	Og-mhios	20.
„ Sasunnach	=	„	25	gu	„	25.

{ La Fhéill Brìghde a's t-Earrach,
 { Dh'fhalbh na h-àighean air fhuairesas.

(Celt. Mag. XII. 303.)

An Inid, an ceud Mhàrt de'n t-solus Earraich.

A thaobh

“Cha tig Geamhradh gu cùl Calluinn,
 No Earrach gu cùl Fhéill Pàdruig,”

is e'm facal Sasunnach a chuireas MacNeacail ann
 an coimeas ris

“As the day lengthens, the cold strengthens.”

Ach is ann air atharrach céille a tha

Ri fuachd Calluinn, is math clò ollainn,
 Ri fuachd Féill Brìghde, fòghnaidh cìsfheairt.

Cho fad's a théid a'ghaath 'san dorus, La na Féill
 Brìghde,

théid an cathadh 'san dorus, Là na Féill Pàdruig.

An sneachd nach tig mu Shamhuinn,
 thig gu reamhar mu'n Fhéill Brìghde.

An uair a leumas e'n Fhéill Brìghde,
 chan earb an sionnach 'earball ris an déigh.

Cha tig fuachd gu Earrach,
 Cruaidh-chas no droch cheannach.

Is iomadh leithsgeul fada, salach, a th'aig an Earrach
 gu bhi fuar.

Bheir sgrìob ghlas liath Earraich, cairt bhàrrach
 Foghair.

Is còir trì làn anns na claisean 'san Fhaoilteach,
 Làn uisge, làn sneachd, agus làn tughadh nan tighean.
 Seachd bolla 'shneachda Gearrain,
 Dol astigh troimh aon toll torra.
 Théid cathadh Earraich troimh bhòrd daraich.
 Théid an t-Earrach fo ghéill,
 Mu'n goir a' chuthag.
 Ceann (no) ruinn nathrach agus earball pocaig air
 an Earrach.

Cuid de na seanfhaclan a 'cur sgreataidheachd
 an fhuachd roimh 'n Fhéill Brìghde, agus cuid 'na
 déidh.

Gheabhar fuasgladh na ceisd air rann Mhic
 Lachuinn, agus air seanfhaclan éile—

'S lionmhor suaicheantas an Earraich,
 Nach comas domh luaidh le fileachd ;
 Ràidhe's tric a chaochail earraidh,
 'S iomadh car o thùs gu 'dheireadh,
 Ràidh an tig am Faoilteach feannaidh,
 Fuar chlach-mheallainn, stoirm nam peileir ;
 Feadag, Sguabag, gruaim a'Ghearrain.
 Crainnti Chailleach 's beurra friodhain.

An uair a mhiosaicheas an t-Earrach, tha e sìos
 'us suas tuille.

Cha'n 'eil port a sheinneas an smèdrach 'san
 Fhaoilleach, nach caoin i mu'n ruith an t-Earrach.
 Màrt, mios na ba riabhaich.

“ Is lionmhor suaicheantas an Earraich.” Fior sin, a’MhicLachuinn ! Ma bha an Clar Geamhraidh ballach le aimsirean ’s seanfhaclan, bidh an Clar Earraich a dhà uiread ni’s ballaiche.

RAIDH GEAMHRAIDH

RAIDH EARRAICH

EARRACH GEAMHRAIDH

Oha tig Geamhradh gu cùl Calluinn.

Geamhradh gu Féill Pàdruig

Gaoth fhuar nam Faoilteach

Gaoth

Deireadh EARRAICH
BEIG NAM FAOCHAG

Na Liath-Ruigeann

Nollaig (Bheag?) gu F.
Brìghde=1 mhios 'us
3 la. J.G.C.An uair a mhiosachbas
tha e sìos 'us

January

February

March

8 11 14 17 20 23 26 29

3 6 9 12 15 18 21 24 28 2 5 8 11 14 17

DULACHD.

J.G.C.

Barrachd 's sia seachdainean gu meadhan an Earraich.—J.G.C.

Fad na DUBHLACHD

bha a'CHAILLACH a'cumail fodha a'chinneis leis an t-sleachdan
druidheachd, 'ga thilgeil bhualpe air a' 4mh. la de'n Ghiblein,
O.S. = 23mh. Mhart. N.S. (Arg).

8 FAOILTEACH

LEODHASACH 23

17 FAOIL - 31

FAOILTEACH
GEAMHRAIDH
Arg. 'sFAOILTEACH
EARRAICH
N.G.P. Appendix IV.

F	G
E	O
A	B
D	A
A	G
G	
Arg.	Arg.

Seachdainn
lomasgobach
no
lomasgrìos
na Feadaig
's nam
Faoilteach
Arg.

Sgiorraidhean
na Féill Conan
agus
Doinninn na
Féill Pàdruig.
Am cur an t-ai
Arg.

SE
NA

Seachdainn
a'Ghearrain an so?
Arg.

Neil
Dhubha
na
Calag?
J.G.P.

Aimsir na Gobaige, C. Rev.

v. 67.

FEADAG
N.G.P.GOBAG
3 no 7 la.3 GEARRAN
High Soc. Diet. McLeod.

Feadagan is

Gobagan e, tuilleadh gu Féill Pàdruig

GOBAGAN eile
2, 4, 7, 9, la.
J.G.C.
an so?

FEADAG eile
J.G.C.

FAOILLEACH
GEAMHRAIDH
J.G.C.FAOILLEACH
EARRAICH
J.G.C.

16	18	19
FEAD	GOBAG	
AG.	J.G.C.	
J.G.C.		

25	26	28
SGUA		
BAG		
J.G.C.		

3
GEARRAN
14 la air gach
taobh de'n Fh Pàdruig
J.G.C.

CAOILR. J.G.C.

Mios
(Rann MhicNeacall)

Faoillich

Seachd-
uinn
FeadaigCeithir la deug
GearrainSeachd-
uinn
Caillich3 la
Sgus
baig

Mios

Faoillich

N.G.P.
MacBain
Armstrong

Mios

Geart

MacBain

15
GEARRAN
Armstrong
GEARRAN ?
Car. Gad. II. 275.

28
GEARRAN
24

GEARRAN Eile

= Mios roimh'n Fh. Pàdruig. J.G.C.

GEARRAN SGIATHANACH. J.G.C.
direach an deidh an FhaoillichFAOILTEACH
GEAMHRAIDHFAOILTEACH
EARRAICH

3	4
la	la
Fea-	Gob-
alg	alg

Seachdainn
lomasgobach
no
lomasgrìos
na Feadaig's
nam Faoil-
teach

28 la Gearrain

Sgiorraidhean
na Féill Conan
agus doinninn
na Féill Pàdruig

La na Gobaige. "Gobag, Gobag, màthair Faoillich fhair." Car. Gad. II. 276 and N.G.P.

La Fhéill Bricinn, breith an Earraich.—Car. Gad.

La Fh. Pàdruig

La Fh. Pàdruig

La Fh. Pàdruig

Le Fh. Pádraig	RAIDH EARRAICH		
	EARRACH SAMHRAIDH		
	no Earrach gu cúl Fhéill Pádraig.—n.o.p. 182		
	Earrach gu Féill Peadair, Ogmh. 80		
	gheur nam Már. —Car. Gad. I. 244		
	Na	Liath-Ruisgean	D. My.

an t-Earrach, suas tuille																
March						April										
17	20	23	26	29	31	4	7	10	13	16	19	22	25	28	30	2
23																
deireadh Dubhlachd's Caillich (Arg.)						F.M. an t-Sanula. j.o.c. Roothairt na Féill Moire										
24						Le na Cuthaige, na Gogaireachd. j.o.c.										
						Bealtuinn. Arg. 29										

ACHDUINN CAILLICH Arg.	NBOIL DUBHA NA CAISOR 1011		CEITEIN EARRAICH 18 la. Arg.
	agus GLASADH NA CUTHAIGE 18 la. Arg.		

Le Fh. Padraig	Glasadh na Cuthaige? N.G.P.		Lathianta na Riabha		Tri la Sgu baig? N.G.P.		SEACHD UINN AN T-SIONNAICH	
	- AN MacAlpáin, & N.G.P.		31 CAILLIACH N.G.P. C. G. II. 236		6 Tri la man clog can? N.G.P.		10 CEITIN EARRAICH 21 la. N.G.P.	
	Oigean: j.o.c.				Màrt na curachd. N.G.P.			

Le Fh. Padraig	CAILLIACH? j.o.c.		AM MART		Seachduinn na fead-airachd j.o.c.	
	DÌMÀIRT		A'cheud DÌMÀIRT de'n Mhàrt, an DÌM. mu dheireadh de'n Ghearran. j.o.c.			
	GEARRAN 14 la air gach taobh de'n Fhéill Pádraig j.o.c.		7 CAILLIACH ? j.o.c.		17 CEITIN EARRAICH Baile na Bealtuinn j.o.c.	
	CAOILE j.o.c.		1 CEITIN NA H-OINNSICH "Abrach," (Gaidheal III. 75.) j.o.c.		30 CEITIN SAMHRAIDH j.o.c.	

3 la Sgu baig	Suas e'n t-Earrach. N.G.P.	
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Le Fh. Padraig	- ain	3. Caillich MacBain	3 la Sgna baig MacBain
	Caillach 1st week of Spring. Cameron's Gaelic names of Plants.		
	P'Gill Moire an t-Sannu		
	CAILLIACH c. g. II. 236		
			Le nan Cur J.C.C.

28 la Gearran 31		7	Oigean ?	Sg uab aig ?	CEITIN EARRAICH Baile na Bealtuinn	CEITIN SAMHRAIDH
		Caillach				
24		Am Màrt		Seachduinn an t-Sionnach		8. na. Feadair eachd
Nòil dubha na Calage agus Glasadh na Cuthaige.				CEITIN NA H-OINNSICH		

Earrach Geamhraidh = La Fh. Brìghde gu là Fh. Pàdrùig.

Earrach Samhraidh = La Fh. Pàdrùig gu Bealltuinn.

Earrach beag nam Faochag = Dec. 25 gu Feb. 1. J. G. Campbell (faic ante.). Bha na faochagan fo chliù bhi ni b'fhearr na na bàirnich, seach gu'n leum an Fh. Pàdrùig. (J. G. C.) Ma bha, tha e car neònach nach ruigeadh an t-Earrach aca La Fh. Pàdrùig. Coimeas am facal Eireannach "Is cumhra an crab ó Shamhain a mach."

"A's t-Earrach, 'nuair a bhios a'chaora caol, bidh am maorach reamhar." N. G. P. "Nuair a bhios an t-each caol, bidh'n fhaochag reamhar." J. G. C.

DUBHLACHD.

"Air an là so (Giblein 4, Seann Chùnntas = March Sasunnach 21) tilgidh a'Chailleach uaipe an slachdan-druidheachd leis an robh i 'cumail fodha a' chinneis *fad na dàbhlachd*, agus . . . tilgidh i'n sin uaipe an slachdan aig bun craoibh-chuilinn air nach cinn duilleach no dos gu tòiseach na h-ath dhùbhlachd." (Arg.) Cha'n 'eil guth aig "Argath-alian" air c'ùin' a thòisicheadh an dubhlachd.

DULACHD.

"Extended over six weeks preceding middle of Spring, gu meadhon an Earraich." (J. G. C.) = bho'n Fh. Brìghde gus an Fh. Pàdrùig, no mar sin. (?) O'n a theirigeadh Dùblachd agus Dùlachd car mu'n aon àm, agus o'n a thòisich iad mios an déidh na Dudlachd, is docha gu'm b'e'n aon seòrsa aimsir a bu chiall, uair de'n robh an saoghal, do na

tri, barail a chuireadh air am bonnaibh dhuinn as ùr, Dudlachd agus Dudlachd a bhiodh an déidh a chéile re'n Earraich, mar a thachair do na Gobagan re'n Earraich (agus do na Calluinnean) ?

THE BAGPIPE AND THE GAEL

By C. M. P.

II.

BAGPIPE music stands so far aloof from Gaelic song and song music that certain prominent Gaelic tune-patterns are entirely absent from it. The two-strain class of tune, which is very common in Ireland, and which has left its impress on Scottish Gaelic music, is entirely wanting. So are some other outstanding tune-patterns which are characteristically Gaelic. The four-strain pattern, of which "Horo mo nighean donn bhòidheach" is a good example, is common in bagpipe music. But this tune-pattern was common in England and Lowland Scotland also. But in those localities there is this striking difference to be noted : In Gaelic music, the melody is not often subjected to variation either in the chorus or a second stanza ; but outside of the Gaelic area, in the Lowlands and England, the melody hardly ever appears without, at least, one

variation, and sometimes three. It is the non-Gaelic treatment which is invariably accorded on the bagpipe (and I may say also on the fiddle) to tunes of the pattern under consideration. When, in the Gaelic area of Scotland, tunes of this class, with variations, are wedded to song—and their number is by no means legion ; nor are they old—they suggest fiddle music. A good example is the tune to which “*Mo Dhachaidh*” was made by myself—formerly known as “*Posadh piuthar Iain bhàin*.” Another example is “*A’ bhanais bhàn*,” for which Macpherson of Strathmashie made words.

Three-pulse-measure tunes, such as were popular in Iain Lom’s time—a measure which largely pervades Irish song music—is absent from bagpipe music, with the exception of pibroch. This need not be a matter of surprise, in view of the fact that bagpipe music, as we now know it—with the exception stated—is entirely action music. Yet the typical action measures which are joined to Gaelic words are not to be found at all in bagpipe music.



Bagpipe music may be summed up as consisting of Dances, Marches, and Pibrochs. The Dance tunes, we may be certain, are not older than the dances. Dancing is a relatively modern importation into the British Isles ; and, of course, a much more modern importation into the Gaelic area. There is no Gaelic word for dancing either in the Irish or Scottish dialect. In Scotland the word is

dannsadh ; in Ireland it is *dannsadh* and **rintheadh*, neither of which appears in Gaelic Literature earlier than 1300, if so early. It stands to reason, therefore, that dance styles of tunes could not have had their origin in the Gaelic area ; although, after their having taken root, they could well have flowered into something superior to the original standard of merit. "There is no evidence that dancing, as it is now understood, was an old Gaelic custom, but strong evidence that it was not," is the verdict of Mr. Joyce, who gave to the world the recently published Social History of Ireland ; and Mr. Joyce is well versed in the language and antiquities of his country. Gille Calum may, after all—who knows—be an adaptation of the Yorkshire Sword Dance.

A considerable number of Marches are without Gaelic names, and, of course, *puirt a beul*. Others have Gaelic *puirt a beul*, and, at the same time, English names and English song words. "Bha mi air banais am Bail-Ionbhar-Aora," as everybody knows, is "The Campbells are comin'." Another fact about it is: that a variant of it is in Irish music associated with a song by a Munster Bard. "Gabhaidh sinn an rathad mòr" is known as "Will ye gang to Shirra-muir" and "London Bridge is falling down," which latter is a girl's play-song. This tune may be quoted by some as an example of a March tune having a Gaelic song to it. But to those who think so I would say: Look

* We read about *ring* dances as a class.

again and consider if the parts which have more than a *port a beul* feeling about them are not Nether-Lochaber's own work. "Meàrsaibh uallach—suas i phìob" is a distinctly modern touch. In Lorn, the words used to this march are *port a beul*. "Rutherglen bridge" commemorates an incident discreditable to the Highlander and creditable to the enemy. There is no Gaelic name and there is no *port a beul*, naturally. It is likely what its name indicates: an old Lowland bagpipe march, which has found its way into the Highlands after the incident which it commemorates had been forgotten. How many others of the same kind preceded it and followed it we may never know; but the style is not a whit different from that of many other marches.



As to Pibroch, it stands apart from the classes of bagpipe music which we have been considering. It consists of an *ùrlar*, which is the essential groundwork of the piece, and a variety of variations. In this respect, Pibroch differs in no way from the music of the harp, the fiddle, or the flageolette, when they are played for exhibition and not as accompaniments to song or action.

As far as I am aware, the suggestion that Pibroch was played in any of the haunts of the bagpipe, except the Highlands of Scotland, has not been made, unless we assume that the conjunction of "Braggs of Weir" with the word "Pibroch" in the notes to Habbie Simpson's Epitaph, was meant to convey the idea that they

were the same. But we must not lose sight of the fact that Lowland writers are indiscriminate in their use of the word "Pibroch." Any allegation that Pibroch was practised in Ireland has not come under my notice. Yet there is in General Thomasson's list of Pibrochs one named Brian O'Duff, which suggests an Irish origin. But, perhaps, this exceptional circumstance admits of a simple explanation, which I will try to give further on.

The Harp was, without doubt, the high-class musical instrument of the Gael; and the artistes who played upon it seem to have reached a high degree of skill and dexterity. The *Fàilte* (Salute) and the *Cumha* (Lament) were played on the harp; and these two classes of musical composition make up most of what we term Pibroch. That the *Fàilte* and *Cumha* were played on the harp is shown by reference to "*Cumha Lachlainn Mhic Fhionghain*," by Silis Ne Raonuill (1649 to 1714), from which the following stanzas are taken :—

Nuair a ghlacadh tu do chlàrsach

'S a bhiodh tu 'ga gleusadh làmh rium,

Cha mhath a thuigteadh le ùmaidh

Do chuir-chiùil-sa 's mo ghabhail-dhàn-sa.

Bu bhinn do mhedòir air a cliathaich

Nuair a dh' iarrainn Cumha 'n Easpuig,

Cumha Ni Mhic Raonuill làmh ris,

Cumha Màiri 's Cumha Ghilleaspuig.

Cha chluinn mi choidche socair dhàna,

Cumha no Fàilte no òran,

Nach tig na deòir o mo shùilean
 Le trom thùrsa o nach beò thu.
 Ged a bha iad dall do shùilean,
 Cha bu dall an cùis no dhà thu ;
 Cha bu dall do bheul ri sùgradh,
 'S cha bu dall air lùth's do làmh thu.

Tha 'n t-àl so th' againn an tràth-s'
 Air caochladh gu mòr o chleachd an sinnsir ;
 Thréig iad am fiùghantas 's an càirdeas,
 An ceòl, an treuntas 's an seanchas ;
 'S e 'n duine cliùiteach 'san àm so
 Am fear is pailt de chuir 's de lùban ;
 'S e sin comhairlich' nan daoine mòra ;
 'San duine chòir, cha bhi ach ùmaidh.

The Book of Harp music, published by Bunting a century ago, consisting of tunes taken down from the remnant of the old Irish harpers, whom he brought together in Belfast at that time, confirms the statement, as far as Ireland is concerned, that harpers played the Fàilte and the Cumha.

Is it not quite likely that Pibroch is just the pipe imitation of Harp exhibition tunes? "Brian O'Duff" may have been a popular tune of the olden time adapted to the pipe at a later epoch than its origin.

There is a suggestion of more than affinity between some of the technical terms used in harp music and pibroch, as the following lists testify :—

PIBROCH TERMS.

Urlar: siubhal; crunluath, or crunnluath, or crun-

lùth ; taor-luath, or taorluth, or tur-lùth ; glas ; fosgailte ; cliath-lùth ; barludh.

HARP TERMS.

Urlar ; siubhal ; barr-lùth ; barr-luth fosgailte ; glas-lùth ; cliathaich.

Like other instrumental music, that of the harp excepted, pibroch has rarely been wedded to Gaelic song words. There are the usual *puirt-a-beul*, however. The outstanding, and almost only, songs to pibroch are “Moladh Mòraig,” “Moladh Beinn Dòrain,” and “Iseabal Nic Aoidh.” The latter may be left out of consideration, as it is scarcely above the level of a *port-a-beul*. The vocal set of “Moladh Beinn Dòrain,” which I myself took down and published for the first time, applies also to “Moladh Mòraig,” and it does not suggest pipe music at all. To render it on the bagpipe requires the use of the most defective key on which bagpipers venture to play—a key which is little used because of the amount of error in the notes. It is likely, on that account, to have been a tune which was adapted to the pipe—if it ever was played on the bagpipe, which is an open question. It is not in General Thomasson’s list, under any of its song names.

The vocal set of “Iseabal Nic Aoidh ” was noted by an Invernessian, I understand. It is not the “Iseabal Nic Aoidh ” of Pibroch, and does not well express the “Fàilte Phrionns of Pibroch,” of which it is said to be the vocal set.

Vocal sets of pibrochs have form and rhythm,

and can be appreciated for their beauty and feeling; but that much can hardly be said of the pipe sets. I cannot listen to, or look at a piece of pibroch music, without wanting to get at the underlying air that is being mutilated by the piper's method of rendering it. Instrumental treatment of melodies generally results in disfiguration, as may be seen in Bunting's book of Irish harp tunes and in Fraser of Knockie's fiddle rendering of vocal melodies. This may all appear in a different light to the instrumentalist; but I cannot keep thinking that even he will admit that pipe sets of pibrochs cannot have suggested the *port a beul*, but that he will concede that the *port a beul* came first. To me it is inconceivable that the Mackintosh Lament, known also as "Cumha Fir Arasaig," was composed on the bagpipes. Tradition itself is against the idea. Similarly, I think, pipers, as pipers, are not to be credited with the more notable pibrochs which have *puirt a beul* and stories wedded to them. I could readily believe in their composing *puirt a beul* first, and thereafter adapting them as *ùrlair-ean* to the bagpipe; and finally fitting them with the usual variations—about the most mechanical things in the realm of music—but it is difficult to imagine the reverse order.

That pipers adapted the common tunes of the country to pibroch is strongly suggested by the fact that the admired pibroch: "'S leam féin an gleann" is practically the same as a tune to be found in Petrie's great collection of Irish airs,

recently published. Some time ago I noted the music of a sweet little Gaelic lullaby, which is very suggestive of the Pibroch: "Fhuair mi pòg o làimh mo rìgh."

THA SIOR CHAOINEADH 'M BEINN A' CHEO.

GLEUS F.

{ | d. r : m., r | m., r : m., m }
Tha sior chaoineadh, chaoineadh, chaoineadh ; }

{ | s. l : d., r | m., r : r }
Tha sior chaoineadh 'm beinn a' cheò ; }

{ | d., t : l., s | m., r : m }
Tha sior chaoineadh 'm beinn, am beinn, }

{ | d., t : l., s | m., r : r }
Gal is caoineadh 'm beinn a' cheò. }

Some contend that because pipe tunes commemorate old events, pipe music must have existed at the time of the events in the locality of the events. A tune may be as old as the event it commemorates, and not be associated with the event until long after the event. A tune may be older than the event, and, after having been associated with the event, be known afterwards by its later name. We have numerous examples of this kind of thing in song and music. Is it likely that "Cath fuathasach Chuchuilinn" was composed as a piobaireachd in Cuchullin's day? Does it not rather point to what I am contending for: that pipers, like all other instrumentalists, were in the habit of adapting tunes already in existence to their instrument? In our own day they have adapted "Horo mo nighean donn bhòidheach" and

“Mo dhachaidh” to the bagpipe, although they had, at least, a century and a half to think of doing so. In former times, however, it was not tunes of this class which they were given to appropriating. Bagpipes in the past rarely made use of a song tune; nor did songsters make use of bagpipe tunes in Gaelic Scotland to any extent worthy of consideration. In Lowland Scotland it was different; and it may be said of the Scottish Gael that he has barely reached the stage of using bagpipe music in his songs, a practice which was common in the Lowlands 300 years ago.

* * *

It is alleged by writers on national styles of music that Gaelic music is pentatonic, and derives its character from bagpipe music, which, they allege, is also largely pentatonic. The favourite old Scottish scale of music is pentatonic. So, also, they say, is the Chinese scale of music; and it is alleged that the bagpipe has charms for the Chinaman because of its scale and his own native scale being pentatonic. These writers admit that the Scottish musician has been able to extract some beauty out of this scale; but they deny the Chinaman's capacity to do so.

Without doubt, much of the music of Scotland is pentatonic, if we confine our remarks to what we find prior to the 19th century. Indeed, it is not too much to say that Scottish musicians are influenced at the present time by the pentatonic scale; in evidence of which I would refer to Mr. Scott Skinner's recent composition: “Farewell to

Gairloch." Scottish Gaelic song music is not more pentatonic than Lowland song music; and Irish and English folk music have also got their share of pentatonic music. But these facts give no support to the allegation that the pentatonic character of old Scottish music is due to the bagpipes; for it so happens that the bagpipe scale is not pentatonic at all; nor is a great proportion of its tunes pentatonic. The scale is the diatonic scale, which, we are told, was known to the Ancient Greeks, and which happens to be the Gaelic harp scale, and the scale of the present day.

To explain. An octave is the interval between a note and its duplicate. The diatonic scale is that which comprises the notes Doh, ray, me, fah, soh, lah, and te within the interval of an octave. These seven notes bear certain fixed relations to one another. The pentatonic has only five notes within the same interval; which notes correspond exactly with five of the diatonic seven. In other words, the scales are the same, except that two of the diatonic notes are wanting in the pentatonic, namely: fah and te. Placing the scales alongside of one another, the difference is seen at a glance.

Diatonic scale—d r m f s l t d'

Pentatonic scale—d r m — s l — d'

When a people show a partiality for music characterised by these omissions, there must be some particular cause for it. Some assign the cause to the bagpipe; but that cannot be. The

bagpipe is perfectly capable of producing tunes in which all the notes of the diatonic scale are used ; and I here give an example. The tune is a hornpipe—the only hornpipe in Gunn's book of bagpipe music.

GLEUS A.

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: m. r | d. t1 : d. s1 | f1. s1 : d. m | r. d : t1 l1 | s1. t1 : r. f
      | m. r : m d | d. m : r. d | t1. r : s1 | s1 :
: m. r | d. t1 : d. s1 | f1. s1 : d. m | r. d : t1 l1 | s1. t1 : r. f
      | m. s : m d | r. f : r. t1 | d : d | d :
: m. f | s. m : s m | d. m : s m | f. m : f. r | t1. r : f. r
      | s. m : s m | d. r : m d | r. d : t1 l1 | s1. f
: m. r | d. t1 : d. s1 | f1. s1 : d. m | r. d : t1 l1 | s1. t1 : r. f
      | m. s : m d | r. f : r. t1 | d : d | d :

```

This tune is on the natural scale of the bagpipe as expounded by John MacNeill in the appendix to Mr. Manson's book on the Highland Bagpipe. It is not in accordance with the scale propounded by Dr. Bannatyne in his controversy with myself ; but it is in agreement with that which he has given as the bagpipe scale in an article on Pibroch, which appeared in *The Celtic Review*—since the controversy !

But, while there are tunes in which all the notes of the bagpipe scale are used, their number is not large ; and the explanation is not far to seek. The bagpipe gamut has only nine notes, the highest of which is soh and the lowest low fah. Tunes, therefore, which have more than nine notes are excluded ; and tunes which have doh or ray as their principal or basic notes, and which, most frequently, move upwards from and downwards

to these notes, must have the *doh* or *ray* placed on the low notes of the chanter. Otherwise, the tunes could not be brought within the compass of the pipe. The transfer of the *doh* or *ray* to the lowest or second lowest note of the chanter throws the scale out of joint, as will be seen in the table which follows, where the true scale and the make-shift scales are placed side by side, with the relations of the notes to one another given in terms of vibrations, or pitch, alongside of them.

The first column displays the natural scale of the pipe. The second shows the effect of putting *doh* on the lowest notes of the chanter. The third shows the effect of putting *doh* on the second lowest note. The fourth shows the effect of putting the *doh* on the fourth note. The italic figures reveal those notes which are out of tune :—

The Natural Scale.

Makeshift Scales.

No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.	No. 4.
s 288	r 288	d 288	l 288
f 256	d 256	t 270	s 259½
m 240	t 240	l 240	f 230¾
r 216	l 213½	s 216	m 216
d 192	s 192	f 192	r 194¾
t 180	f 170½	m 180	d 168½
l 160	m 160	r 162	t 162
s 144	r 144	d 144	l 144
f 128	d 128	t 135	s 129¾

The result of these makeshifts is that in No. 2 scale there are two errors: one deadly and the other passable; in No. 3 scale there are three

errors: two deadly and one passable; in No. 4 scale there are six errors: two deadly and four passable—to piper ears, seemingly.

In No. 2 scale, instead of getting fah from the pipe, it is a note called fe which is sounded. There are tunes in which this note is proper to the melody; but it is a rare one in Scottish Gaelic song music. In No. 3 scale, instead of getting te from the pipe, it is a note called ta which is sounded. There are tunes in which this note is proper to the melody, and it is not uncommon in Irish and Scottish Gaelic music. Fe is characteristic of old English tunes. No. 4 scale is so full of error that it is wonderful to find it used at all. A piper would hardly think of composing for his instrument a tune which required this scale. But he might so much fancy a tune as to be induced to adapt it to his pipe on this scale.

It is quite plain that tunes played on No. 2 scale cannot have fah among their notes; and those on No. 3 scale must elide te. Fah and te are the notes elided from the pentatonic scale, and it can be readily understood that pentatonic tunes which range over only 9 notes would suit the bagpipe played on Scales No. 2 or 3. On the other hand, it is notorious that pentatonic tunes are frequently of great compass—so great indeed that it has been remarked that pentatonic Scottish tunes make up for the fewness of their notes by the greatness of their ranges. This is true; and is partly the reason why so many modern singers avoid old Scottish songs so much.

The bagpipe itself is not pentatonic; but it seems to have come among much pentatonic music, and to have assimilated some of it; but not so much as is imagined. What we find in bagpipe music is not the pentatonic scale, but frequent progressions of thirds, as they are called—*i.e.*, the notes move by leaps of two intervals at a time. This style of progression is suggestive of the pentatonic scale; because tunes in that scale must, of necessity, have two such leaps within the octave. The following are some of these progressions common in bagpipe music:—

1. f r; s m d; f r t₁; m d l₁;
 r t₁ s₁; d l₁ f₁; d m s; m d m;
 s m s; d l₁ d; l f l; t s t;
 r t₁ r; m s m; f l f, &c.

Many of these progressions are foreign to Gaelic song music, but are common in dance music; and it may be noticed that neither fah nor te are wanting or infrequent.

It is difficult, indeed, to get a pure pentatonic tune among pipe music, because, in tunes which are vocally pentatonic, fah is used on the instrument as a passing note from s to m and te as a passing note from d¹ to l.

I will conclude this technical part of the subject by giving a Gaelic song tune, which I noted down lately, and which exactly fits the bagpipe gamut; then a tune with ta among its notes—not a pipe tune—but showing how the pipe gamut suits a melody containing this note.

AN CLUINN THU MO NIGHEAN DONN.

(A tune which fits the natural pipe scale.)

{	.m		s	:	s, f		m	:	d	}
	An		cluinn		thu mo		nigh'n		donn!	
{			f, m	:	r, s		d, l	:	s,	}
			Eisd is		thoir an		aire dhomh;			
{	.f,		s, l'	:	d, r		f, m	:		}
	Tha		mòran		ann am		barail			
{	r, m		s, m	:	f, r		d	:	d	
	Gur a		h-òg an		leannan		dòmhs' thu.			

A striking fact here is, that the final cadence : f . r | d : d is not a characteristic Gaelic one—far otherwise. Gaelic songs to tunes of this type are rare. On first hearing the music we at once rush to the conclusion: that is a bagpipe tune; and probably we are right. But it is unlike Gaelic music, and close to an English folk style.

DH' FHALBH MO THRIUIR NIGHNEAGAN.

(A lullaby having ta as one of its notes, and which could be adapted to the pipe natural scale, with the minimum of error.)

{	d, m, : s		m, r : d		m. m : s		r, d : d	}
	144 180 216		180 162 144		180 180 216		162 144 144	
{	d, m : d		ta, d : d		m. m : s		r, d : d	
	144 180 288		256 144 144		180 180 216		162 144 144	

The above is the true melody, and the figures showing the relative value of the notes in vibrations, accord with true intonation. The following is the melody as the pipe would play it. The false notes are marked in italic figures. But the false intonation is so slight as to be passably correct.

$$\left\{ \begin{array}{l} | s_1, t_1 : r | t_1, l_1 : s_1 | t_1, t_1 : r | l_1, s_1 : s_1 \\ 144 \ 180 \ 216 \ 180 \ 160 \ 144 \ 180 \ 180 \ 216 \ 160 \ 144 \ 144 \end{array} \right\}$$

$$\left\{ \begin{array}{l} | s_1, t_1 : s | f, s_1 : s_1 | t_1, t_1 : r | l_1, s_1 : s_1 \\ 144 \ 180 \ 288 \ 256 \ 144 \ 144 \ 180 \ 180 \ 216 \ 160 \ 144 \ 144 \end{array} \right\}$$

* * *

An odd circumstance came under my notice in going over Gunn's book of bagpipe tunes, which throws light on the piper's treatment of popular tunes in the process of adapting them to the pipe. The tune following is known as "The brisk young lad," or "A braw young lad cam to my daddie's door." When it goes by the Gaelic name of "Fear an Dùin-mhóir," it is adapted to the natural scale of the pipe. When it goes by the name "Siubhal nan garbhlach," the scale is a note lower.

FEAR AN DUIN-MHOIR.

(First part only.)

$$\left\{ \begin{array}{l} : m | l : l_1 : l_1 | d : - : r | m : r : d | t_1 : - : \\ 160 \ 160 \ 160 \ 192 \ 216 \ 240 \ 216 \ 192 \ 180 \end{array} \right\}$$

$$\left\{ \begin{array}{l} r | s_1 : s_1 : s_1 | t_1 : - : s_1 | d : - : m | r : t_1 : s_1 \\ 216 \ 144 \ 144 \ 144 \ 180 \ 144 \ 192 \ 240 \ 216 \ 180 \ 144 \end{array} \right\}$$

SIUBHAL NAN GARBHLACH.

(First part only.)

$$\left\{ \begin{array}{l} | s_1 : s_1 : s_1 | t_1 : - : d | r : d : t_1 | l_1 : - : \\ 160 \ 160 \ 160 \ 200 \ 213\frac{1}{3} \ 240 \ 213\frac{1}{3} \ 200 \ 177\frac{1}{3} \end{array} \right\}$$

$$\left\{ \begin{array}{l} s_1 | f_1 : f_1 : f_1 | l_1 : - : t_1 | d : f : r | d : l_1 : f \\ 160 \ 142\frac{2}{3} \ 142\frac{2}{3} \ 142\frac{2}{3} \ 177\frac{1}{3} \ 200 \ 213\frac{1}{3} \ 284\frac{1}{3} \ 240 \ 213\frac{1}{3} \ 177\frac{1}{3} \ 142\frac{2}{3} \end{array} \right\}$$

The amount of error here is great, as may be seen by comparison of the note values. How the

tune ever came to be written on this scale, when the other was open to adoption, may be apparent to pipers, but not to me. There can, however, be no mistake about this: that the tune was adapted to the pipe, not composed on the pipe; and pipers, when they do adapt tunes, seem just to squeeze them into the pipe gamut without much regard to the correctness of the result.

The trend of my argument may not, at a first reading, be quite clear; but it indicates, lucidly enough, that the bagpipe is an incomer into the Highlands of Scotland long after the advent of the Gael. There are two routes by which it could have come, namely: by way of Lowland Scotland and by way of Ireland. It manifested itself earlier in England than in Scotland, and in Lowland Scotland earlier than in the Highlands. It also manifested itself in Ireland later than in England. The probabilities are, therefore, strong in favour of the British route, and against the Irish route. It is possible, nevertheless, that the art of bagpipe playing in the Highlands was influenced by the same art as cultivated in Ireland. It is equally possible that the art in Ireland was influenced from the Highlands. In the introduction to Mac-kay's Book of Pibrochs, Donald Mór MacOrimmon is credited with having gone to Ireland to perfect his skill in a College, conducted by a celebrated piper who had gone *from* Scotland. It is but a story, and little dependence is to be placed on it. There is little to help us here; for the history of the bagpipe in Ireland is as yet obscure, it seems.

But, all things considered, it is safe to conclude that genuine old Gaelic culture did not embrace bagpipe music.

Culture, and habits and customs, generally, came into the Highlands in two streams, both flowing from the wonderful East. One came by way of Ireland, and impinged on the people of the western border. The other came by way of England, and impinged on the eastern border. The earlier stream was the Gaelic, the later was the Latin stream. These two forces have been contending which shall prevail ever since they met. Up to the twelfth century Gaelic culture was supreme in the Highlands and beyond it. From that epoch until the seventeenth century until now it has been receding.

Since that century the Highland people have changed a lot of things, particularly their food and drink, their dress and language, their religion and their superstitions, their land tenures, and their very names. In former times they fed on grain and the spoils of the chase, mostly; now they feed on potatoes and tea. In former times they wore a health-giving loose-fitting garment; now they swathe their limbs in close-fitting cylinders. In olden days they drank mild ale; now they swallow poisonous whisky. In the good old days they professed Catholicism. Under its sway they were as kind and as cruel as they are to-day. In later times they took on the Puritan spirit—"with its snuffling tones"—which came from England through the Lowlands; and now they are the

zealous devotees of creed. Of old they spoke the Gaelic Language; now their pride is in the purity of their English—particularly in a certain north-easterly town! In olden days, they fought *against* the Gall and the Sassenach to preserve their *own* independence. In modern days they fought *for* the Sassenach to put down nationalities struggling for *their* independence. Into all these new things they went with extraordinary zeal, throwing a glamour around them which has interested the world, until, now, a Highlander—I wont say a Gael—stands for whisky and snuff, Calvinism and crofts, pure English and bagpipe playing—all alien things—and hardly anything of a native origin.

A companion to the Highlanders' latter-day follies has always been the bagpipe. Its popularity is now moving southwards to its earlier haunts. If it carry with it *the follies*, I, for one, will be content to let it go in the trail of the Lost Pibroch. GENUINE GAELIC MUSIC IS BETTER WORTH CULTIVATING. WILL ANY SENSIBLE MAN DARE TO GAINSAY THAT STATEMENT?

MAC-CRUISLIG

Ri taobh Loch Croistean an sgrì Uige 'n Leodhas, tha àite ris an canar an Airidh Dhubh. 'S an t-seann aimsir bha gabhail comhnuidh 's an àite iomallach so, duine treun, colgarra, ris an canadh

a nàbuidhnean agus à luchd-eòlais Mac-Crùislig.

'S e Mac Aulaidh no Aulaidh fhéin a theirte ris an uachdaran a bha sealbhachadh an fhearainn mu'n cuairt. Air rudha bóidheach uaine a tha ruith a mach aig bun Loch Mhiabhaig, bha daingneach làidir aige, air a gleidheadh a là 's a dh'oidhche le gaisgeich thapaidh, crioslaichte le armachd.

Ged nach robh am Mac-Cruislig ach duine bochd a bha cosnadh a lòn mar a b' fhearr a b' urrainn e, gidheadh dh' fhaoidte ràdh uime-san gun teagamh, gu'm b'e fiùran nan iomadh buaidh, a thaobh a thapachd agus a mhisnich ri aghaidh gach cruadail. Bhitheadh e 'n dràsda agus a rithist a' dol a mach leis an uachdaran a chogadh ri Clann-'Ic-'Ille-Mhuire Nis, a bhiodh gu tric 's an àm sin a' tighinn a thogail chreach gu Sgìr Uige.

Bha triuir mhac aige, agus na h-uile là 'bu mhiosa 'thigeadh, bha aca ris an loch a shnàmh bho thaobh gu taobh tri uairean an aghaidh na gaoithe. Bha bàta aca air an loch, agus dh' ionnsaich am bodach na h-uile seòrsa seòladaireachd do na gillean, oir bha e bòidichte gu'm bitheadh iad comasach air iad fhein a thoirt á gàbhadh sam bith aon chuid air muir no air tìr.

Aig àm àraidh gach bliadhna, agus mar bu thrice an déigh àm togail nan creachan, am Barabhas no Nis, bha an t-uachdaran a' cumail chluichean anns an robh gill airson gleachd, cleasan-airm, agus gach seòrsa strì anns an robh spàirn, neart, agus saothair ri 'n cleachadh 's ri

'n nochdadh. Aig an àm shuidhichte g bliadhna, bha ceatharnaich Uige gu leir a' cruinneachadh airson an neart agus an tapachd a' nochdadh, am fianuis cuideachd lionmhoir am measg biodh bàin-tighearna agus nighean an uachdar agus uaislean Leodhais bho Nis aosda nan tonn Uige riabhach nan ùigean sàile. Bha nighean uachdarain na h-àilleagan cho briagha, tlachmhor, 's air an do dhearc sùil duine riamh. Ainnir rìbheach nam mìn-shùil, cailin òg a' chuailleadh réidh. Airson an duais a b' àirde chosnadh air là ainmeil sin, dh' fheumadh am fear-gleac a' chiad àite thoirt a mach anns gach geall, agus na deanadh e sin, b' e dhuais damh.

Am measg nan ceatharnaich threuna ghleas airson na duaise so, bha 'm mac bu shine aig Mac Crùislig, gille cho làidir 's a dh' àraicheadh riamh an Uige. Sheall e a thréubhantas do gach neach a bha làthair le bhith toirt a mach na duaise so do bhliadhna as déigh a cheile. An uair a chunnaic cho-luchd-gleac sin, ghabh iad gamhlas mòr dha agus 's ann a chaidh iad a dh' ionnsuidh an uachdarain, agus thuirt iad ris, gu'n cuireadh am fear treun ud às da fhein mu dheireadh mur cuireadh e casg air. Thàinig am treas bliadhna agus choisinn Mac 'Ic-Crùislig an damh, ach a dhuais bu dligheach dha cha'n fhaigheadh e, mur tugadh e mach "dòrn fhuar" a dh' aon bhéum, 's e sin, dh' fheumadh e crodhan an daimh a shniamh dheth le 'dhuirn an làthair mòralachd na sgìre air fad. Thuirt e air ball gu'n deanadh e so na'n cumadh Mac-Aulaidh fhein an damh.

ichte gach “ Bha dùil agam,” ars’ an uachdaran,” gu ’m bu
 a’ cruinn- ine treun thu gus a nis.”

la ’nochd- Ghlac sùil a’ churaidh òig boillsgeadh air aogas
 measg am ainn bàn-oighre Mhic-Aulaidh, chlisg a chridhe
 achdair a chom, bhuail e dorn air an damh, ’s thuit e
 a tonn gu ar. Shniamh Iain ’Ic-Cruislig an crodhan le aon
 rhead an pionadh, thilg e e air beul-thaobh an uacharain, ’s
 thachd- habh e monadh dhachaidh.

dh. B’ Cha robh Mac-Crùislig ’s na gillean fada air an
 railein ùiridh Dhuibh ’n uair a thòisich a’ farmad ri beòth-
 air an achadh a rithist.

chaid “ Féidh an t-saoghail mhòir aig Mac-Crùislig
 na’n gun am brochan fhein aig càch,” theireadh cuid.

leac “ Cha’n ioghnadh ged bhitheadh na gillean aig
 fac Mac-Crùislig tapaidh,” theireadh cuid eile.

fac “ Cha’n fhada bhitheas sithionn aig Mac-Aulaidh
 dh fhein,” arsa Mac-Cuinn Ghlinn Bhaltois.

dh Thàinig so uile gu cluasan an uachdarain, agus
 dh air ball chuir e géur-òrdugh a mach gu ’m feumadh
 dh na h-airm uile bhi air an tional ’s air an cur do’n
 dh Dùn.

“ Bithidh am bàs ann,” arsa Mac-Crùislig, ’s e
 liubhairt na h-airm aige fhein.

“ Ma bhitheas bitheadh,” ars’ Aulaidh. “ Tha
 an reachd air a dheanamh, agus feumar a choimh-
 lionadh.”

Dh’ fhalbh Mac-Cruislig dhachaidh gu Loch
 Croistean, ach ’n uair a thàinig dùbhlachd a’
 gheamhraidh, agus sneachda glaiste ’n fhaoilltich,
 ’s ann a rinn e fhein agus a ghillean ullachadh
 airson a dhol a mach do Shuaincabhal le eallach
 coirce. Bha’n t-acras mòr air na féidh leis an

t-sneachd, 's thòisich Mac-Cruislig air badan coirce fhàgail an sud 's an so, gus an do ràinig e an Airidh Dhubh. A chuid nach dh' fhàg e mar so air an rathad, thilg e an dorus an t-sobhail, agus dh' fhàg e an dorus fosgailte, agus taod mòr ceangailte ri còmhla' n dorus. Theann na féidh air ithe choirce, agus lean iad air ithe, uidh air n-uidh, gus an d'ràinig iad an sobhal a bha làn. Cha bu chuir riamh gu sin e. Mu dheireadh, 's ann a lion na féidh an sobhal, agus is iad a bh' air an dòigh. Bha Mac-Cruislig air cùl tulaich agus ceann an taoid 'n a laimh. An uair a fhuair e an sobhal làn fhéidh, tharruing e 'n taod, 's bha na priosanaich fo ghlais. Chaidh na gillean mòra 'stigh, agus air dhoibh an damh a b' fhearr a bh' ann a thaghadh, dh' fhalbh am bodach leis gu caisteal an uachdarain, agus bha na gillean a' déanamh ris a' chòrr mar a b' fhearr a dh' fhaodadh iad. Chunnaic fear Mac-Cruislig a' tighinn agus am fiadh aige air adhaircean. Chuala Mac Aulaidh so, agus chaidh duine chur a mach dh' feuchainn dé bu chiall do Mhac-Crùislig le so.

“Tiodhlac do 'n uachdaran,” arsa Mac-Cruislig.

“Ach ciamar air an t-saoghal mhòr a fhuair thu so, 'Ic Cruislig, 's do chuid airm 's an Dùn?”

“Cha robh uiread riamh de chothrom aig Mac Cruislig air na féidh 's a th' aige nis,” ars' am bodach. “Cha'n 'eil duine idir 'g a marbhadh. Beiridh gillean, 'Ic Crùislig air na féidh air slìos na beinne.”

Cha robh an uair sin ach na h-airm a thoirt do 'n t-seann laoch air ais.

“Geall ruibh, uachdarain, gu 'n lagaich mise dhuibh na gillean mòra aig Mac-Crùislig,” arsa sgiobair na birlinn Mac-Cuinn à Gleann Bhaltois.

“Cuiribh-se fios orra latha dh' iarras mise.”

Thàinig an là sin, 's gann a thàinig a leithid riamh le gaoith 's le stoirm.

“Ni 'n tinneas-mara 'n diugh ni nach d' rinn damh 'Ic-Aulaidh,” arsa Mac-Cuinn. Chaidh fios a chur air na gillean aig Mac-Crùislig, agus dh' iarradh orra falbh leis an uachdaran 's a' bhirlinn le sgioba de cheatharnaich thapaidh, dh' fheuchainn an rachadh aca air creach a thogail an eilean Bhearnaraidh, far an robh meirleach Tholostaidh-a-chaolais air chuairt a' tionail chruidh. Bha an là anabarrach fuar, agus bha 'm marcachd-shìne dannsadh air bàrr na mara cho fad agus a chith-eadh an sùil. Dh' fhalbh iad có dhiù, agus oillteil 's mar a bha 'n fhairge, thog iad na siùil ri crannaibh 's stiùir iad gu Bearnaraidh. Dh' fhàs an gille b' òige aig Mac-Crùislig gorm leis an fhuachd. Bha Mac-Cuinn is fear mòr eile air an stiùir, is 'n uair a mhothaich e do'n ghille, ghlaodh e le sgàl mbagaidh.

“Cha dean na féidh feum air cuan an diugh. So agaibh,” ars' esan, 'n uair a bha iad aig Gob a' Charrain-a-Tuath, “far na bhàth sinn Mac' Ic 'Ille-Mhuire, sheachduinn gus an nochd.”

“Ma ta 'bhodaich,” ars' an gille mòr aig Mac Crùislig le fearg, 's e 'breith air a' chrios leathrach a bha mu mheadhon 'Ic-cuinn. “Bhi thusa gabhail a mach as a dhéigh,” 's shad e seachad e. Ghlac e an stiùireadar eile 's sgailc e suas mu na totaichean e.

“Tuilleadh aodaich,” dh’ eibh e, ’s e ’breith air an fhalamadair.

Leum an dithis ghillean eile suas, agus a’ mhuinntir de’n sgioba nach robh air an daorach a ghabhail leis an eagal, agus am beagan ùine bha an t-iubhrach air siubhal gu greamail, daingean, socrach air bhàrr nan tonn. Bha onfhadh a’ chuain agus trod na fairge dùsgadh Mhictalla an Creag na h-Iolaire anns a’ Bhuidhe Mhòr, ’n uair a shàth iad seachad.

“Eireadh fear agaibh, ’Ic-Aulaidh,” ars’ an gille, “agus sealladh e dhomh-sa an t-slighe, oir cha robh mise riamh ann an so? Mur a h-éirich, tillidh mise do’n àite às an d’ thainig mi.”

Chuir an t-uachdaran fear ’n a sheasamh, agus bhuail iad cala ’m Bearnaraidh ’n uair a bha amfeasgar a’ ciaradh ’s a’ ghaillionn ’n a fìor neart.

Ach bha Domhnull Mòr à Tolostaidh-a-chaolais air am faicinn air fàire agus air fichead treun-fhear a thional. Thuit ceò dùmhail, agus anns an dorchadas, rinneadh prìosanach do Mhac-Aulaidh. Dh’ iomain Mac ’Ic-Crùislig agus a bràithrean fir Tholostaidh leis na lainn mhòra mar gu ’m biodh caoraich, ach chaill iad lorg air an ceannard. Mu dheireadh chual iad Mac-Aulaidh, ag éigheach an àite dìon far an do dhruid Domhnull Mòr e.

“Tha mi ’n am phrìosanach,” ghlaodh Aulaidh.

“Ma ta, uachdarain, cha’n fhada ’bhitheas sibhse mar sin,” fhreagair Iain, ’s le leum cheithir bonn bhris e stigh an dorus le ’shàilean.

Fhuair e Domhnull Mòr ’s a dhruim ri balla ’s a chore mhòr ’n a laimh dheis. Am prioba na sùla

rug e air Domhnall Mòr air bhroilleach, thoinn e 'chorc às a laimh, thog e suas fear Tholostaidh mar gu'm biodh leanamh aige, agus chuir e 'dhrum ri talamh. Fhuair iad a' bhìrlinn air sàl a ris, bha 'ghaoth air tuiteam, agus stiùir iad air na h-Uigean, a' ruigheachd na cala bu mhlannach leo gu sàbhailte.

'N uair a bhuail iad cladach, thug Mac-Aulaidh suas an gille mòr do'n chaisteal, ach 's e bròn agus gul a choinnich iad an sin.

"Ciod a th' air tighinn air sliochd Aulaidh an diugh?" dh' fheòraich an t-uachdaran. "Cailin a' Chuailean air a goid aig Tormod Thorcuill nan Loch 's na fiurain air falbh."

"Air sàl a rithist, Chlann Aulaidh?" glaoth fear Uige. "Gearraidh sinn an t-aighearr aig Sgealisero, ma 's cuairtich iad ceann Loch-Ròg, 's lorgaidh sinn iad le Conan."

B' e Conan cù ro-ghlic a bh' aig Aulaidh a fhuair e à Eirinn, agus a dh' ainmich e air fear de na Fianntaichean mu 'n bheil e air a ràdh:—

An ain thuirt Conan maol nam Fian,
An gille 'bha riamh ri olc.
Nach toir sibhse dhomh-sa lann,
'S gu'n sgar mi a cheann bho 'chorp.

Bha tuigse nach robh aig cuid de dhaoine aig Conan, agus air ball bha e deiseil gu ruith aig casan 'Ic-Crùislig. Oha robh ach "dean fodha," air na h-uile stràc 's mu dheireadh dhìrich na seòid bruthaichean Sgealiscro. Bha a' chamhanaich a' soillseachadh nan spéuran, agus chrùb iad am

measg na rainich. 'S a' mhoch-mhaduinn, dh' éirich a chalg air Conan. Mach a thug e, 's a mach às a dheigh ghabh Mac-Crùislig. Bha Iain cho lughmhòr 's gu'n do chum e Conan air fàire, 's leig e sgairt às air na h-uile bealach an dràsda 's a rithist ri càch. Thoisich an sin an iorghuil a b' uamhasaiche 'chuala cluas riamh, oir aig amhuinn Chinn-loch, lorg Conan Tormod Thorcuill agus a chuideachd. Leum e 'n sgòrnan an fhir a bha treòrachadh na cailin, 's ghrad leag e 's an fhraoch e. Thuig fir Tholostaidh gu'n robh iad air an glacadh, ach mu'n d' fhuair iad á fianuis, rug Mac Crùislig òg air Tormod Mor, 's le aon sguabadh leag e fuar air an talamh e.

Ràinig iad dhachaidh gu sàbhailt, agus thug Iain nighean an uachdarain gu h-athair. Phòs Iain an ribhinn òg a shàbhail e, agus b'e am fàbhar bu mhotha 'dh' iarr e air an uachdaran gu'n leigeadh e Conan leis. Rinneadh sin, agus tha iad ag ràdh, gu'n robh Iain riamh an déigh sin mar a bha rìgh na Féinne fhein an uair a thubhairt e :—

“Cha toir Fionn a' bhean do aon neach bho 'n ghréin,
 “'S cha dealaich e ri 'chù gus an téid an ùir air fhéin.”

I. N. M.

PRESS AND PUBLIC

“Do we neglect the Catholic Press?”—such is the title of an interesting paper in the March impression of our most Catholic English contemporary,

the *Month*. Our author has little hesitation in answering the question in the affirmative, and, like the practical publicist that he is, he proceeds to give chapter and verse for the faith which is in him. Amongst other evidence adduced in support of his contention, he quotes the opinion of a "Priest of wide experience," who writes: "in the country houses which I sometimes visit, I see *Spheres* and *Graphics* and *Strands*, and even *Nineteenth Centurys* and *Fortnightlys*—but no *Catholic Reviews* or *Magazines*."

Of course, this is by no means a novel complaint, and, probably, Scotch Catholics are every bit as much to blame in this respect as are their English co-religionists. But the point to arrive at is, what is the cause of this neglect? The Catholic reader (who, by the way, is, more commonly than not, not much of a reader) lays the blame of this most unhappy (and discreditable) state of affairs on the shoulders of the Catholic press, which, whilst by no means admitting the soft impeachment of dulness usually levied by the Catholic reader against the Catholic press, retorts that the Catholic press is necessarily what the neglect and want of zeal and sympathy on the part of the Catholic public has made it. This seems to me a fair retort. Obviously, if the Catholic, whether Scottish, Irish, or English, turns the cold shoulder to his own press, and cleaves to that of the religious alien, that press must needs suffer by reason of his misplaced partiality. But it has occurred to me to ask: is the Catholic press, taking it all in all, dull?

Newspapers, books, magazines, reviews, &c., necessarily vary in quality, just as the temperaments and the capacities of individuals do; but, looking to the general out-put of Catholic literature, is it duller, is it artistically less satisfying, than the corresponding out-put amongst Protestants? Personally, as a Catholic reader of fairly wide experience and Catholic tastes in the matter of ephemeral literature, I am inclined to think not. The *Month*, for instance, invariably makes edifying and frequently diverting reading, and though, alas! a stranger to the Gaelic, I candidly own to having enjoyed many a good English paper in *Guth na Bliadhna*. These, however (however prominent and respected in their peculiar spheres), are but two; and what are two amongst so many? Speaking generally, I should say that the Catholic periodical press of the three kingdoms offers as varied and as interesting reading as do their Protestant contemporaries; and they have the further advantage—an advantage, surely, which should weigh considerably with the Catholic reader, whether Celt or Saxon—of being Catholic.

Perhaps the reason why the Catholic upper classes—and I cannot help thinking that it was these classes that the *Month* critic had principally in view in framing his indictment—do not support Catholic periodicals more numerously and generously than they do is that either they are out of touch with their political principles, or that they expect too much of them. By which last I do not mean to affirm that they expect from the

Catholic periodical a higher standard of literary excellence than they are accustomed to look for in the Protestant publications which they read—for that would be expecting too much of the upper-class Catholic reader—but that they are usually more exigent, *because the publication is Catholic*. This may seem odd, but despite its absurdity—I say nothing here as to its obvious unfairness—I know that this stand-point, in many cases, prevails. Because the journal is Catholic and the reader Catholic, the latter takes upon himself to wage a kind of warfare against—to keep up a kind of running fire of criticism upon—the latter; whilst the Protestant contemporary escapes from this trying ordeal practically scatheless. This, surely, is provincialism with a vengeance, if it is not sectarianism—in the true sense of the word—naked and unashamed. In any case, it does no credit to either the hearts or the heads of those who habitually indulge what we all, in our judicial mood, cannot fail to recognise and regard as a most reprehensible habit. It is very much as though these Catholic fault-finders should say to one another—“Here is a Catholic periodical: come let us run it down, and the *kudos* will be ours.” The essence of the Christian Faith is surely charity—a generous toleration of others, and a desire to look to the bright, rather than to the gloomy, side of affairs, especially where Catholics, and Catholic institutions and interests are concerned. The true Catholic, therefore, should be tender and sparing of criticism in regard to

Catholic organs, even supposing he were less ably represented in the press of these kingdoms than he happens to be. But for my own part, and I have no axes of my own to grind in the matter at all, I think that the average Catholic periodical is, intellectually, quite a match for the average Catholic reader, and, intellectually, quite on a par with the average Protestant print. I might quote instances (which would be painful) tending to show that in some cases that have come under my own observation, Catholic periodicals which have died the death, have done so firm in the conviction that the upper class Catholic—from whom they expected to derive support—is frequently a bit of an ass as well as a snob.

With regard to political sentiments, here, again, I think that a little wholesome toleration should go a long way towards bridging over difficulties of this sort, and towards increasing the amenities of Catholic life. It certainly seems to me highly illogical and absurd that Catholic journals should be slighted by Catholics because they sometimes give expression to opinions which do not recommend themselves to these hyper-sensitive souls. If the reader expects his newspaper to agree with him upon every mortal subject under the sun, then all I can say is, good-bye periodical reading altogether. The thing is impossible, and as undesirable as it is impracticable. Does the Catholic reader subscribe the less to his *Scotsman* or *Morning Post* because both are militant Protestant organs, and because the twain frequently offend,

and offend grievously (to me a Catholic), not only in regard to, let us say, historical subjects, but also in respect to the every-day occurrences of these our own times? Is the sensitive soul of the Catholic Scots layman vexed within him, even as the thing which is raw, when he reads in his daily Protestant sheet some particularly gross and outrageous misinterpretation of Catholic doctrine, or when some more than usually asinine (Protestant) correspondent ventilates his crazy "views" about Catholics and Catholic things in general, with the obvious approval of the Editor? Does he, fired with an honest and uncontrollable indignation, forthwith rise up from his easy-chair, and, tongs in hand, deposit the offending sheet upon his library fire, or better still, push the button, and solemnly charge his butler to kick the news into the street, and, there and then, sit down and countermand his daily *Glasgow Herald* or *Scotsman*, or whatever the particular paper may be that he subscribes to, on the ground that its views (*upon essentials*, mark you!) are not his, and that it attacks or misconstrues (probably both) Catholic doctrine and action? Of course, he does nothing of the kind—he does not even, in the vast majority of cases, take the trouble to defend his religion from the attacks made upon it in print, but tamely submits to abuse and misrepresentation without, apparently, a murmur or groan. Why, then, should he turn up his nose, as it were, at deserving Catholic periodicals, merely because, in certain negligible respects, his views are not those of its

conductors, and *vice versa*. Are we to have a different standard of fair-play, a different measure of toleration, meted out to Catholic journals from that which the Catholic laymen is pleased to reserve for the exclusive consumption of the Protestant publications which he so generously (and factiously) supports? Why should not the Catholic editor be allowed to call his soul his own in matters of purely political or historical import, his Protestant *confrère* being free to say whatever he likes, so far as the Catholic reader is concerned? A Catholic journal, however poorly conducted, "dull" and friendless, is, at least, a Catholic journal *per se*, if its Faith is of the right sort; and whether it regards (say) "Dutch William" as saint or sinner matters little to me; for I look, and hold to, the fact that it is Catholic, and, so being, has lien upon my support. It is the poor encouragement accorded, as a rule, to Catholic periodicals and literature in general, especially by "upper-class" Catholics, which discourages those who might otherwise be tempted to start daily newspapers in the interests of Catholics, and so tends to bring to nought the excellent advice on this important subject tendered to Catholics in general by our present Holy Father, and by his Predecessor in the Chair of St. Peter.

F. D. M.

LITRICHEAN

CLO-CHLAR CAITLICEACH NA H-ALBA

SIR,

We should be grateful to you for permission to state in your pages that the first of our contemplated series of Catholic Religious Works, in the Gaelic language, is now through the press, and will shortly be in the hands of the public. We much regret the delay that has arisen in connexion with the publication of our re-issue of the late Father Mac Eachen's admirable translation of *The Spiritual Combat*, by Lorentzo Scupoli. The work of revising and preparing our impression for the press has been somewhat more onerous than we anticipated; and there have been other unavoidable difficulties in the way of proceeding with the work with that punctuality and despatch we earnestly desiderated which we do not propose to trouble you with here. We hope, however, that our impression will be found an improvement upon the original work; and that, in the matter of price, type, paper, binding, and so forth, it will be thought to compare favourably with works of similar character and size.

The object of our Press is to provide standard Catholic literature of a religious nature in the Gaelic language, and at a price well within the means of all. We have other works of this kind in contemplation, but suggestions (especially from

the Clergy), touching additions to our contemplated series, will always receive our most careful consideration.

We are, Sir,

Your obedient Servants,

THE CATHOLIC PRESS OF SCOTLAND.

26 High Street, Perth.

“ORAN NA COMHACHAIG.”

A' Charaid.—Anns an dàra àireamh mu dheireadh de *Ghuth na Bliadhna* chuir “C. M. P.” caochladh aithrisean de “*Oran na Comhachaig*” ri chéile. Rinn e an obair so gu math. Ach tha caochladh ranntan eile a tha ri 'm faotainn anns a' chochruinneachadh a rinn Padruig Mac an Tuairneir (faic *Reliquæ Celticae*, II. 351-355). Tha ceithir ranntan anns an aithris aig Padruig nach do chuir “C. M. P.” an clò.

Chuir mi leasachadh air an doigh-litreachadh aig Padruig. Tha'n àireamh roimh gach rann a' cur an ceill an àite, a reir mo bharail-sa, anns bu choir an rann a bhi anns an aithris aig “C. M. P.” Air an dòigh so, tha 3a, 17a, &c., tighinn an déigh 3, 17, &c. So iad na ranntan, mata—

3a. 'S furasda dhomhsa innseadh
Gach aon la millteach an d' rinneas.
Cha robh mi mionnach no breugach,
Ged a bha mo bheul gun bhinneas.

- 17a. 'S e fear mo chridhe-sa 'n samhradh,
 'S am fear ceanngorm air gach bile ;
 Fanaidh gach damh donn 'n a dhoire
 Ri teas goile greine gile.
- 41a. G'um bu dalt thu do Chreag Ghuanach ;
 'S fad o chuala mi 'g a sheanchas
 Am buinne geal nach robh éitidh,
 'S ann duit o gheilleadh am banntreachd.
- 64a. Nis, o'n sguir mi 'shiubhal beann,
 'S o nach teann an t-iubhar cruaidh,
 'S o nach seasamh mi air sgeir,
 'S truagh nach 'eil mi anns an uaigh.

(Rann 64a, sreath 3. Chan 'eil fhios nach 'eil mearachd an so. Chan 'eil fhios nach e “S o nach seasamh *dhomh* air sgeir” a b'fhearr.)

Tha'n rann so glè choltach ri rann 35—
 'S fada leam o'n sguir mi' n fhiadhach,
 'S nach 'eil ann ach ceò do'n bhuidhinn
 Leis am bu bhinn guth nan gadhar,
 'S o'n faigheamaid òl gun bhruidhinn.

Tha'n rann so coltach ri rann 58—

Olaidh mi 's cha treig mi hionnuadh (sic)
 Uaidhe (oidhche?) cha teid mi air “siollan”
 (sic) ;
 'S i muime an fheidh a ni 'n langan
 Am buinne deas rioghail fionnfhuar.

(Anns an rann so, is e a gheibh sinn aig Mac an Tuairneir—“Oluidh me s cha treig mi hionnuadh

uaidhche cho dteid me air Siollan.” Chan ’eil cinnt gu de is ciall da.)

Tha rann eile ann “ An Gaidheal ” (v. 333) nach do chuir “ C. M. P.” ann an clò. So e, mata—

40a. Alasdair Mac Ailein Mhoir,
 ’S tric a mharbh ’s a’ bheinn na féidh,
 ’S leanadh fad air an tòir,
 Mo dhoigh gur Domhnullach treun.

Ciod i barail “ C. M. P.” air na ranntan so? No am fiach leis iad?

Mise, le meas mòr,

FALOISG.

